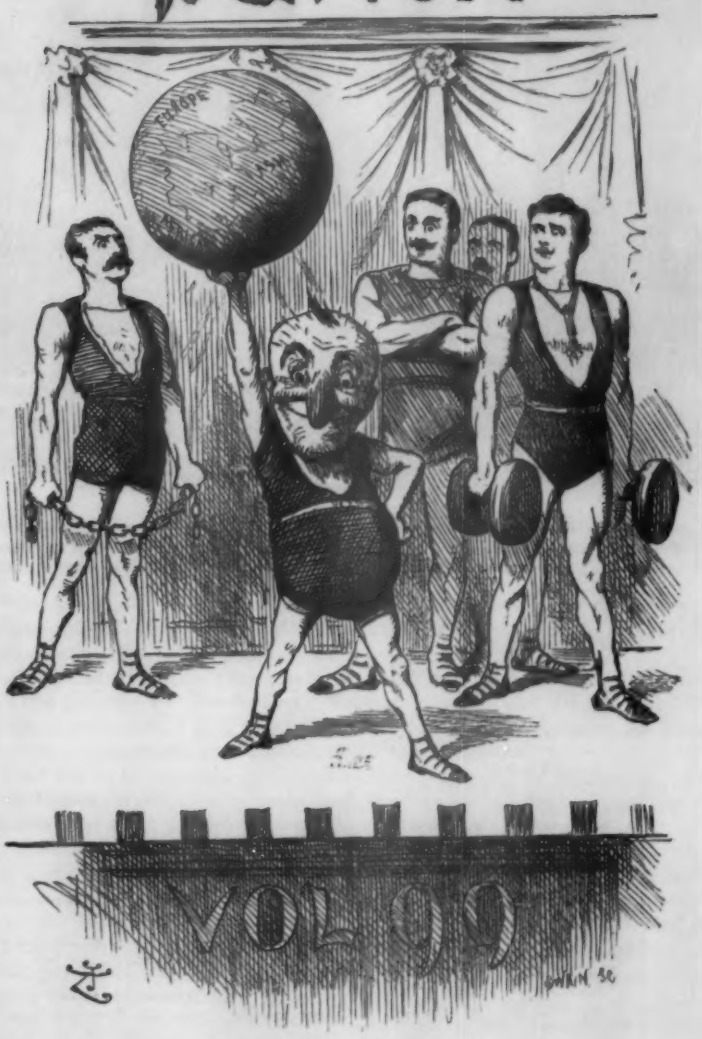
PUNCH



LONDON:

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1890.

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LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LIMD., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS

SCENE—*Early morn, in the neighbourhood of the Saronic Gulf. A marble Temple, olive-shadowed, and overlooking the sea.* HYGEIA *discovered discoursing with her venerable Sire. To them enter* Mr. PUNCH, *accompanied by "a burly man of middle height, with a countenance remarkable from its depth of expression and strength of contour."*

Mr. Punch. Greetings, HYGEIA! "I hope I don't intrude" (as *Paulus Speculator* would say) upon the musings of the ancient Sire of Medicine and his daughter, well-beloved of modern man.

Hygeia (*affably*). Mr. PUNCH could *never* be an intruder anywhere.

Mr. Punch. You do me proud, HYGEIA. Pray grant me the additional favour of introducing me to your father.

Æsculapius. Mr. PUNCH requires no introduction. Moreover, though that satirical dog, LUCIAN, represents me as wrangling with HERCULES about precedence, "in a manner unseemly, and quite strange to the banquets of the Gods," yet indeed I am too little of a *parvenu* to be proud, or of a quack to be quarrelsome.

Mr. Punch. Only what was to be expected of "the blameless physician" of Epidaurus. I wish that some of your later followers, British and Teuton, would take example from their great prototype. Then we should be spared some unseemly professional squabbles, and much peevishly polemical pamphleteering.

Æsculapius. Who, Mr. PUNCH, is your companion? I perceive by his manner that he warmly echoes your wish.

Mr. Punch. Like HERMES of old, I am privileged to act as ambassador and intermediary between the Immortals and mankind. This is Dr. ROBERT KOCH, the great German bacteriologist, and dauntless foe of the deadly Bacillus.

Æsculapius. "Whom not to know argues oneself unknown." By the beard of JOVE, that thrasonic "strong man," HERCULES (albeit he called me "paltry herb-doctor and mountebank"), with all his heroic exploits against huge Hydras and swarming Stymphalian Birds, performed tasks not more arduous, and infinitely less useful, than he whose life-long battle has been against the microscopic scourges of mankind.

Dr. Koch. But *my* battle is not yet won, ÆSCULAPIUS. I am sorry that some of my over-eager disciples fail to distinguish between sounding the charge and blowing the trumpet of final victory.

Mr. Punch. Bravo, Modesty! Sensationalism in Science, particularly in Medical Science, is singularly detestable.

So many cockadoodledoo
Too soon, Fame's temple plotting in!
You're modest, KOCH, my learned Teu-
-ton, as when studying at the U-
-niversity of Göttingen!

Dr. Koch. I trust so. But, Sir, it is not in Berlin or in London as it was in old Epidaurus. A modern Prometheus, even, would have his beneficent fire puffed into premature notoriety by the accursed, ubiquitous, indiscreet, flatulent, swaggering, sensation-mongering spirit of Advertisement, almost before he had time to appraise or to apply it. My friend PASTEUR and myself should not be held responsible for the unmeasured pretensions of our hasty exploiters.

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Hygeia. All civilised mankind are now worshippers at my modernised shrine; but, unhappily, like the devotees of other altars, they are sometimes a little too corybantic in their *cultus*.

Mr. Punch. Most true, HYGEIA!—

To dedicate to thee, benignant Nymph,
Our Teuton's magic febrifacient lymph,
Unheralded by blatant, *nouseless* noise,
Were first of duties, genuinest of joys.
But, ÆSCULAPIUS mine, I greatly fear
The modern advertising Chanticleer,—
A strutting fowl, cacophonous, absurd,—
Is not the clarion-voiced dawn-hailing bird
Sacred to thee, which SOCRATES the wise
Chose as his mortuary sacrifice.
Nay, rather 'tis that gallinaceous pest,
Whose noise deprives a weary world of rest.
Heavens! how the wise abhor the blatant crew,
Whose life is one long Cock-a-doodle-do!

But here, ÆSCULAPIUS, we are far from the shindy of Sensationalism; here, HYGEIA, the dawn creeps upon us over yon shadowy hills without the devil's tattoo of puffing quackdom; here, Dr. KOCH, all is as calm and thought-aiding as those lonely Klausthal Mountains where you first meditated war upon the Bacillus.

Æsculapius. Here is wine of a vintage that Clubdom could not match, and that Sir WILFRID the Water-worshipper could hardly demur to. Let us drink the health and the ultimate triumph of the illustrious Bacillicide!

Mr. Punch. With all my heart—though 'tis early for so potent a potation.

In spite of the quackish and quizzical,
May KOCH'S magic lymph anti-phthisical
Effect a safe cure,
As lasting as sure,
O'er the saddest of maladies physical! [*They drink.*

Æsculapius. Hark! my bird in jubilant strains greets the dawn. May it mean the dawn of Health to the disease-harassed world of men whom I loved, and suffered from angry JOVE for aiding. Your devoted dog barketh briskly, Mr. PUNCH.

Mr. Punch. As though he beheld the angry spectres or spooks of the malignant Microbes driven forth with the vanishing darkness. TOBY'S Master is also, in his way, a slayer of Microbes, the parasitic mental pests, the soul-corrupting Bacilli of palsying Humbug, and feverish Folly, and cancerous Cant. Foes, Doctor, as multitudinous as ubiquitous, and as difficult of extirpation as any of the physical disease-germs that we are all hoping your long-sought lymph will finally defeat. As you labour in your Hygienic Museum in Kloster Strasse, so do I in my Sanctum in Fleet Street, in the interests of disordered Mankind. Would you study my doctrine, and learn my infallible specifics? Then read this!

And Mr. PUNCH politely presented to ÆSCULAPIUS his

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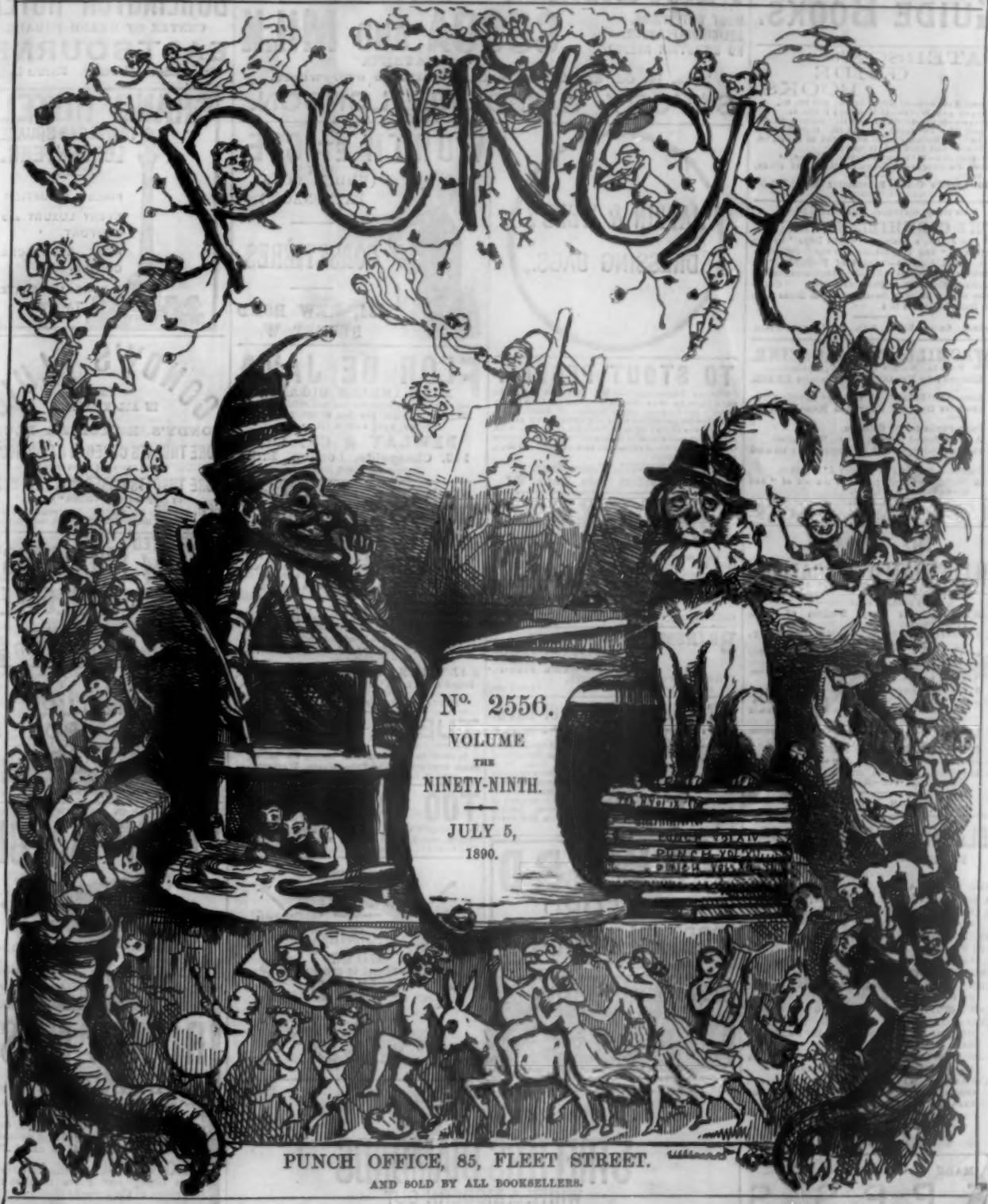

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WEEK BY WEEK.

WE understand that careful observers have noted a considerable amount of disturbance in the House of Commons during the past three weeks. Various reasons have, as usual, been advanced to account for this phenomenon, one eminent politician having gone so far as to hint darkly at the existence of Cave-men (or Troglodytes), who dwell in barrows.

The weather has been subject to strange variations. The mean temperature of the isothermal lines, when reduced to fractions of an infinitesimal value, has been found to correspond exactly to the elevation of the nap on the hat of a certain sporting Earl. Dividing that by the number of buttons on a costermonger's waistcoat, and adding to the quotient the number of aspirates picked up in the Old Kent Road on a Saturday afternoon, the result has been computed as equal to the total amount of minutes occupied by a vendor of save-loys in advertising his wares in the Pall Mall Clubs.

Candour is at times inconvenient. A promiment member of a Metropolitan Vestry was informed two days ago by one of the permanent scavengers of the district, that he "wasn't worth the price of a second-hand boot-lace." On inquiring the meaning of this curious phrase, he was told that "his blooming head would be knocked off for two-pence." We understand that the Vestryman's vote on a question of salary is responsible for the indignation of the scavenger, a member of a class usually noted for their somewhat ceremonious courtesy.

Those who propose to travel this year will doubtless be glad to learn that the Hessian fly has been observed in unusual abundance in Westphalia. This succulent *morceau* is now eaten fried, with a sauce of devilled lentils and oil.

It appears, after all, that there is no very definite foundation for the report that Sir EDWARD WATKIN is said to be disappointed in the competitive designs sent in for his Tower, because none of them provide sleeping accommodation for 2000 people on the top storey. Of course something must have given rise to the rumour, but it is not easy to say exactly what. One competitor has already, however, it appears, intimated his readiness to make the required addition, by hanging his beds over the side of the Tower on "extended poles." The question is, "Would Sir WATKIN be able to induce his patrons 'to turn in' under such conditions?" There 's the rub.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

STANLEY'S *Darkest Africa* (SAMPSON LOW) swamps all other books just now, except, of course, the Other STANLEY book, called *A Light on the Keep-it-Quite-the-Darkest Africa* (TRISCHLER & Co.) which follows closely at its heels. The real STANLEY narrative is most interesting and exciting: it is a book that will make everyone "sit up"—at night to read it. The centre of attraction is in the answer to the question, "How did I find EMIN?" Which is, "Quite well, thank you."

My faithful "Co." reports that he has been doing his duty nobly as a novel-reader. He has already devoured Vol. III. of the *Man with a Secret*. He would attack Vols. I. and II. if he had not had (so he says) quite enough of the Man *and* his Secret. *Innocent Victims* is written in the temperance interest. "Co." has every sympathy with the cause of undiluted water, but fears that this "story of London Life and Labour" may end in drink. He found it himself a little dry, and was not cheered by the name of the author, HUGH DOWNE, which seemed to suggest he could not get up again. He is eagerly waiting for more fiction, as "*Expiation*" by OCTAVE THANET has scarcely satisfied his craving for the weird and the horrible. In the meanwhile, he has found a cheerful interlude in *Sanity and Insanity*, a text-book (written in a popular yet scientific strain) of the maladies of the mind. He says, that Dr. MERCIER, the author, is to be congratulated on having treated a rather "jumpy" subject in a manner that can offend no one. "Co." had no idea up to now, that "t'other was so like unto which."

All the Magazines for July are in, but the Baron has been unable to open them, and "Co." has cut them. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

ADVICE TO GIRL GRADUATES.

(After Charles Kingsley—at a respectful distance.)

DRESS well, sweet Maid, and let who will be *clever*.
Dance, flirt, and sing!
Don't study all day long.
Or else you 'll find,
When other girls get married,
You 'll sing a different song!

SAD NEWS FROM ETON.—"Bever" is dead. Sorrowing boys followed the bier. The Bever-age has ceased to exist. What next? Will the characteristic Etonian top-hat follow the Bever?

A P16
P8
v. 99

HIS FIRST ACHE.

"OH, MAMMY! I'VE GOT SUCH A PAIN IN FRONT OF ME!"

BEFORE BISLEY.

SCENE—*Office of the Commanding Commander-in-Chief. The C.C.-in-Chief discovered. To him enter H.R.H. GEORGE RANGER.*

H.R.H. G. R. You sent for me, *Mr. Punch*. I beg pardon, I should say, your Excellency?

C.C.-in-C. (*severely*). Be careful, Sir, and remember in whose presence you are! I believe about a month ago you asked for subscriptions in aid of the National Rifle Association?

H.R.H. G. R. Yes, *Mr. P.*—I should say, your Excellency.

C.C.-in-C. And I presume the N. R. A. have been put to very great expense in changing from Wimbledon to Bisley?

H.R.H. G. R. Yes, I am sorry to say so,—personally sorry. Although the bullets may have played the mischief with the adjoining property, still I think——

C.C.-in-C. (*severely*). We are not discussing Wimbledon now, Sir. Am I right in assuming that the reason funds were requested was to put Bisley in a proper condition for the reception of the Volunteers?

H.R.H. G. R. Of course. I am sure I am the best friend of the Volunteers, and——

C.C.-in-C. (*interrupting*). How comes it then that when the Volunteers (whose own ranges are being closed all round London) ask for permission to shoot at Bisley, they are told that they may not have it, because "the range is required for the regular troops."

H.R.H. G. R. Well, as Commander-in-Chief, of course I must consider the Army, and as——

C.C.-in-C. President of the N. R. A., you should consider the Volunteers—but you don't! Now see here, if I hear any more of this sort of thing, I tell you frankly that—— [*Scene closes in, as the threat is too terrible for publication.*

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

QUALIFIED RECOMMENDATION.

"*A Nobleman wishes particularly to recommend his Coachman, who is leaving his service, solely owing to domestic changes;*" *i.e.*, Having been detected falsifying his stable accounts, and threatened in consequence with prosecution, he retaliates by a menace to disclose certain unpleasant family secrets, picked up in the servants' hall, to a Society journal.

TRADE EMBELLISHMENTS.

"*If applied but once gently with the palm of the hand, it will afford the sufferer delightful and instantaneous relief;*" *i.e.*, It at once removes the skin, and if rubbed in with vigour will flay a horse.

PLATFORMULARS.

"*I feel that I have already trespassed upon your patience, and detained you an unconscionable time;*" *i.e.*, "Your attention seems flagging. I want a moment or two for reflection, and a cue to go on again."

THE RACK OF THE RATE-PAYER.

(*By a Victim of "Quinquennial Valuation."*)

"Parochial Authorities have a way of their own in interpreting Acts of Parliament, and a very peculiar way indeed of dealing with the Valuation Act. . . . Overseers go their own way, and interpret the Act according to their knowledge and experience; and in many cases experience is lacking, and knowledge an altogether unknown quantity. . . . When dealing with leasehold property, overseers positively revel in the most delightful caprice. The leaseholder's property is dealt with kindly or the reverse, just as it is in this or that parish."—*St. James's Gazette.*

TENNYSON talks of "gay quinquenniads." Yes,
But he would mention them with less elation
If he had my experience, I guess,
Of the *not* gay Quinquennial Valuation!
I am not now so young as once I was,
I have arrived at the Golosh and Gamp Age,
I am not equal to contend—that's poz—
With the Parochial Fathers on the rampage.
Ah me, these Vestry vultures on the pounce!
They scare me, skin me, bully me, and bilk me.
Soon of my flesh they'll scarce have left an ounce,
They so persistently maul, mulct, and milk me.
Once in five years they send me papers blue,
And papers white, and likewise papers yellow;
They "want to know, you know," indeed they do.
First the "First Clerk," a devil of a fellow!
Challenges me to up and tell him all
About gross value, also value rateable.
It's all pure fudge. I am their helpless thrall,
To an extent in civil speech unstateable.
They will not take *my* word. If I appeal,
They hale me up before a stern Committee,
Fellows with brazen faces, hearts of steel,
And destitute of manners as of pity.
My solemn statement, or my mild demur,
To them a subject of fierce scorn and scoff is;
An honest citizen feels but a cur [Office.
When snapped and snarled at by these Jacks-in-
They're sure to have the pull of me somehow;
Oh! I've read "Handbooks." I've attended Meetings
Where angry ratepayers raise fruitless row;
But, bless you, these bold roarings turn to bleatings,
When they the cruel inquisition face
Of some austere Committee of Assessment.
Until I found myself in that dread place
I never knew what fogged and foiled distress meant.
Between them and my Landlord I've no peace.
I'm honest, but they treat me as "a wrong one."
I'm a Shopkeeper, holding a short lease
(My Landlord takes good care it's not a long one).
Once in seven years the Landlord lifts my Rent,
And once in five my Rates the Assessor raises,
Values, Gross, Rateable, so much per cent.?
Bah! the attempt to fathom them but crazes!
The only regular rule is—Up! Up! Up!
And any protest only brings upon you
Your Landlord's wrath, and cheek from some sleek pup,
Who bullies you; and laughs when he has done you.
"Pay and look pleasant," is the official rule,
And as to wife and child, and food and raiment,
You *may* attend to them, poor drudging fool!
When of your Rent and Rates you've made full payment.
Yes, Rent and Rates! they are the modern gods,
And Moloch's tyranny was not more cruel.
With Landlord or with Vestry get at odds,
And you're gone coon; they'll soon give you your gruel.
Just now Vestrydom's victims are a-howl
With rage at skinning; but their indignation
Will fade, and they will feed the Official Ghoul
Until the next Quinquennial Valuation.
And then—well, Lord knows what may happen *then*,
Unless—unless—and that is most improbable—
Ratepayers rise *together*—show they're men,
And not mere sheep gregarious, warm-fleeced, robbable.
Meanwhile the Vestry Vultures gorge their fill,
And I am warned—by friends—"*Don't put their backs up!*"
Their backs!!" And we sing "*Rule Britannia*" still!!
Will *no one* chaw these fine official Jacks up?

THE KREUTZER SONATA.

ONE *Pozdnisheff* by name
Played the matrimonial game;
Pleased by a little curl,
Which round his heart did twirl,
And taken by a jersey
(Exported from the Mersey);
He felt, poor man, half-witted
When he saw how well it fitted!

The mother, with her jersey-clad young daughter,
Asked the lover to a party on the water.
Soft things he now could say
To the maiden all the way,
Till she caught him—who imagined he had caught her!

Now there came a young musician, *Troukachevsky*,
Who, at Petersburg, resided on the Nevsky;
And to play with him the flighty wife was fated
In the famed duet to KREUTZER dedicated.

The husband who perceived things were not right,
Home suddenly returned at dead of night.
His boots he'd taken off;
He was careful not to cough;
And his plans so well were woven,
That they still performed Beethoven.
But, neither being deaf,
They at last heard *Pozdnisheff*.
Poor wife! He so affrights her,
That she plays no more the *Kreutzer*.

If on each foot he'd had a slipper
To *Troukachevsky* (who was saved)
The husband would have p'rhaps behaved
Much in the style of Jack the Ripper.
He put to flight the dilettante
(Who hadn't finished half the *andante*),
But feared the servants' mockings
Should they see him in his stockings,
Racing along the corridor:—
Not that he thought it horrid, or
Harsh to transfix him with a dagger,
(He could not bear the fiddler's swagger),
But felt quite sure so droll a figure
Would make his rude domestics snigger.

And now his wife cries out for mercy
(No more she wears that fetching jersey);
And all in vain she pity claims:
The dagger ruthlessly he aims,
And through the whale-bone of her corset
Tries unsuccessfully to force it.
At last he feels that he's succeeded,
A little more than p'rhaps was needed.
Ah, that by taking out the knife
He now could bring her back to life!

'Twas his habit, when he got into a pet,
Invariably to light a cigarette;
And, having killed his wife, he never spoke
One word until he'd had a quiet smoke.

When he saw that it was time, he called a p'liceman,
And exclaimed, "Oh, I have broken the Tsar's peace, man.
I've killed my wife!—I did it in a fury—
But I wish the matter brought before a jury."
And the jury, after hearing all the case,
Said, "Not Guilty. We'd have done it in his place."
And he lately, in a Russian railway carriage,
Told Count TOLSTOI all the story of his marriage.

"THE LAW OF ARMS IS SUCH."—*Mr. Punch* greatly regrets that he was unable to be present at the Annual Inspection of the Inns of Court Volunteers, when members were requested to "show every article of equipment and clothing of which they were in possession." No doubt the exhibition was as interesting as imposing. It is rumoured that the display of wigs and gowns (worn in Court) and lawn-tennis blazers (used in the Temple Gardens) was absolutely magnificent. It is further reported that the large collection of go-to-meeting hats, frock-coats, and patent-leather boots extorted universal admiration from all beholders. To his sorrow, a prior engagement prevented Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Junior, (who is an Hon. Member of the Corps), from putting in an appearance.

THE PROPOSED NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART IN DANGER.

Mr. Henry Tate. "NO, THANK YOU, MR. RED TAPE, I DON'T WANT MY GIFTS TO THE NATION TO BE TIED UP BY *YOU*, THEN PACKED AWAY, AND NEVER SEEN AGAIN!"

WHAT IT WILL COME TO;

OR, THE COURT, THE CHASE, AND THE CURSE.

"MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS used some strong language yesterday in reference to the small room in which he was called upon to administer Justice while the Worship Street Police Court is being renovated."—*Evening Paper.*

SCENE—*A small apartment in a Metropolitan Police Court.* Presiding Magistrate *and* Clerk *discovered.*

Presiding Magistrate. There! You and I can sit here, and the rest can remain outside. And now I will take the night charges.

Voice from Passage (*without*). Please, your worship, as I was on duty last night, this man——

Builder (*putting his head in*). Sorry to trouble you, Sir, but we have got something to do to the flooring. Must ask you to be off.

P. M. (*restraining his indignation*). Very well; the Court is adjourned to the back garden. (*Scene changes to that locality.*) Come, this is better! Fresh air, in spite of the smuts! And now, Constable, go on with your evidence.

Police Constable. Well, your Worship, as I was on duty last night, this man——

Builder (*entering*). Very sorry to trouble you again, Sir, but there's something wrong with the drains. We think the pipes are out of order, and so we shall have to dig them up. So, if you don't mind moving——

P. M. (*restraining his indignation*). Very well; the Court is adjourned to the coal-cellar. (*Scene changes to that locality.*) Come, this is not so bad! Very cool, if rather damp. And now, Constable, go on with your evidence.

Police Constable. Well, your Worship, as I was on duty last night, this man——

Coalheaver (*speaking through hole in roof*). Sorry to disturb you, gents, but as me and my mates are going to put some coals in this here cellar, I thought it good manners to tell you all to clear out.

P. M. (*restraining his indignation*). The Court is adjourned to the housetop. (*Scene changes to that locality.*) Come, this is not so bad! Nice breeze up here. A little difficult to sit upon a sloping roof, perhaps; but one gets accustomed to everything. And now, Constable, go on with your evidence.

Police Constable. Well, your Worship, as I was on duty last night, this man——

Sweep (*entering*). Sorry to disturb you, mates, but I am just agoing to sweep the chimneys; and——

Police Magistrate (*unable to restrain his indignation any longer*). Oh——!!!

[*The Curtain hurriedly conceals the strong but natural exclamation.*

EXCELSIOR! OR, THE DAY-DREAM OF DRURIOLANUS.

Elected Sheriff, June 27, he dreams that he is encountered on his road by the fairy forms of Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell.

Voices of Fairy Forms. "ALL HAIL, DRURIOLANUS! SHERIFF THOU ART, AND SHALT BE MAYOR HEREAFTER!"

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

SCENE—*The Agricultural Hall. Tent-pegging going on.*

Stentorian Judge (*in Arena*). Corporal BINKS! (*The Assistants give a finishing blow to the peg, and fall back.* Corporal BINKS *gallops in, misses the peg, and rides off, relieving his feelings by whirling his lance defiantly in the air.*) Corporal BINKS—nothing!

A Gushing Lady. Poor dear thing! I *do* wish he'd struck it! he did look so disappointed, and so did that sweet horse!

The Judge. Serjeant SPANKER! (Sergeant S. *gallops in, spears the peg neatly, and carries it off triumphantly on the point of the lance, after which he rides back and returns the peg to the Assistants as a piece of valuable property of which he has accidentally deprived them.*) Sergeant SPANKER—eight! (*Applause; the Assistants drive in another peg.*) Corporal CUTLASH! (Corporal C. *enters, strikes the peg, and dislodges without securing it. Immense applause from the Crowd.*) Corporal CUTLASH—two!

The Gushing Lady. Only two, and when he really did hit the peg! I do call that a shame. I should have given him more marks than the other man—he has such a *much* nicer face!

A Child with a Thirst for Information. Uncle, why do they call it *tent*-pegging?

The Uncle. Why? Well, because those pegs are what they fasten down tents with.

The Child. But why isn't there a tent now?

Uncle. Because there's no use for one.

Child. Why?

Uncle. Because all they want to do is to pick up the peg with the point of their lance.

Child. Yes, but why *should* they want to do it?

Uncle. Oh, to amuse their horses. (*The* Child *ponders upon this answer with a view to a fresh catechism upon the equine passion for entertainment, and the desirability, or otherwise, of gratifying it.*)

A Chatty Man in the Promenade (*to his* Neighbour). Takes a deal of practice to strike them pegs fair and full.

His Neighbour (*who holds advanced Socialistic opinions*). Ah, I dessay—and a pity they can't make no better use o' their time! Spoiling good wood, *I* call it. I don't see no point in it myself.

The Chatty Man. Well, it shows they can *ride*, at any rate.

The Socialist. Ride? O' course they can *ride*—we pay enough for 'aving 'em taught, don't we? But you mark my words, the People won't put up with this state of things much longer—keepin' a set of 'ired murderers in luxury and hidleness. I tell yer, wherever I come across one of these great lanky louts strutting about in his red coat, as if he was one of the lords of the hearth, well—it makes my nose bleed, ah—it *does!*

The Chatty Man. If that's the way you talk to him, I ain't surprised if it do.

The Judge. Sword *versus* Sword! Come in, there! (*Two mounted Combatants, in leather jerkins and black visors, armed with wood-sticks, enter the ring;* Judge *introduces them to audience with the aid of a flag.*) Corporal JONES, of the Wessex Yeomanry; Sergeant SMITH, of the Manx Mounted Infantry. (*Their swords are chalked by the Assistants.*) Are you ready? Left turn! Countermarch! Engage! (*The Combatants wheel round and face one another, each vigorously spurring his horse and prodding cautiously at the other; the two horses seem determined not to be drawn into the affair themselves on any account, and take no personal interest in the conflict; the umpires skip and dodge at the rear of the horses, until one of the Combatants gets in with a rattling blow on the other's head, to the intense delight of audience. Both men are brushed down, and their weapons re-chalked, whereupon they engage once more—much to the disgust of their horses, who had evidently been hoping it was all over. After the contest is finally decided, a second pair of Combatants enter: one is mounted on a black horse, the other on a chestnut, who refuses to lend himself to the business on any terms, and bolts on principle; while the rider of the black horse remains in stationary meditation.*) Go on—that black horse—go on! (*The chestnut is at length brought up to the scratch snorting, but again flinches, and retires with his rider.*)

The Crowd (*to rider of black horse*). Go on, now's your chance! 'It him! (*The recipient of these counsels pursues his antagonist, and belabours him and his horse with impartial good-will until separated by the Umpires, who examine the chalk-marks with a professional scrutiny.*)

The Judge. Here, you on the black horse, you mustn't hit that other horse about the head. (*The man addressed appears rebuked and surprised under his black-wired visor;* The Judge, *reassuringly.*) It's all *right*, you know; only, don't do it again, that's all! (*The Combatant sits up again.*)

The Gushing Lady. Oh, I can't bear to look on, really. I'm *sure* they oughtn't to hit so hard—*how* their poor dear heads must ache! Isn't that chestnut a *duck*? I'm sure he's trying to save his master from getting hurt—they're such sensible creatures, horses are! (*Artillery teams drive in, and gallop between the posts; the Crowd going frantic with delight when the posts remain upright, and roaring with laughter when one is knocked over.*)

DURING THE MUSICAL RIDE.

The Gushing Lady. Oh, they're simply too *sweet!* how those horses are enjoying it—aren't they pets? and how perfectly they keep step to the music, don't they?

Her Friend (*who is beginning to get a trifle tired by her enthusiasm*). Yes; but then they're all trained by Madame KATTI LANNER, of Drury Lane, you see.

The G. L. What pains she must have taken with them; but you can teach a horse *anything*, can't you?

Her Friend. Oh, that's nothing; next year they're going to have a horse who'll dance the Highland Fling.

The Socialist. A pretty sight? Cost a pretty sight o' the People's money, I know that. Tomfoolery, that's what it is; a set of dressed-up bullies dancin' quadrilles on 'orseback; *that* ain't military manœuvrin'. It's sickenin' the way fools applaud such goins on. And cuttin off the Saracen's 'ed, too; I'd call it plucky if the Saracen 'ad a gun in his 'and. Bah, I ate the ole business!

His Neighbour. Got anybody along with you, Mate?

The Socialist. No, I don't want anybody along with *me*, I don't.

His Neighbour. That's a pity, that is. A sweet-tempered, pleasant-spoken party like you are oughtn't to go about by yourself. You ought to bring somebody just to enjoy your conversation. There don't seem to be anybody *'ere* of your way of thinkin'.

DURING THE COMBINED DISPLAY.

The Gushing Lady (*as the Cyclist Corps enter*). Oh, they've got a *dog* with them. Do look—such a dear! See, they've tied a letter round his neck. He'll come back with an answer presently. (*But, there being apparently no answer to this communication, the faithful but prudent animal does not re-appear.*)

AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.

The Inquisitive Child. Uncle, which side won?

Uncle. I suppose the side that advanced across the bridges.

Child. Which side *would* have won if it had been a *real* battle?

Uncle. I really couldn't undertake to say, my boy.

Child. But which do you *think* would have won?

Uncle. I suppose the side that fought best.

Child. But which side was *that?* (*The* Uncle *begins to find that the society of an intelligent* Nephew *entails too severe a mental strain to be frequently cultivated.*)

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday 23.—Operatic world all agog to hear, and to see, *Le Prophète*. First appearance for many years. Great things expected of JEAN DE RESZKÉ as *Jean of Leyden*, and Mlle. RICHARD as *Fides*.

MONDAY, JUNE 23.

Jean de Reszké as Jean of Leyden. Jeanne The Risky as Sarah d'Arc.

Great expectations not disappointed. Scene in Cathedral magnificent as a spectacle. But scene in Cathedral between JEAN and his unhappy mother still grander as acting. *Le Prophète* is remarkable too, as being an Opera without Mlle. BAUERMEISTER in it. Skating scene, with a nice ballet, rather a frost. "Not sufficient go in it," observes veteran Opera-goer, with book in his hand, dated eighteen hundred and sixty something, containing a cast of characters which, he says, though he doesn't show me the book, comprises the names of MARIO, GRISI, VIARDOT-GARCIA, and HERR FORMES. A more veterany veteran tells me that GRISI and VIARDOT never played together in this, but that GRISI succeeded VIARDOT as *Fides*.

Even the veteran is pleased, and acknowledges that thirty years ago they couldn't have done it as they do now, barring the skating scene, where, he insists upon it, the original "go" is wanting. The fact is, we have long passed the days when "rinking" was a novelty on the stage or off it. But what a jolly lot these Anabaptists were! They enjoyed themselves with their dancing-girls and their picnicking on the ice. Substitute General BOOTH for *Jean of Leyden*, and the tambourine girls for PALLADINO and the ballet, and then you have a modern version of *Le Prophète*.

Mlle. Richard as Fides,—not Boney Fides.

Delightful to see M. MIRANDA as one of the three Anabaptists, *Mathisen* (a good name in the city, with only a letter changed), striking a sixteenth century flint, for the purpose of lighting a candle, but, failing in the attempt, compelled to destroy sixteenth-century illusion, and employ, in a sneaking kind of way, the nineteenth-century match, which strikes only on its own box. Mlle. NUOVINA, not so good here as in the part of *Marguerite*, but there is very little for a soprano to do. JEAN reckless in the final drinking song.

The voice of DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS is heard at the wings. The stage-manager's assistant is evidently nervous, and the curtain, after once going up a little way and coming down again, ascends suddenly, in spite of adjuration of DRURIOLANUS to "Wait! wait!" No hitch, and in another moment DRURIOLANUS, calm, but with suppressed emotion, is watching the scene from the front.

"Ah," he murmurs to himself, "if I could only get Guildhall to do what I like in on that Ninth of November when I shall be Lord Mayor, I'd soon show 'em what's what. I'd have a coronation, or investiture, scene to which this should be mere child's play."

EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ excellent as *Zacharias*—a name chiefly associated with one of Lieutenant COLE'S characters, a Mawworm who looks over the screen; and M. MONTARIOL good as a lighter-hearted Anabaptist. A memorable revival.

Tuesday.—*Les Huguenots*. Return of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER after one night's absence. *Wednesday.*—*Carmen*, as before.

Thursday.—*Rigoletto*. Fine house to hear this Opera. *Le Prince s'amuse*. The Princess also. Mlle. MELBA excellent; should be known as "Her Grace." M. LASSALLE, not ideal Jester, physically, but, vocally, never was *Rigoletto* better. Signor VALERO a good Ducal tenor: he scores a treble—(a thing to be done in whist and music)—*i.e.*, treble *encore* for "*La Donna è Mobile*." Madame SCALCHI, of course, good as usual, and Signor MIRANDA (why not FERDINAND MIRANDA, and be thoroughly Shakspearian at once?) energetic as *Monterone*. FERDINAND MIRANDA always conscientious actor. Not last, but quite the least, comes Mlle. BAUERMEISTERSINGER, as *Giovanna*, without whom no Opera at Covent Garden can be considered as really complete. This is the only defect on

Friday Night, in *Le Prophète*, which is given again and again—no part for Mlle. BAUERMEISTERSINGER. Every place in the House taken. Profit here and Loss for those who can't get seats to hear it. Great excitement to know whether DRURIOLANUS is elected Sheriff or not. Early in the evening contradictory rumours in Lobby. At last the numbers are up. DRURIOLANUS elected. Uncommonly well he will look in his robes of office. DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS COUNTI-COUNCILARIUS SHERIFFUS! All hail!

Saturday.—Cannot be present. Have telegraphed to DRURIOLANUS,—"Dear Sheriff, cannot come; but don't close House; let Opera go on as usual." I believe it did.

SARAH JEANNE AT HIS MAYERJESTY'S.

SARAH JEANNE of Arc. SARAH wrapt up in the visionary creation is comparatively lost in the part; that is, until she comes out magnificently in the last scene but one. Otherwise, except to look the

Sarah Jeanne explains symbolically to rude English soldier that he must "hook it."

Martyr, and to languish, nothing much for SARAH to do. Cathedral scene here rivals that at Covent Garden. SARAH wins and thrills the audience: her voice soothes them in their most ruffled humour, even after the audience has been kept waiting nearly twenty-five minutes between the Acts. Everyone disappointed that the funeral pile does not catch fire, and that the Curtain does not descend on a sensational scene, for which Captain SHAW and his Merry Men would have to be in attendance. The cast good all round, but it's more of an Opera, or a religious play, than a Melodrama. GOUNOD'S music not particularly striking, and the March sounds familiar. SARAH JEANNE holds the audience spell-bound to the end, rather by what she doesn't than by what she does, except in the great scene already mentioned. *Jeanne d'Arc* is to run on till further notice, and then Madame SARAH will appear in some of her well-known parts, and take a temporary farewell of the British Public. To those who have hitherto neglected opportunities of seeing SARAH JEANNE let this notice be a warning, and let them in their thousands hurry up to His Mayerjesty's.

Back View of New Sarah Jeanne overcoat for race meetings.

"CAN WORMS SEE?"—*Vide St. James's Gazette* and *Field*. Correspondent says worms do not shrink from candle-light, but immediately withdraw under the glare of a bull's-eye lantern. Evidently for exact information, "Ask a Policeman." Also consult Baron DE WORMS. He sees his way about well enough.

A PRACTICAL MEMENTO.

Sir James. "AND WERE YOU IN ROME?" *American Lady.* "I GUESS NOT." (*To her Daughter.*) "SAY, BELLA, DID WE VISIT ROME?" *Fair Daughter.* "WHY, MA, CERT'NLY! DON'T YOU REMEMBER? IT WAS IN ROME WE BOUGHT THE LISLE-THREAD STOCKINGS!" [*American Lady is convinced.*

"IN TROUBLE."

"THREE Men in a Boat!" And you don't often see
Pair oars and their cox. in a nastier fix.
They started all right, did this nautical Three,
But they 've managed to get in no end of a mix.
That Steersman, he thought a good deal of his Stroke,
And there seemed scarce a steadier oarsman than Bow,
But they must have got "skylarking." Ah! it 's no joke,
And the question is what are they going to do now?
For danger 's a-head, and 'twill tax all their skill
To avoid a capsize and a horrible spill.

What can they be up to? a gazer might say,
As he watched their eccentric career from the banks.
Three 'ARRIES at large on a Bank Holiday
Could hardly indulge in more blundering pranks.
Stroke "catches a crab" in the clumsiest style,
(And they called him a fine finished oarsman, this chap!)
At his "Catherine-wheeler" a Cockney might smile,
As he tumbles so helplessly back in Bow's lap.
And Bow!—well, he 's snapped off the blade of his scull,
And poor Cox's steering-gear 's all "in a mull."

It 's all that Stroke's fault—so the whisper goes round.
He *would* try new dodges, uncalled-for, unproved,
They were "going great guns," when he suddenly found
That, to make himself Champion (and get himself loved
By the river-side "Bungs" and their large *clientèle*),
He must—set a new stroke in the midst of a spin—
A policy plainly predestined to fail,
And one, we must own, scarce deserving to win.
And so he has smashed up a shining success,
And got himself into a deuce of a mess.

So various voices! And this was the oar
They triumphantly won from a great rival crew;
The cool-headed, steady-nerved Stroke, bound to score;
The fellow who funking or failure ne'er knew.
He hurry, or falter, catch crabs, miss, or muff?
No, no; lesser men might—say, GL-DST-NE or SM-TH—
But *he* was not made of such common-place stuff,
His nerve was all steel, and his muscle all pith.
And now he 's adrift amidst snags, stumps, and rocks,
And the Coxswain has just lost his rudder—poor COX.!

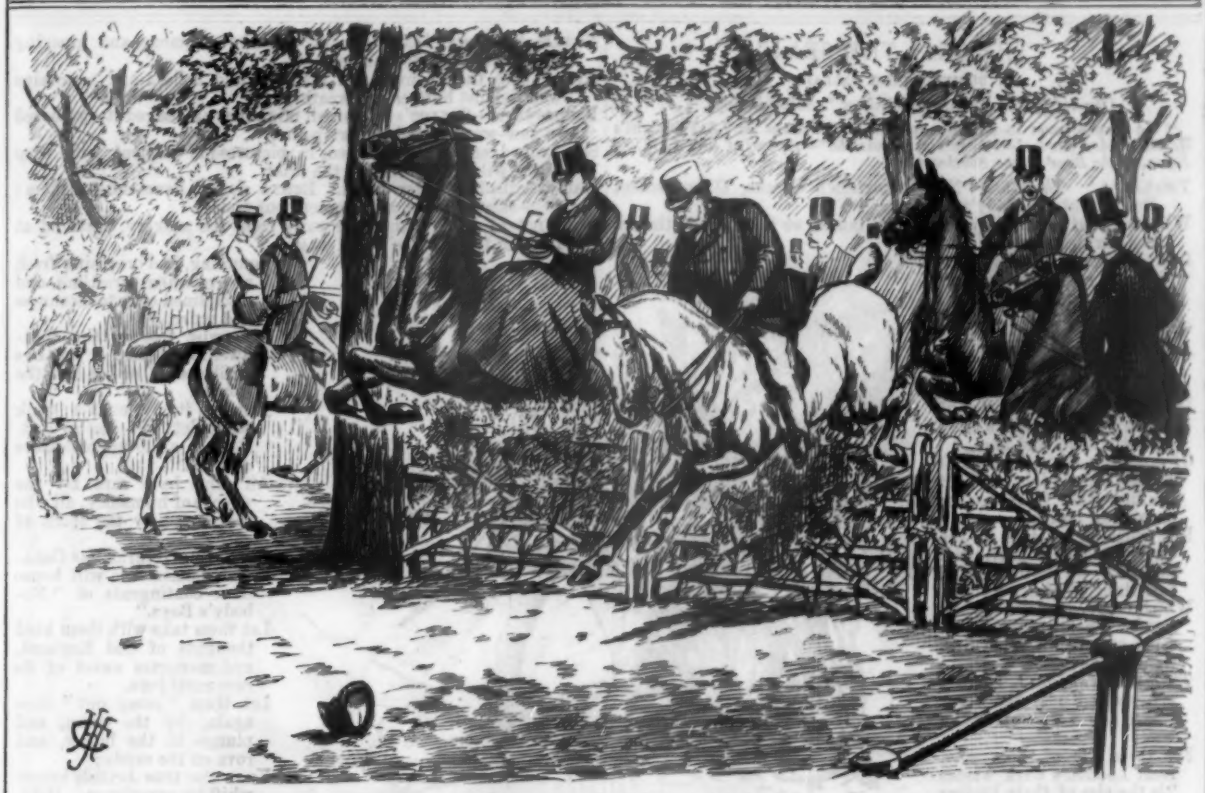
And danger 's ahead, and the fall of the weir
Sounds close, as that Stroke tumbles "head over tip."
No wonder poor Bow, his oar bladeless, looks queer.
No wonder the Steersman his yoke-lines lets slip.
The Three are "In Trouble," of that there 's no doubt;
Stroke mutters, "Obstruction!" Bow talks of "a foul."
But when you have muffed it, and foes are about,
It isn't much use at bad fortune to growl.
No; Stroke, Bow, and Coxswain must "go it like bricks,"
If they mean to get out of this troublesome fix.

ERRATUM.—*Mr. Punch* last week paid the Notts' Cricketer, GUNN, a well-deserved compliment on his great innings of 228 against the Australians. He *intended* to represent him as piling-up that huge score "against the best bowling." The obviously accidental substitution of the word "batting" for "bowling" here, caused "the Nottingham Giant" to be credited with a novel cricketing performance, to which even *he* would hardly be equal. The proverbial Irish gun that could "shoot round a corner," would not be "in it" with a GUNN who could "bat against batting!" As a Correspondent (in slightly different words) suggests:—

"When a Champion Batsman's performance extolling,
'Tis well to distinguish 'twixt batting and bowling!"

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.—According to *Mr. Punch's* sharp contemporary, the *Lancet*, the effect of bagpipe-playing upon the teeth is to blunt them; in fact, in course of time, to wear them away. To the auditor the music has a contrary effect. *Mr. Punch* is able to say, from experience, that he has never listened to the National instrument of Grand Old Scotland without having his teeth set on edge.

"IN TROUBLE."



HINTS FOR THE PARK.

Why not have Something of this Sort? It would at least make Things less Monotonous.

TOUTING FOR TOURISTS.

To the Editor

Of any Paper that inserts Gratuitous Advertisements.

Sir,—Kindly contradict the rumour, which I find is widely spread and appears to be credited in some quarters, that an extensive sewage farm has been established in front of the most fashionable terrace in Slushborough-on-Sea, and that a Smallpox Hospital is about to be built upon the Pier. "Salubrious Slushborough" still continues (in spite of the machinations of jealous Northbourne) to be the most select, popular, and healthy resort on the British coasts.

Yours disinterestedly, The Mayor of Slushborough.

Sir,—A report (proceeding, I have reason to believe, from ill-conditioned residents at Slushborough) is being disseminated to the effect, that the water-supply of Northbourne is largely tainted with typhus and diphtheria germs, and that an epidemic is already ravaging this place. As a matter of fact, the only case of illness of any kind in this town at present is a patient brought over from Slushborough in the last stage of blood-poisoning, owing to the defective drainage system there, and who, in this salubrious and invigorating atmosphere, is now rapidly recovering.

I remain, Yours &c., The Mayor of Northbourne.

Sir,—In view of the correspondence with regard to the present condition of our popular seaside resorts, it will, I feel sure, interest your readers to learn that an examination of the air of Whitecliffe lately made by a local analyst, reveals the fact that it contains *fifty-five per cent. more ozone than is to be found on the top of Mont Blanc!* I publish this piece of intelligence purely in the interests of science, and as I am writing I may perhaps take the opportunity to mention that apartments here are both good and reasonable, and the bathing first-rate. The same analyst incidentally discovered that the air at Chorkstone is largely laden with poisonous bacteria.

Yours truly, The Mayor of Whitecliffe.

Sir,—At this time of year, when our glorious Lees are in the full radiance of their summer beauty, it becomes a mere act of Christian duty to warn intending holiday-makers to avoid Whitecliffe, and to select Chorkstone as their place of sojourn instead. An eminent local medical man asserts that morbiferous germs exist to a very dangerous degree in the Whitecliffe atmosphere, and that the Whitecliffe water is rendered almost solid by the multitude of bacilli it contains. Another Chorkstone resident, who lately visited Whitecliffe, found the air so relaxing that he fainted away, and had it not been for the kindness of the landlord of a certain hotel, who had him carried out of his bar and driven off in a trap to his own home, he believes he would have succumbed! Comment is needless. Yours impartially, The Mayor of Chorkstone.

Sir,—There is not the slightest foundation for the ridiculous *canard* as to the inhabitants of this picturesque and abnormally fashionable town being "in a state of complete panic, owing to the fact that all the convicts recently confined at Shortland have broken out, and are indulging in frightful excesses in the neighbourhood." The convicts have *not* broken out; but an epidemic of gratuitous mendacity has done so, it appears.

Yours indignantly, The Mayor of Curdsmouth.

P.S.—Have you heard about the sanitary state of Shutmouth? Shocking!

Sir,—As I hear that it is rumoured that M. Pasteur has discovered an entirely new and most dangerous kind of bacillus in the neighbourhood of pine-trees, perhaps I may mention, in order to reassure our myriads of intending summer visitors, that the death-rate at this town is one in ten thousand, and that we should have had *no death-rate at all last week*, if the one person referred to had not met with an unfortunate accident. All the Shutmouth doctors are starving. Yours, The Mayor of Shutmouth.

P.S.—Ought not something to be done to check the mortality at Curdsmouth? It is disgraceful!

To the Right Wheel, Barrow!

Caine's action shakes the Unionists' dominion;
Against it piteous appeals seem vain;
But 'tis, in his late colleagues' pained opinion,
Not "the nice conduct of a clouded Caine!"

"THE SEA! THE SEA!"

A BUSINESS-LIKE BALLAD.

(*Penned by Mr. Punch on behalf of "Nobody's Boys."*)

"We propose soon to take our rescued Street-Arabs for 'A Fortnight's Holiday under Canvas'—*by the sea, if possible.*"—*Appeal of Mr. J. W. C. Fegan, of the Boys' Home, Southwark.*

Thalatta! Thalatta! Not XENOPHON's Greeks, O benevolent
Public, but "Nobody's Boys,"
Wild Arabs of London, by tenderness tamed, at the sight of the sea vent exuberant joys
In vociferous shoutings! Imagine the rapture of wrecks from the gutter and waifs from the slum,
When first on their ears falls the jubilant thrill of the sky-soaring lark, or the wild bee's low hum!
Imagine the pleasure of plunging at will into June's leafy copses of hazel and lime,
Of scudding through acres of grasses knee-high, and of snuffing the fragrance of clover and thyme.
But what is all this to the dumb-stricken wonder, swift followed by outbursts of full-throated glee,
Which fancy can picture, when London's pale outcasts from some grassy cliff catch first sight of the Sea!
Thalatta! Thalatta! There's many a lad who has never before had a glimpse of the wave;
For these are of those who, from London's dark wastes 'tis the aim of their leaders to rescue and save,
"Nobody's Boys," the lost waifs of the city, foredoomed, but for aid, to debasement and crime,
Possible gallows-birds,—they with wan faces late cleansed from the rookery's hideous grime,
Snatched from the gutter whilst boyhood bears hope with it, gathered and tended with vigilant care.
Servants of soul-thrift their volunteer champions! Weeds of the slum, with fresh soil and sweet air,
Grow into grace and fair fruitage. These pariahs, "Southwark Boys," strays from the slime-sodden east,
FEGAN takes forth in gay troops to the meadows, in freshness of nature to frolic and feast,
Climb in the woodlands and plunge in the waters, ramble and scramble through tangle-hedged lanes,
Fish in the pools with youth's primitive tackle, breathe quickening vigour through bosoms and brains.

Picture the boys "camping out" on the commons, and gipsying gaily in tents midst the heather,
Armed with their canvas and blankets and boilers and pannikins well against hunger and weather.
Picture them—CALLOT's free brush might have managed it—gathered in pow-wow around the camp-fire,
Sun-tanned and wind-browned, in picturesque raiment, with wisp of the wild hop or trail of the briar
Hat-wreathed or button-holed. BURNS should have sung of them; trim-skirted Muse, with punctilious tastes,
Were not at home with these waifs from the rookery, pastured at large in free Nature's wild wastes,
Bounding, and breathing fresh air, romping, wrestling, and disciplined only to cleanness and order,
Otherwise free as the tent-dwelling Arabs, or outlaws of Sherwood, or bands of the Border.
Picture it! FEGAN's pink pamphlet *has* pictured it. Read it, all lovers of Nature and youth,
All who have care for the wrecks of humanity, all who are moved by the spirit of ruth.
Ere Spring returns, far Canadian homesteads will house their contingents of "Nobody's Boys."
Let them take with them kind thoughts of Old England, and memories sweet of its rare rural joys.
Let them "camp out" once again, by the ocean, and plunge in the billow, and rove on the sands;
Know the true British brine-whiff by experience. Help, British Public, their friends' kindly hands.
Good is the work, and the fruit of it excellent; giving poor wastrels a fair start in life,
Taste of true pleasure, and wholesome enjoyment, aid in endeavour, and strength for the strife.
What better use for spare cash at this season? Come then, *Punch* readers, right willingly come!
Mr. Punch knows scarce a cause more deserving, or worthy of aid, than the Southwark Boys' Home!

Mem.—Mr. J. W. C. FEGAN, of the Boys' Home, Southwark, the writer of the pleasant pamphlet entitled *Camping Out*, makes appeal towards the expenses of giving "a fortnight's holiday under canvas *—by the sea, if possible"*—to the waifs and strays in Mr. FEGAN's Homes. To that gentleman, and NOT to *Mr. Punch*, subscriptions should be sent. Remittances may be made to him (by P.O.O., payable at General Post-Office, or by cheque crossed "London and County Bank) at the Boys' Home, 95, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 23.—A gleam of glory in sombre chamber of the Peers; a thin streak of red making its devious way between the table and the Benches. At the head comes Black Rod, giving some relief to the glittering spectacle; Garter King-at-Arms, without whom British Constitution would be a vain thing, follows. Then the Prince of WALES, looking a trifle anxious; is bringing out his son and heir to take his place in the hereditary chamber; anxious that all should go well. Next the new Duke of CLARENCE, looking very well in his new Peer's robes, on which his fair mother, seated with her daughter in side galleries, casts approving glance. Then the Duke of EDINBURGH, with the stalwart Hereditary Grand Marshal, Jockey o' Norfolk, and Aveland, Lord Great Chamberlain.

Procession strolled in in quite casual way; passed Woolsack to which HALSBURY lent grace and dignity; New Peer handed his credentials to LORD CHANCELLOR; but HALSBURY, above all things, man of cautious habits. No doubt everything was right and in order; presence of Prince of WALES guarantee of it; but HALSBURY not to be taken in. All very well, but all in due order. So new Peer taken charge of by the Reading Clerk; Procession moved on to table; documents mumbled over; oath taken; roll signed. New Peer turned to look at LORD CHANCELLOR; decidedly more friendly; haughty, forbidding, distrustful look, vanished from his ordinarily genial countenance. Young Peer encouraged to venture on friendly nod; LORD CHANCELLOR in response, lifted three-cornered hat, and on replacing it, was observed to cock it slightly on one side. Procession now moved on towards doorway by side of Throne, where was set three chairs.

"A little slow isn't it, Sir," said Duke of CLARENCE to H.R.H.; "suppose we sit down here a bit; Black Rod will go and fetch us a flagon of Malmsey wine; am told they always keep a butt on the premises for stray Dukes."

"No Malmsey for you, CLARENCE," said the Gracious Parent; "but if you'd like to sit down a moment, you may."

So new Peer sat in middle chair, Father and Uncle anxiously regarding him. LORD CHANCELLOR slewed round on Woolsack to see what was going on behind him. New Peer, making himself quite at home, put on hat; finding LORD CHANCELLOR staring at him, uplifted it; LORD CHANCELLOR did same with his. Duke tried it

From Report of Debate on Hares Preservation Bill, June 26.—"They (the other Members of Parliament) could not go out and kill 300 Dodos,"—but evidently *he* (Sir W. V. HARCOURT) could, and here he is—caught in the act!

again; LORD CHANCELLOR, comically half turned round on the Woolsack, followed suit.

"Do it a third time, CLARENCE," whispered H.R.H., entering into fun of thing. So the new Peer, always with his eyes gravely fixed on LORD CHANCELLOR, who, in the excitement of the moment, had got his left leg cocked over the Woolsack, did it a third time; LORD CHANCELLOR did the same; Princesses in the Gallery sweetly smiling; Garter King-at-Arms totting off the number of salutes; and Black Rod thanking his stars that presently, when they left the House, he could walk face forward, not as when he visited the Commons, walking backward like a crab.

"I think that 'll do," said H.R.H. "HALSBURY is in very uncomfortable attitude; besides this is a sort of game that palls after the third round. Go and say good-bye to HALSBURY, and we 'll go and have a cup of tea with your mother."

"Toby, M.P., I presume?"

Procession reformed; New Peer led up to Woolsack, where LORD CHANCELLOR, with little gesture of surprise, as if he had only now caught sight of him for first time, shook hands with him. Prince of Wales lifted his cap to LORD CHANCELLOR; LORD CHANCELLOR lifted his cap to Prince of WALES; the other Princes followed suit; Black Rod toddled off; and the gay and gorgeous procession disappeared through the doorway, leaving the Chamber in sudden twilight, as if the sun had dipped below the horizon.

An exceedingly friendly meeting all round; quite contagious.

"TOBY, M.P., I presume?" said BROADHURST, as I walked out. He had been looking on, and had quite caught the graceful manner of the LORD CHANCELLOR. I raised my hat three times, and went on to the Commons, where there were wigs on the Green.

Business done.—In Commons, Compensation Clauses withdrawn.

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY puts final spoke in wheel of Compensation Bill. Rose after questions on paper disposed of, and asked for ruling of SPEAKER on an important point affecting Parliamentary Procedure. TIM'S manner boded ill for the Government—deferential, low-voiced, with total absence of self-assertion or aggression, TIM stood, the very model of a modest young man.

"Yes," said Prince ARTHUR, "but I hope he's not going to say anything about Irish business. When he's in this mood, I prefer he should address himself to my dear friend JOKIM."

Right Hon. A. Balfour. "My dearest Tim, 'for this relief much thanks!'"

TIM had anticipated Prince ARTHUR'S wishes. It *was* about Compensation Bill that he desired to consult SPEAKER. JOKIM, as last turn in devious course, had proposed to dodge difficulty about Compensation by accumulating proceeds of increased Spirit Duty till some indefinite period, when great reform of Licensing should be introduced. "But," says TIM, almost begging pardon for interposing, "in Budget Bill it has been specifically decreed that proceeds of tax should be appropriated during present Session." Accumulation, TIM urged, with a vague notion that he was dropping into poetry, is not Appropriation. SPEAKER agreed with him; consternation on Treasury Bench; Ministers tried to put bold face on affairs; could not discuss question now; would do so by-and-by; confident they could show there was nothing in TIM'S objection. An hour later, when time came to resume Committee on Compensation Bill, OLD MORALITY announced that it would be postponed to give Ministers opportunity to consider point suggested by TIM. Shout of exultation went up from Opposition Benches; prolonged fight had been won at last; the obnoxious Bill was floored, and TIM had done it.

OLD MORALITY, standing at table in attitude where natural nobility of character struggled with accidental depression, said: "Success, Mr. SPEAKER, is a mark no mortal wit of surest hand can always hit. For whatsoe'er we perpetrate, we do but row; we are steered by fate, which in success often disinherits, for spurious causes, noblest merits. Great occasions, Mr. SPEAKER, are not always true sons of great and mighty resolutions, nor, I may add, do the boldest attempts bring forth events still equal to their worth. That may be the case with us; but at least we shall carry to our homes the consciousness that we have diligently striven to do our duty to our QUEEN and our country." General cheering at this little speech, and scarcely dry eye on Treasury Bench.

Business done.—Compensation Bill in fresh difficulties.

Thursday.—Sitting remarkable for two speeches from ordinarily silent Members. Began and ended proceedings. First was by WHARTON, on presenting petition signed by over half a million persons in favour of Compensation Clauses of Licensing Bill. Petition brought down in three cases by PICKFORD'S van. Conveniently disposed on floor of House; occupied the whole space. Perturbation on Treasury Bench at the report that there was Royal Commission going forward in other House. Time of the Session when these are frequent. Black Rod arrives; requests attendance of Members to hear Commission read. Advances towards table, bowing to chair; retires backward; SPEAKER follows him. How would it be to-day, with floor blocked with towering cases? Black Rod an old sailor, might haul himself up hand-over-hand, and skip across tops of cases; but never do for the SPEAKER so to scramble out. Hasty and anxious inquiry made. Turned out to be no Royal Commission to-day; so new disaster for Ministers avoided.

A Maiden Speech.

WHARTON succeeds somehow when presenting Petition in casting sort of Cathedral Close air over proceedings. Life-long association with cathedrals and their precincts have invested him with placid charm of manner: would have made an excellent Dean; gone off capitally as a Canon; now, as he waves his hand towards the space lately crowded by the Petition, wears subtle, indescribable, but unmistakable air, as if he were taking part in a Confirmation Service.

The other orator, GRIMSTON, considerably less ecclesiastical in his manner. Appeared suddenly on scene at midnight; maiden speech; very effective. "Mr. COURTNEY, Sir," he said, diffidently hiding his hands in his trousers' pockets, "I claim the indulgence the House always extends to young Members, in rising to address it for the first time. I beg to move that the question be now put." Question put accordingly; debate Closured, and so home.

Business done.—Quite a lot. Licensing Clauses finally dropped; Allotments Bill read Third Time; Barracks Bill through Committee.

Friday.—Police in possession of House to-night. MATTHEWS moved Second Reading of Bill dealing with Force. Quite unusual consensus of approval, considering it is a Government Bill. Only for GEORGE CAMPBELL, chorus would have been unanimous. But GEORGE, looking in from Zanzibar, where he had called after a brief trip through Jerusalem and Madagascar, denounced the measure as "thoroughly bad." House thereupon passed Second Reading without division.

Business done.—Police Bill read Second Time.

"THE Oof Bird" is the Auk, as *Cornhill Mag* says its eggs cost £170 apiece,—of course when fresh. What a big lark!—Yours, 'ARRY.

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IMPORTANT TRADE-MARK JUDGMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS' APPEAL (JUNE 19, 1890).—(Present: The Lord Chancellor, and Lords Watson, Herschell, Macnaghten, and Morris.)—ENO *v.* DUNN.—This was an appeal from a judgment of the Court of Appeal (reversing an order of Mr. Justice Kay), which was in favour of Dunn, the Respondent. The Appellant, Eno, was the registered owner of the trade mark "Eno's Fruit Salt," which he first brought out in 1873. The Respondent described his preparation as "Dunn's Fruit Salt Baking Powder." In accordance with the decision of the majority of their Lordships, the judgment of the Court of Appeal was reversed with costs (in both Courts), and the decision of Mr. Justice Kay restored.

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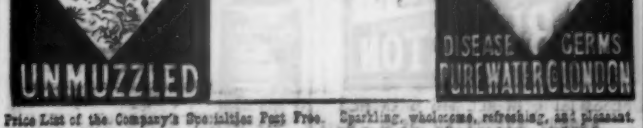

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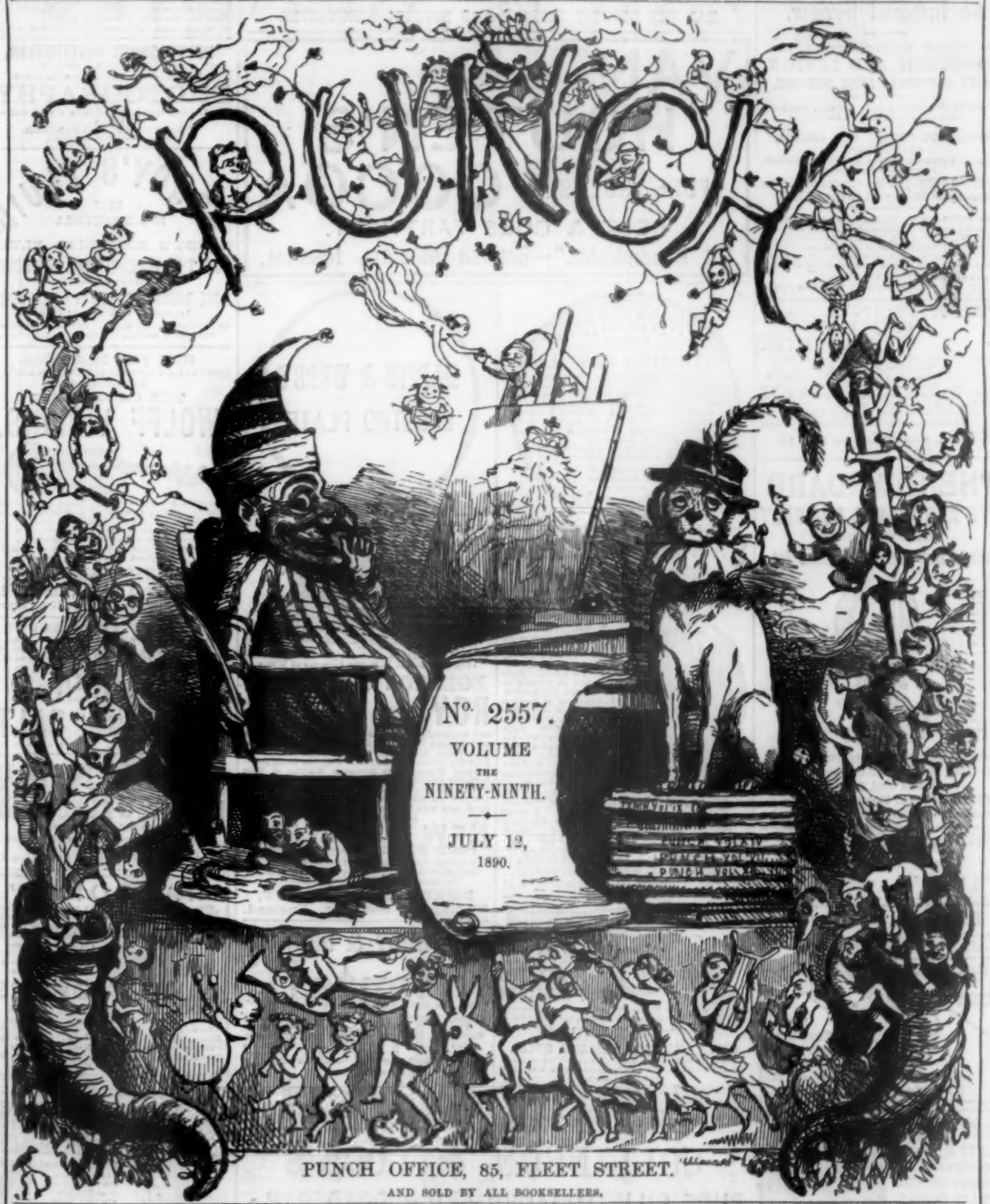

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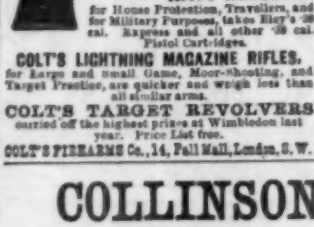

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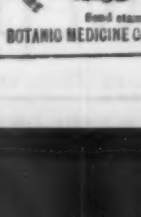

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VOCES POPULI.

AT THE MILITARY EXHIBITION.

IN THE AVENUE FACING THE ARENA.

An Unreasonable Old Lady (*arriving breathless, with her grandson and niece*). This 'll be the place the balloon goes up from, I wouldn't miss it for anything! Put the child up on that bench, MARIA; we 'll stand about here till it begins.

Maria. But *I* don't see no balloon nor nothing.

[*Which, as the foliage blocks out all but the immediate foreground, is scarcely surprising.*

The U. O. L. No more don't I—but it stands to reason there wouldn't be so many looking on if there wasn't *something* to see. We 're well enough where we are, and *I* 'm not going further to fare worse to please nobody; so you may do as you *like* about it.

[MARIA *promptly avails herself of this permission.*

The U. O. L. (*a little later*). Well, it 's time they did *something*, I 'm sure. Why the people seem all moving off! and where 's that girl MARIA got to? Ah, here you are! So you found you were no better off?—*Next* time, p'raps, you 'll believe what I tell you. Not that there 's any War Balloon as *I* can see!

Maria. Oh, there was a capital view from where *I* was—out in the open there.

The U. O. L. Why couldn't you say so before? Out in the open! Let 's go there then—it 's all the same to *me!*

Maria (*with an undutiful giggle*). It 's all the same now—wherever you go, 'cause the balloon 's gone up.

The U. O. L. Gone up! What are you telling me, MARIA?

Maria. I see it go—it shot up ever so fast and quite steady, and the people in the car all waved their 'ats to us. I could see a arm a waving almost till it got out of sight.

The U. O. L. And me and this innercent waiting here on the seat like lambs, and never dreaming what was goin' on! Oh, MARIA, however you 'll reconcile it to your conscience, *I* don't know!

Maria. Why, whatever are you pitching into *me* for!

The U. O. L. It 's not that it 's any particklar pleasure to *me*, seeing a balloon, though we *did* get our tea done early to be in time for it—it 's the sly deceitfulness of your *conduck*, MARIA, which is all the satisfaction I get for coming out with you,—it 's the feeling that—well, there, I won't *talk* about it!

[*In pursuance of which virtuous resolve, she talks about nothing else for the remainder of the day, until the unfortunate* MARIA *wishes fervently that balloons had never been invented.*

IN THE BUILDING.

An admiring group has collected before an enormous pin-cushion in the form of a fat star, and about the size of a Church-hassock.

First Soldier (*to his Companion*) Lot o' work in *that*, yer know!

Second Soldier. Yes. (*Thoughtfully.*) Not but what—(*becoming critical*)—if I 'd been doin' it *myself*, I should ha' chose pins with smaller 'eds on 'em.

First S. (*regarding this as presumptuous*). You may depend on it the man who made *that* 'ad his reasons for choosing the pins he did—but there 's no pleasing some parties!

Second S. (*apologetically*). Well, I ain't denying the *Art* in it, am I?

First Woman. I *do* call that 'andsome, SARAH. See, there 's a star, and two 'arps, and a crownd, and I don't know what all—and all done in pins and beads! "Made by Bandsman BROWN," too! [*Reading placard.*

Second W. Soldiers is that clever with their 'ands. Four pounds seems a deal to ask for it, though.

First W. But look at the weeks it must ha' took him to do! (*Reading.*) "Containing between ten and eleven thousand pins and beads, and a hundred and ninety-eight pieces of coloured cloth!" Why, the pins alone must ha' cost a deal of money.

Second W. Yes, it 'ud be a pity for it to go to somebody as 'ud want to take 'em out.

First W. It ought to be bought up by Gover'ment, that it ought—they 're well able to afford it.

A select party of Philistines, comprising a young Man, apparently in the Army, and his Mother *and* Sister, *are examining* Mr. GILBERT'S *Jubilee Trophy in a spirit of puzzled antipathy.*

The Mother. Dear me, and *that* 's the Jubilee centrepiece, is it? What a heavy-looking thing. I wonder what *that* cost?

Her Son (*gloomily*). Cost? Why, about two days' pay for every man in the Service!

His Mother. Well, I call it a shame for the Army to be fleeced for *that* thing. Are those creatures intended for mermaids, with their tails curled round that glass ball, I wonder? [*She sniffs.*

Her Daughter. I expect it will be crystal, Mother.

Her Mother. Very likely, my dear, but—glass or crystal—*I* see no sense in it!

Daughter. Oh, it 's absurd, of course—still, this figure isn't badly done, is it supposed to represent St. GEORGE carrying the Dragon? Because they 've made the Dragon no bigger than a salmon!

Mother. Ah, well, I hope HER MAJESTY will be better pleased with it than I am, that 's all.

[*After which they fall into ecstasies over an industrial exhibit, consisting of a drain-pipe, cunningly encrusted with fragments of regimental mess-china set in gilded cement.*

Before a large mechanical clock, representing a fortress, which is striking. Trumpets sound, detachments of wooden soldiers march in and out of gateways, and parade the battlements, clicking, for a considerable time.

A Spectator (*with a keen sense of the fitness of things*). What—all that for on'y 'alf-past five!

OVERHEARD IN THE AMBULANCE DEPARTMENT.

Spectators (*passing in front of groups of models arranged in realistic surroundings*). All the faces screwed up to suffering, you see! . . . What a nice patient expression that officer on the stretcher has! Yes, they 've given *him* a wax head—some of them are only *papier mâché*. . . . Pity they couldn't get nearer their right size in 'elmets, though, ain't it? . . . There 's *one* chap 's given up the ghost! . . . I know that stuffed elephant—he comes from the Indian Jungle at the Colinderies! . . . I *do* think it 's a pity they couldn't get something more *like* a mule than this wooden thing! Why, it 's quite *flat*, and it 's ears are only leather, nailed on! . . . You can't tell, my dear; it may be a peculiar breed out there—cross between a towel-horse and a donkey-engine, don't you know!

IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE SHOOTING-GALLERY.

At the back, amidst tropical scenery, an endless procession of remarkably undeceptive rabbits of painted tin are running rapidly up and down an inclined plane. Birds jerk painfully through the air above, and tin rats, boars, tigers, lions, and ducks, all of the same size, glide swiftly along grooves in the middle distance. In front, Commissionnaires are busy loading rifles for keen sportsmen, who keep up a lively but somewhat ineffective fusillade.

'Arriet (*to* 'ARRY). They 'ave got it up beautiful, I must say. Do you *get* anything for 'itting them?

'Arry. On'y the honour.

A Father (*to intelligent Small Boy, in rear of Nervous Sportsman*). No, I ain't seen him 'it anything *yet*, my son; but you *watch*. That 's a rabbit he 's aiming at now. . . . Ah, *missed* him!

Small Boy. 'Ow d'yer *know* what the gentleman 's a-aiming at, eh, Father?

Father. 'Ow? Why, you notice which way he points his gun.

[*The N. S. fires again—without results.*

Small Boy. I sor that time, Father. He was a-aiming at one o' them ducks, an' he missed a rabbit! [*The N. S. gives it up in disgust.*

Enter a small party of 'Arries in high spirits.

First 'Arry. 'Ullo! *I* 'm on to this. 'Ere, Guv'nor, 'and us a gun. *I* 'll show yer 'ow to shoot!

[*He takes up his position, in happy unconsciousness that playful companions have decorated his coat-collar behind with a long piece of white paper.*

Second 'Arry. Go in, JIM! You got yer markin'-paper ready, anyhow.

[*Delighted guffaws from the other 'Arries, in which* JIM *joins vaguely.*

Third 'Arry. I 'll lay you can't knock a rabbit down!

Jim. I 'll lay I can!

[*Fires. The procession of rabbits goes on undisturbed.*

Second 'Arry (*jocosely*). Never mind. You *peppered* 'im. I sor the feathers floy!

Third 'Arry. You 'd ha' copped 'im if yer 'd bin a bit quicker.

Jim (*annoyed*). They keep on movin' so, they don't give a bloke no chornce!

Second 'Arry. 'Ave a go at that old owl.

[*Alluding to a tin representation of that fowl which remains stationary among the painted rushes.*

Third 'Arry. No—see if you can't git that stuffed bear. He 's on'y a yard or two away!

An Impatient 'Arry (*at doorway*). 'Ere, come *on!* Ain't you shot enough? Shake a leg, can't yer, JIM?

Second 'Arry. He 's got to kill one o' them rabbits fust. Or pot a tin lion, JIM? *You* ain't afraid!

Jim. No; I 'm goin' to git that owl. He 's *quiet* any way.

[*Fires. The owl falls prostrate.*

Second 'Arry. Got 'im! Owl 's *orf!* JIM, old man, you must stand drinks round after this!

[*Exeunt 'Arries, to celebrate their victory in a befitting fashion, as Scene closes in.*

THE LAY OF THE LOUD SALVATIONIST.

A SONG FOR THE SEAT OF JUDGMENT. AIR—"*The British Grenadier.*"

SOME talk of WAGNER chorus, of war's wild rataplan,
Or of the well thumped tom-tom of happy Hindostan;
But "sweetest of all shindy to which man's ear may list,
Is the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

The swart-skinned Nubian's reed-pipe hath an ear-piercing note,
And you may hear mad music from 'ARRY in a boat;
But safest of all sounds to give the tympanum a twist,
Is the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

Who prates of calm Nirvaña, of quietism's joys?
What are they to "Row's" Gospel, the Paradise of Noise?
Quakerian calm is obsolete, but oh! who can resist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist?

They muster in their thousands on market-place, or green,
With blatant brazen brayings, and thump of tambourine.
Are you at prayer, asleep or sick? What odds? You're forced to list
To the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

They throng with thunderous tramplings the city thoroughfare,
In rural nooks their shoutings are on the summer air;
Though sea-side peace be pleasant, its spell may not resist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

O Holy Noise! O latest and greatest of man's gods!
With common-sense at issue, with comfort at fierce odds;
Divine, of course, you *must* be,—thrice lucky to enlist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

The Corybantic clangor was cheerful, in its way,
But Hallelujah Lasses the cymbals can outbray.
O raucous throat, O leathern lung, O big belabouring fist!
O tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

SUCH AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE!

THE GREAT ADVANTAGE OF HAVING THE ELECTRIC LIGHT "BROUGHT TO YOUR VERY DOOR," WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS NOTICE, ON THE IDENTICAL DAY, TOO, WHEN YOU ARE GIVING A PARTY, AND YOUR FRIENDS WON'T BE ABLE TO GET WITHIN SOME YARDS OF YOUR HOUSE. AND THEN, SO NICE FOR LADIES IF IT RAINS!

"A Nuisance! Nay, my children!" ('Tis Grandam Justice speaks.)
"Town butterflies may think so, and so may country 'beaks.'
The Oracle in Ermine declares you shan't resist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

"Traffic may be obstructed, and tympanums be rent,
The noise may torture sufferers with sickness well-nigh spent;
But these be merely trifles. Your anguish may assist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

"Our self-appointed saviours must work their noble will.
These shouters have small faith in the voice that 's small and still
Blown brass and beaten parchment take heaven by storm. Then list
To the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

"The priests of Baal were noisy, but not so loud as BOOTH.
Charivari and clamour are vehicles of Truth.
At least that seems the notion on which these seers insist,
With the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

"Without such little worries the world could not get on!
That sweet thought tempts Dame Justice the bonnet brown to don,
And smite the clanging sheepskin, and aid with voice and fist
The tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

"That sick child in her chamber may press an aching head,
The mother, bowed and broken, bend deafened o'er her bed.
Regrettable, but needful, since freedom must exist
For the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!"

So Justice, in zeal's bonnet, so Jurymen in haste!
What *are* the claims of comfort, health, common-sense or taste,
Compared with those of brainless Noise, our new evangelist,
And the tow-row, tow-row, tow-row of the loud Salvationist!

DE LA PART DE MLLE. SAINTE-NITOUCHE.—A demure Spinster says she is quite against the Early Closing Movement, and hopes the shops will keep open as late as possible. "'Early closing' means," she explains, "'early shopping,' and I should blush to commence my rounds before the windows are properly 'dressed.'"

WEEK BY WEEK.

THE Season has now only some three weeks to run. Already careful dowagers are having themselves packed in chintz or old newspapers, and fathers of feminine families are beginning to emerge from the lurking places in which they had sought refuge with their cheque-books. The number of detrimentals has been calculated to amount to three times the number of first editions of the *Star* newspaper, plus a mean fraction of a child's Banbury cake, multiplied by the nod of a Duchess to a leader of Society in Peckham Rye.

From the Canton of Koblinsky a report reaches us that the Deputy Grand Master of the Koblinsky Einspänner has met with a somewhat alarming accident. As he was going his rounds last week, accompanied by his faithful Pudelhund, he observed a *mark* lying on the pavement. On stooping to pick it up, he was unfortunately mistaken for a Bath bun by his canine companion, and before help could be secured he had been partly devoured. However, all that was left of him has been packed in ice, and forwarded, with the compliments of the Municipality, to the EMPEROR.

The Great-Western Railway Company intend, it is said, to make unparalleled efforts to secure the comfort of those who may visit Henley Regatta during the present week. All the ordinary trains have been taken off, and special trains, timed to take at least half-an-hour longer, have been substituted for them. As a special concession, holders of first-class return tickets will be allowed to travel part of the distance by omnibus. At Twyford Junction the amusing game of follow-my-leader will be played by four locomotives and a guard's van. The winning locomotive will then steam on to Henley, and upon its return passengers will proceed as usual.

Yesterday being the opening day of the Regatta, was observed as a holiday by the natives of Henley. The ancient ceremonial of "Prices up and money down," was, as usual, observed with proper solemnity by all the burgesses of the little Oxfordshire town. There was some boat-racing during the day; but it is beginning to be felt that a stop should be put to this barbarous survival of the dark ages.

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)

No. XV.—THE JACK OF ALL JOURNALISMS.

In order to become a successful Journalist of a certain sort, it is only necessary that a man should in early life provide himself with a front as brazen as the trumpet which he blows to announce to the world his merits and his triumphs. It is, of course, essential that he should *rid* himself of any trace of sensitiveness that may remain to him after a youth about which the only thing certain is its complete obscurity, in order that no hint may be sufficiently broad to fit in with the tolerant breadth of his impudence, and no affront sufficiently pointed to pierce the skin with which Nature and his own industry have furnished him. Literary culture must be eschewed, for with literary culture come taste and discrimination—qualities which might fatally obstruct the path of this journalistic aspirant. For it must be assumed that in some of its later developments journalism has entirely cast off the reticence and the modesty which successive generations of censors have constantly held to have been characteristic of an age that is past. Indeed, while it is established that in 1850 the critics of the day fixed their thoughts with pleasure on the early years of the century, though they found nothing but abuse for the journalism of their own time, it is curious to note that many of those who hurl the shafts of ridicule and contempt at the present period have only words of praise for 1850. Without, however, going so far as these stern descendants of CATO, it may be affirmed that the porpoise-hided Jack of all Journalisms, as we know him, never had a greater power, nor exercised it over a larger scope with smaller scruple than to-day.

It has been already said that the youth of the Jack of all Journalisms is lost in obscurity. It is obvious that he cannot have acquired his readiness of pen without much practice, but where the practice was obtained is a puzzle to which each of his enemies has a different key. Some say of him that he spent a year or two at a University, where he was noted for the unfailing regularity with which he sought the society of the wealthy, imbibed strong drinks, and omitted to pay his debts. It is also alleged that he started a colourable University imitation of the journal which happened at that particular time to be the most highly coloured in London, and that, after struggling through two numbers of convulsive scurrility, the infant effort withered under the frown of the Authorities, who at the same time sent its founder down. Others, however, declare him to have been the offspring of a decayed purveyor of spurious racing intelligence, who naturally sent his son to shift for himself after he had lost his last shirt in betting against one of his own prophecies. Others again aver, and probably with equal accuracy, that he was at no time other than what he is when the world first becomes aware of his existence—the blatant, cringing, insolent, able and disreputable wielder of a pen which draws much of its sting and its profit from the vanities and fears of his fellow-creatures. Be that as it may, he somehow becomes a power. He attaches himself to many journals, the editors of which he first pesters, afterwards serves, and always despises. He may perhaps have dabbled in music, and caused a penniless friend who is musical to write for small pay songs which he honours by attaching his own name to them as their composer. Woe betide the unhappy aspirant to the honours of public singing who ignores the demand of this quasi-musical Turpin that she should sing his songs. For, having become in the meantime a musical critic, he will devote all his talents to the congenial task of abusing her voice in his organ—which is naturally the more powerful instrument of the two. Should she, however, submit to his extortionate requests, he will deem himself entitled to embitter the rest of her existence with his patronising commendation.

However, before reaching this pitch, he will have made his mark as an interviewer and a picturesque social reporter. In the former capacity he will have hunted momentary celebrities into the sanctity of their rooms, whence, after exchanging two words with them, he will have emerged with two columns of conversation. In the latter capacity, he will create for himself and the readers of his paper a social circle, the members of which, bear the same relation to Society proper as a lurcher does to a pure-bred greyhound. For there are many so-called social sets which are select merely because few desire to enter and many to leave them, and to these the Jack of all Journalisms is often a prophet and a leader pointing the way to the promised land. Thus we learn, with surprise, at first, and afterwards with the yawn that comes of the constant repetition of an ascertained fact, that the receptions of Lady TIPPIN are a model of all that is elegant and *recherché*, whilst the dresses and jewels of Mrs. JIPPS are always a subject of enthusiastic admiration to those amongst whom she moves; and it is only in moments of peculiar moroseness that we remember that neither of these two ladies is qualified by position or refinement for anything more than a passing smile. Yet to many, the mere fact that they are mentioned in paragraphs, is proof positive of their descent from the VERE DE VERES.

Moreover, the Jack of Journalisms will, at one time or another, have risen from the position of one who chronicles second-rate shows in remote corners of his paper, to be the recognised dramatic critic of a powerful organ. He thus acquires an extraordinary influence which he consolidates amongst outsiders by occasional lapses into a fury of critical honesty and abuse. It may be said of him, indeed, that, "Hell hath no fury like a critic scorned," for if he should, on any occasion, have taken umbrage at the treatment accorded to him by an actor or a manager, he will never allow the offence to fade, so long as he can fashion insinuations, misconstrue motives, or manufacture failure with his pen.

In appearance the Jack of all Journalisms is not altogether pleasing. His early struggles against irresponsive editors have left their mark upon him, for having been compelled to seek consolation for disappointment by indulging in strong drinks, he never completely loses the habit which tells, of course, both upon his dress and temper. Though success, by bringing the pleasures of the table within his reach, has increased the rotundity of his figure, it has never been able to make his collars snowy or his conversation refined. He is often found upon the Committees of new Clubs which start with a blare of journalistic trumpets upon a chequered existence, only to perish in contempt a few years afterwards. But while they last he attends them in the hope of picking up a friend who may be valuable, or some gossip which he may turn to account. As a rule, he affects the society of those who are intellectually dull in order that he may pass with them for a man of immense culture and unfathomable sagacity. Over the third long drink provided for him by an admiring associate of this sort, he will grow eloquent, and his conversation will sparkle with reminiscences of leading articles he may once have written, and anticipations of others that he proposes to write. Those who hear him on such occasions will opine that he is a man of genius, who is only prevented by the carelessness of a Gallio from becoming a statesman of the first rank.

A little later he will rise still higher, and will become the almost recognised medium through which really fashionable intelligence is converted into common knowledge. In this position he will allow nothing to escape him, and if one of the highest persons in the land should invite six friends to dinner, their names will on the following morning be known to the Jack of all Journalisms. It is unnecessary to say that in the course of this career he acquires, not only notoriety, but enemies, who watch eagerly for the false step that shall bring him to the ground. In spite of his craft, he is inevitably driven from boldness into rashness, and after waging a fruitless war against rascals more accomplished than himself, he, with a courage that scarcely atones for his imprudence, enters the witness-box, and, a flood of light having been thrown upon his past career, he finds himself for two nights blazoned in enormous letters on the posters of the evening papers, and is compelled, in the end, to submit to an adverse verdict, and to retire, "it may be for years or it may be for ever," from the open practice of a profession in which he had so distinguished himself.

ACCORDING TO A RECENT PRECEDENT.

[Her Majesty's Servants are invited to cheer the Queen.—*Official Invitation.*]

Soldiers. Not us—we want more food!

Sailors. Belay there—give us more liberty ashore!

C. S. Clerks. Can't attend to private business during office hours—redress our grievances!

Postmen. Don't care a rap—groans as before—haven't changed *our* sentiments!

Police. Move on with that there request—just mind your own business, and look after our pensions!

Inland Revenue Receivers. No! That's the only Tax that needn't be paid!

DISTINGUISHED UNIONISTS.—On Saturday next, at Westminster Abbey, Mr. H. M. STANLEY, the founder of the "Congo Free State," enters the "Can't-go Free State."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron begs to acknowledge the receipt of a delightful book entitled, *Bordeaux et ses Vins (Cinquième édition!) Classés par Ordre de Mérite*, written by M. EDOUARD FERRET, and enriched with 225 views of vine-culturing Châteaux, by M. EUGÈNE VERGEZ. It is published by G. MASSON, Boulevard Saint Germain 120, and now the Baron has placed it within reach of all the world. This particular volume was presented to the Baron by Messrs. HANKEY, BANNISTER & Co., who succeeded to the business of TOD HEATLEY & Co. (why was there never a Scotch firm of TODDY DRINKLEY & Co.?) Judging from a few casual dips into its contents, it will evidently afford him some interesting half-hours with the best *crus*. The *connoisseur* in claret should go right through the book until he comes to "*Entre-deux-mers*," by which time he will be as wise and as ready as was SOLOMON, *entre deux mères*, to pronounce judgment. The history of the Pape Clement wine takes us back to 1305, and is correctly told; but the Baron doubts whether M. FERRET has ferreted out the real story of the Château Haut-Brion. The fact is, that about the Twelfth Century, Seigneur THE BARON O'BRIEN from County Clare—which, as you see, only requires a "t" to make "Clare" into "Claret"—became the happy possessor of this elegant vine-growing district. The Baron O'BRIEN having taken a great deal of trouble about the good of his body, was one day struck by the remark, "*in vino veritas*," and thought he would do something for the good of his soul. So he founded a Mission, *La Mission O'Brien*, and then died in the odour of the most celebrated *crus*. On his tomb were the simple words, "*Il crut.*" In the course of time, grass grew over the stone, the Mission moved, sold the property, and another family of Irish descent, O'BLIVION, would have wiped out every memorial of the original pious founder, had it not been for the peasantry, who had Gallicised O'BRIEN into HAUT BRION, under which name it has been known for the last two centuries. If this is not the veracious history of this celebrated wine, the Baron would like to know what is? How sensible to give an order of merit to the best Claret-grower. Two Barons of the House of ROTHSCHILD are thus distinguished. It was after trying many other Clarets that Baron JAMES turned to Barons ALPHONSE GUSTAVE and EDMOND DE ROTHSCHILD, and uttered the memorable words, "*Revenons à nos moutons.*" It is a fascinating work, and the Baron has only just put down these few notes as an instalment of a grand book on wines, wine-growers, and wine-drinkers of all countries, which he is on the point of bringing out, entitled *Folks and Grapes*.

Refreshment for the Baron.

The Baron likes persons who take a hint kindly and act on it sensibly. He says this *à propos* of the Hairless Paper-pad Holder, the bald idea of which was suggested in *Mr. Punch's* pages. The paper-pad will be found most useful to travelling writers who use ink, and those authors whom gout, or some other respectable ailment, compels to work recumbently in bed or on sofa. The writer in bed, with ink handy, has only to take up his pad in one hand and his pen in the other, and as sheet after sheet is covered—sheets of paper *bien entendu*—he tears it off, and dries it at once on the blotter, which forms a portion of the pad. For Mr. GLADSTONE, when he is once again Prime Minister, the *Hairless Paper-pad* will be invaluable, as he can place it comfortably on his knee, write his despatch to HER MAJESTY, and blot it without distraction. As a writer of considerable practical experience, the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS strongly recommends the Hairless Paper-pad, which he will leave as a Hairloom to his family.

The Baron wishes to say that he has received *Dunlop's Calculating Apparatus*, and in attempting to discover how on earth to use it, whether as a game, or a puzzle, or a ready-reckoner, the Baron's hair is turning from grey to white. There are numbers, and sections, and tons, and small figures and large figures, and slips, and stripes, and numbers in black ink, and others in red ink, and though it must of course be the very simplest and easiest thing in the world when you once know all about it, yet it is just the sort of book (yet it isn't exactly a book) that might have deeply interested the Hatter and the March Hare, and LEWIS CARROLL'S Snark Hunters, and suggested many deep questions to the inquiring mind of *Alice in Wonderland*. As a really humorous production, capable of affording amusement for many a weary hour, it may be safely recommended to parties in country houses during an exceptionally rainy season.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—My faithful "Co." has been reading *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*, *No Thoroughfare*, and *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners*, the joint work of CHARLES DICKENS and WILKIE COLLINS, and now published for the first time in a single volume. He says that the book is instructive, inasmuch as it shows the growth of its authors' collaboration. When the writers started *The Lazy Tour* they were, so to speak, like the gentleman seated one day at the organ, "weary and ill at ease;" they grew more accustomed to one another during *The Perils*, and attained perfection in *No Thoroughfare*. This last novel shows no traces of dual workmanship, and might have been the outcome of a single pen. My "Co." has but one fault to find with Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL (Limited)—he says that the stories deserved better illustrations.

A VALID EXCUSE.

[A Juror who failed to put in an attendance at the Old Bailey sent an excuse that he was away on his honeymoon. The LORD MAYOR declared this was a perfectly valid excuse.]

THE sly Undergraduate, eager to be
Of Tutors and Deans an acute circumventist,
Has been known to declare, when he went on the spree,
'Twas to bury his uncle, or call on his dentist.

The husband who's ever in scrapes or in pickles,
And in coming home early displays a remissness,
Is wont, if it's safe to believe HARRY NICHOLLS,
To say he stayed out on "a matter of business."

The hero whose praises they constantly sound,
A Triton 'mongst minnows in prowess at cricket,
When bowled by a ball that did *not* touch the ground,
Very frequently swears 'twas the state of the wicket!

And the Juryman, finding excuses were vain,
Of the Judge's displeasure has ever been fearful,
Since he knew it availed not a whit to complain—
He must be in his place, or pay up and look cheerful.

But the thought of a fine never more will produce
Consternation, nor ever again make him pallid.
In a Honeymoon now he has got an excuse,
And the LORD MAYOR pronounces it "perfectly valid"!

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

NOTHING particular this week. Mlle. MELBA, the two DE RESZKÉS, and M. LASSALLE sang, by Royal command, in the afternoon at Windsor Castle. "Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the QUEEN?" Rather. We meant to wind up the week with *Le Prophète*, but JEAN DE RESZKÉ had caught cold,—perhaps on the return journey from Windsor,—and so *Faust* was substituted, with MELBA as *Marguerite*, and RAVELLI the Reliable as *Faust*. We are looking forward to *Hamlet*. "*To be or not to be*"? Probably "to be." Highly successful Season gradually drawing to a close. Where's *Masaniello*? Not heard it for years. It would come out as quite a novelty. Let the Sheriff-elect look to it. If not for this Season, let it mark the year of office of DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS.

"PAROCHIAL" POLITICS INDEED!—Making over to a handful of Colonists that would not fill many an English parish the "mighty mileage" of Western Australia!

TOUCHING RECIPROCITY BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE.

EDWIN CARRIES HIS ANGELINA'S PARASOL, AND ANGELINA CARRIES HER EDWIN'S SKETCHING MATERIALS.

"HOPE DEFERRED."

"WEARY of watching and waiting!"
So the old song-words go!
Charity here, contemplating
This trio of lads in a row,
Might turn from the slums of the City,
From "Nobody's Children" might spare
One glance of true practical pity,
One hour of considerate care.

The waifs from the slum and the gutter
Are off "to the country" in troops,
To feed on new eggs and fresh butter,
To frolic with balls and with hoops;
These three, with their eyes on the poster
That hints unattainable joys,
Must envy the son of the Coster,
The waifs of the Workhouse. Poor boys!

They, too, are unitedly yearning
To "go to the country," together.
Hope on the horizon is burning
With prospect of promising weather.
One pities them, looking and longing,
Aweary of waiting their turn
With those who are countrywards thronging;
The "Voice of the Country" *they*'d learn.

The lay of the lark or the linnet?
The babble of brooklet or rill?
Nay, that "Voice," to their ears, hath more in it
Than sounds in the nightingale's trill.
There's a song, though to some it sounds raucous,
For them most seductively rolls;
'Tis the crow of a bird (the "Caw-Caw-Cus")
Whose song is *so* like "*Pretty Poll's*"!

HENLEY REGATTA.

(*By Mr. Punch's own Rowing Man.*)

Henley, Monday.

I HAVE arrived, and Henley once more is Henley. Even the weather has recognised me, and good old Phœbus himself came out to shake me by the hand and talk of old times. The course is of the usual length, but a slight alteration has been made in the breadth. Many house-boats are moored along the Oxfordshire bank. The bridge has not changed its position since I saw it last. The courteous Secretary of the Regatta assured me, that my complaint with reference to the impediment which this structure offers to rowing-boats had been laid before the Stewards. No action, however, is to be taken this year.

This being the day before the Regatta, very heavy work was done by all the crews engaged in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup. They all have a good chance, and, personally, I should not feel the least surprise if I saw at least two eights rowing in the final heat on Thursday. Thames, London, Brasenose, Kingston, New College, and Trinity Hall all possess some "sterling oarsmen," and carry "banners" of different colours. I may remark, in passing, that no crew is allowed to row with more than eight oars.

The race for the Stewards will be exciting. All these officials are in hard training, but the Mayor of Henley is favourite at short odds.*

* *Note by the Editor.*—Are you sure this is right?

Reply.—Right? Of course it is. I'm here, and I ought to know.

I notice that the Ladies have a race all to themselves. Doubtless this is due to Miss FAWCETT's pernicious example, but the innovation is not to be commended. The entries for the Visitors are of average quality. Three visitors only are to compete over a course of picnic luncheons and strawberries and cream. I have only room left to remark that the weather has been changeable, and that all the above tips are to be thoroughly relied upon.

A BALLAD OF BARROW.

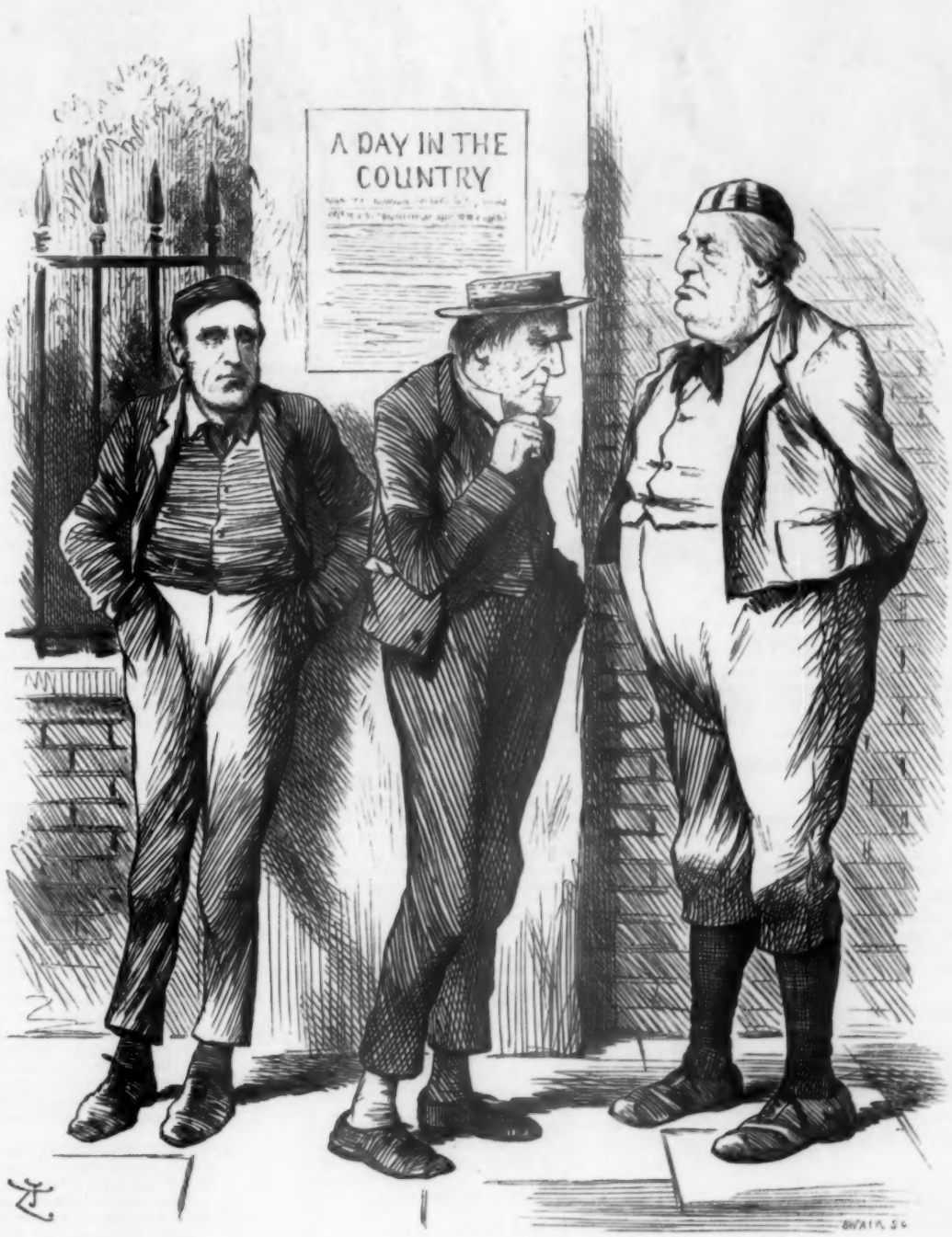
(*After Burns.*)

AIR—"*Duncan Gray.*"

DUNCAN gay came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
'Gainst CAINE, who thought all drinkers fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
CAINE, he held his head full high,
At GLADSTONE sneered *and* SALISBURY,
And bade brave DUNCAN just stand by;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

DUNCAN was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
On the poll he gat first place.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!
Woe for WILLIAM SPROSTON CAINE!
Shifting swift and swagger vain
He will hardly try again;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

NEW TITLE.—The Public-house Compensation Bill shall be hereafter known and alluded to as the *Bung Bungle'd Bill.*



"HOPE DEFERRED."

CHORUS OF LONGING LADS. "WISH *WE* COULD GO TO THE COUNTRY!"

EVOLUTIONARY ASSIMILATION.

A Story of Signor Piatti and his 'Cello.

SUNDAY AT HOME.

THE stillness of the Summer day
Broods o'er the country sweet,
And all things, save the murmuring stream,
Are silent in the heat.
The sunbeams through the green leaves play,
The air is sweet with new-mown hay—
But I am bound at home to stay
Here in Great Gasworks Street.

On the fourth-floor I take the air,
And hear the trains roll by,
And dream of all the visions fair
That o'er the housetops lie;
The meadows where the daisies stray,
The bleating sheep, as white as they,
The breakers and the sparkling spray,
Beneath the smokeless sky.

There's MINNIE in the cradle,
And TOMMY on the floor,
And JOHNNY with a ladle
Is banging on the door;
And, where the household linen dries,
Cross little ANNIE sits and cries
As loud as she can roar.

About the street the children sprawl,
Or on the door-steps sit;
The women, gay with kerchief-shawl,
Engage the men with wit,
Who lounge at ease against the wall,
And meditate and spit.

So through the Summer Sunday hours
The sunbeams slowly steal,
Gilding the beer-shop's saw-dust bowers,
The cabbage-stalks in lieu of flowers,
The trodden orange-peel,
Till, calm as heaven, the moon appears,
A Sister in a house of tears,
Who soothes, but cannot heal.

And now the cheap excursionists
Come, tired and happy, home,
And hear amid the noisy streets
The churning of the foam.
They've seen the surges rolling in
With slow, reluctant roar,
Or shouted to the ceaseless din
Along the rocky shore;
And others in the woodland way,
Or on the breezy down,
Have gone excursioning astray,
While I have stayed in Town,
And wished that I was dead and bu-ri-*ed*,
For all my Sunday gown.

And little BOBBY's hair is curled
By country breezes sweet;
And LIZZIE's heart is full of light,
Though heavy are her feet.
Father and mother face their plight
More hopeful for the treat,
And bless the God who made a world
Beyond Great Gasworks Street.

WHERE AND HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY, WEATHER PERMITTING, OF COURSE.—Go to Sevenoaks; lovely drive, see Knole Park and House, drive back *viâ* Farningham—prettiest place possible, and one that the broken-hearted *Tupman* might have chosen for his retreat from the madding crowd—to Dartford, where dine at the ancient hostelrie called "The Bull." Recommended by the *Punch* faculty, the Bull and no mistake. Then up to London, still by road,—if a fine moonlight night, delightful,—and remember the summer day so well spent as "a Knole 'Oliday."

TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

(*Being Questions and Answers Cut on the Straight.*)

Question. So you have finished your education?

Answer. Yes, thanks to the liberality of the School Board.

Q. Do you know more than your parents?

A. Certainly, as my father was a sweep, and my mother a charwoman.

Q. Would either occupation suit you?

A. Certainly not; my aspirations soar above such pursuits, and my health, impaired by excessive study, unfits me for a life of manual labour.

Q. Kindly tell me what occupation *would* suit you?

A. I think I could, with a little cramming, pass the examinations for the Army, the Navy, or the Bar.

Q. Then why not become an officer in either branch of the United Service, or a Member of one of the Inns of Court?

A. Because I fear that as a man of neither birth nor breeding, I should be regarded with contempt in either the Camp or the Forum.

Q. Would you take a clerkship in the City?

A. Not willingly, as I have enjoyed something better than a commercial education, besides City clerkships are not to be had for the asking.

Q. Well, would you become a shop-boy or a counter-jumper?

A. Certainly not; I should deem it a sin to waste my accomplishments (which are many) in filling a situation suggestive of the servants' hall, rather than of the library.

Q. Well then, how are you to make an honest livelihood?

A. Those who are responsible for my education must answer that question.

Q. And if they can't?

A. Then I must accept an alternative, and seek inspiration and precedents from the records of success in another walk of life, beginning with the pages of the *Newgate Calendar!*

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

PLATFORMULARS.

"*The humble individual who now addresses you;*" *i.e.*, "I mustn't exactly assert my superiority in so many words; this is an invitation to you to do it for me."

DOUBTFUL RECOMMENDATION.

"*Quite a wonderful wine, when you think of the price;*" *i.e.*, Good enough for *you*.

"*He is said to have quite the biggest practice about here;*" *i.e.*, You may call him in if you like; *I* shouldn't.

FRIENDLY COMMENTS ON CHARACTER AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"*Poor dear Mulligan! he is quite too delightfully good-natured, don't you know;*" *i.e.*, "A great goose who gushes, and fancies it generosity."

"*A great authority on Golf;*" "An energetic bore, whose talk is all of 'bunkers' and 'MR. BALFOUR.'"

ELECTIONEERING.

"*Have been asked to come forward;*" *i.e.*, "The result of ten years pushing and scheming on my part."

A "*local*" *man*; *i.e.*, Owns a small property in the furthest corner of the county.

"*The good old cause;*" *i.e.*, Ourselves.

"*Have always felt that the —— class are the mainstay of the country;*" *i.e.*, "Must conciliate the industrial section of constituency."

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Frivolous Lady (*making conversation*). "OH, THE ACADEMY! I NEVER SAW SUCH RUBBISH AS THERE IS THIS YEAR!" (*Suddenly remembers that the Gentleman she is talking to is an R.A.*) "HAVE YOU ANYTHING THERE?"

R.A. "YES; THE FIVE BIG PICTURES YOU SAW IN MY STUDIO, AND SAID YOU COULD LIVE WITH FOR EVER!"

EPITHALAMIUM.

(*Westminster Abbey, July* 12, 1890.)

"Hymen, Io Hymen, Hymen, they do shout."
SPENSER, "*Epithalamion.*"

"BRING home the triumph of our Victory,"
Sings SPENSER. From wide wanderings you have
Victorious, yet, as all the world may see, [come
Your sweetest, crowning triumph find—at home.
Say, would ULYSSES care again to roam
Wed with so winning a PENELOPE
As STANLEY'S DOROTHY?
Loyal like her of Ithaca, and dowered
With charms that in the Greek less fully flowered,
The charms of talent and of character,
Which blend in her
Who, won, long waited, and who, waiting, won
The virile, valiant son
Of our adventurous England. May the bays
Blend well with Hymen's roses, and long days
Of happiness and honour crown the pair
For whom to-day loud plaudits rend the air.
"Hymen, Io Hymen, Hymen, they do shout,"—
Health to brave DOROTHY and STANLEY stout!

REALLY ENTERTAINING.

CAPITAL entertainment the GERMAN REEDS have just now. MR. ALFRED REED immensely funny in *Carnival Time*, written by MALCOLM WATSON and CORNY GRAIN. You should have heard Miss NELLIE FARREN'S hearty laughter at the drolleries in St. George's Hall last Thursday afternoon. NELLY FARREN'S as good an audience as she is a comic actress, and that 's saying a good deal. Miss FANNY HOLLAND and Miss KATE TULLY excellent. Then, after the *Carnival*, CORNY GRAIN'S *Society Peepshow for* 1890 sent everybody into fits. That austere Indian Judge, Mr. Justice STRAIGHT, was straight no longer, but bent double by convulsions of laughter. Mr. CORNY GRAIN deals out pleasantly some hard bits all round, but as everyone applies them to his or her neighbour, everyone naturally enjoys the joke immensely. We used the word "drolleries" just now. Happy Thought; As we have had the Fisheries, and the Sogeries, and any number of other "eries," why not re-name St. George's Hall "The Drolleries?" Advice gratis:—Before the Season 's over, it is a place to spend a happy afternoon or evening. As *Hamlet*, if he had thought of it, would have said to *Ophelia*, "Go! to the Drolleries! Go!"

A DIALOGUE UP TO DATE.

(*With some Remarks on the Importance of Talking an infinite deal of Nothing.*)

SCENE—*A Room.* PERSONS—GILNEST *and* ERBERT.

[For further details, see Mr. OSCAR WILDE'S Article in *The Nineteenth Century* for July.]

Erbert (*at the banjo*). My dear GILLIE, what are you doing?

Gilnest (*yawning*). I was wondering when you were going to begin. We have been sitting here for an hour, and nothing has been said upon the important subject we proposed to discuss.

E. (*tapping him lightly on the cheek*). Tut, tut, my dear boy, you must not be petulant. And yet, when I come to study you more closely, your face looks charming when you make a *moue*. Let me see you do it again. Ah, yes. You look into my eyes with the divine sullenness that broods tragically upon the pale brow of the Antinous. And through your mind, though you know it not (how indeed should you?), march many mystical phantoms that are not of this base world. Pale HELEN steps out upon the battlements and turns to FLAUBERT her appealing glance, and CELLINI paces with Madame DE SEVIGNÉ through the eternal shadows of unrevealed realism. And BROWNING, and HOMER, and MEREDITH, and OSCAR WILDE are with them, the fleet-footed giants of perennial youth, like unto the white-limbed Hermes, whom Polyxena once saw, and straight she hied her away to the vine-clad banks of Ilyssus, where Mr. PATER stands contemplative, like some mad scarlet thing by DVORÁK, and together they march with the perfect significance of silence through realms that are cloud-capped with the bright darkness that shines from the poet's throne amid the stars.

[*Stops, and lights a cigarette.*

G. Oh, beautiful, beautiful! Now indeed I recognise my ERBERT'S voice; and that is—yes, it must be—the scent of the cigarettes you lately imported. Grant me one, only one. (*Takes one and lights it.*) But what were you talking about?

E. (*pinches his cheek*). There you are horrid again. But you smile. *Je te connais, mon brave.* Γνῶθι σε τόν (never mind the accents). *Ich kenne dich, mein alter. Cognosco te, amice.* I know you, old fellow. You are only chaffing. As if you had not discovered that which all truly great indolence has taught ever since the first star looked out and beheld chaotic vastness on every hand. For to say something is what every puny whipster can do. To talk much, and in many languages, and yet to have said nothing, that, my dear GILLIE, is what all have striven for, but only one, gifted above his fellows with magic power of weaving the gossamer thread of words, has truly attained. For it is in that reconcilement of apparent opposites, and in the cadenced measures of a musical voice, that the dignified traditions of an æsthetic purity, repellent to the thin, colourless lips of impotence, reside and make their home. But—— [*Breaks off, and lights a cigarette.*

G. (*lighting a cigarette*). Is that really so?

E. Yes, even as LUCIAN—— [*Short notes, to be afterwards filled out:*—Throw in Hector, the Myrmidons, COLERIDGE, RUSKIN, OHNET, LEWIS MORRIS, ARISTOTLE, LIONARDO, St. Anne, Juno, Mr. HOWELLS, LONGINUS, FRONTO, LESSING, Narcissus. Stir up with SHAKSPEARE and MILTON. Add CICERO and BALZAC.]

G. ERBERT, ERBERT, how learned you are, and how lovely! But I am weary, and must away.

[*He moves off.* ERBERT *attempts to detain him. In the end they quarrel.* ERBERT *breaks the banjo over* GILNEST'S *head.*

E. You are a horrid pig, and I don't like you at all!

(*Not to be continued.*)

JAMES'S HAIR APPARENT.—Everyone recognises ex-President JAMES, author of the Whistlerian book on *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, by his distinguished white lock just over his forehead. No one dare call this "a white feather," as he has never shown it. Some people looked upon it as caused by JAMES'S powder. This is not so. It may be correctly described as an illustration of "Locke on the Understanding."

ELECTROPHONOSCOPIC CHAT.

(A little of it, picked up at the Office. A.D. 1900.)

THERE must surely be some mistake. Here, what's this? This old toothless hag, without her wig, is unknown to me! And why does she address me as "ARCHIBALD"? I was expecting to see my beloved ARAMINTA.

Excuse me, but I think we have been wrongly switched on. From your description you seem to be having the interview I was expecting with my dear good Grandmother. While this charming young Lady ——But perhaps you would like to see for yourself?

A thousand thanks! It is my own ARAMINTA! Pray let us change places, and allow me to resign you your good Grandmother at once.

Ha! why does that poor Gentleman turn faint and stagger towards the door in search of a little air? Let us ask the Postmistress.

She says he has just concluded a terrible interview with his Wife's mother. But see, he has recovered himself and struck an attitude of defiance. That at least, at the other end, will impress her.

See how that Stockbroker is leaping with delight! And no wonder. He has just been electrophonoscopically attending the "Illinois Central" half-yearly meeting at New York, and, having speculated for the rise, finds that he has made a pot of money.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 30.—Wanting to know about Heligoland in the Lords. ROSEBERY inquires especially how population like the change?

"Oh, that's all right," said the MARKISS; "if there's one thing the Heligolanders have been pining for since date of their birth, it is for union with Germany. If we'd only been generous, we ought to have gratified their desire long ago. I don't wish to touch on controversial matters, but I must say if the Government, of which my noble friend was an ornament, had, when in office, only ceded Heligoland to Germany, they would have deserved well of their country, and might have been assured of the enthusiastic support of noble Lords on this side of the House, and of the Party of which my nephew is a Leader in another place. It is impossible for me, without making your Lordships late for dinner, a crime from which I trust to hold my conscience free, fully to set forth the universal advantage that arises from this stroke of policy. It pleases everybody, especially the Heligolanders."

The Exile from Erin.
(Just arrived in Holyhead.)

ROSEBERY persistent; wants to know what means were taken to obtain the opinion of the population, and elicit this pæan of joy?

"Oh!" said the MARKISS, "obviously, they are documents of a confidential nature."

"Confidential with the population?" asks GRANVILLE, in softest tones, with bewitching smile, and most deferential manner. For once the MARKISS has no retort ready. Lords sit silent for moment, awaiting answer; none forthcoming; LORD CHANCELLOR, with great presence of mind, proposes "that this House do now adjourn." Agreed to, and Lords go forth, each seeing in his mind's eye the MARKISS in confidential communication with the population of Heligoland, laboriously and conscientiously ascertaining their views, individual and aggregate, on question of transfer.

"The MARKISS is quite right," said ASHBOURNE, looking in from his honourable exile in Dublin; "you can't, I know, frame an indictment against a nation. But you can certainly enter into confidential communication with a population. Capital copyhead it would make for OLD MORALITY: *Confidential Communications Corrupt Good Heligolanders.*"

Business done.—In the Commons, spurt to start with; four Bills advanced a stage; then House floundered in Western Australia.

Tuesday.—"Wish you'd get yourself made a Peer, TOBY," said DENMAN, gloomily. "Not difficult, I understand; BRABOURNE will tell you how it's done; unlike the Poet, a Peer is either born or made; AYLESBURY, for example, was born; BRABOURNE was made. As you weren't born, you must be made. Baron BOUVERIE-STREET would look very well in the Peerage. You've only to ask (BRABOURNE knows); keep on asking, and in meantime make yourself disagreeable in the Commons, and the thing is done."

Very much obliged to DENMAN; quite kind of him to take this interest in me; but why so anxious on the point?

"I'll tell you frankly, TOBY. I want to create a Party here, and you'd do admirably to begin with. A Statesman, however capable, no use without a Party. You know that very well in the Commons. Everybody there has a Party. I am all by myself here, and the MARKISS and the rest put upon me. Now if I had a Party——"

"HANS BREITMANN had one, you know," I say, liking to humour DENMAN, who is evidently in low spirits.

"Had he? Where did he sit for? Never heard of him; however, as I was saying, if I had a Party I should make the MARKISS sit up."

In the meantime, I gather they have been making DENMAN sit down. Debate on about Sheriff's Assizes Expenses Bill. DENMAN had something useful to say. Approached table; ESHER got up at same moment. Peers impatiently called for ESHER; DENMAN ignored petty insult; commenced his speech; sentences drowned in hubbub; ESHER resumed seat; MARKISS approached table; DENMAN drew himself up to full height, and glared on MARKISS. Knew of old his jealousy of him; stops at no means of gratifying it; now moves, "That Lord ESHER be heard." LORD CHANCELLOR, that minion of the majority, promptly puts question, and declares it carried. For a moment DENMAN stands irresolutely at table, looking round. Suppose he were to lightly skip on to table, and, standing there, defy them all? Suppose he were to lower his head, and run a-butt at the stomach of the LORD CHANCELLOR? What delight to topple him over—to see his heels rise in the air, and disappear with rest of his body at other side of Woolsack! DENMAN laughed to think he should see such fun. Content for the present with contemplation of it, and so resumed seat. "But I'll form a Party," said he; "have my own Whips, and shake this effete Government to its foundation."

A Hot 'Un for the City.

Business done.—In Commons: a dull night, lighted up by luminous speech from RATHBONE on Government of Western Australia.

Wednesday.—House hard at work all afternoon on Directors' Liability Bill. WARMINGTON in charge of measure; intends to make it warm for Guinea-pigs. ROPER LETHBRIDGE, DIXON HARTLAND, JAMES MACLEAN, and KIMBER, Q.C., protest at length. ROBERT FOWLER, Bart., breaks into lava flood of burning eloquence. If the Bill is carried, what is to become of the City?

"You may," he moans, "write on the front of the Bill, '*Delendum est Londinium*,' um? um?" He, for one, will have no responsibility in the matter; and so, tucking his hands under his coat-tails, he strides forth, to vote against Third Reading of Bill. All in vain; Third Reading carried by 224 votes against 50.

SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 4.
Oh, what a surprise! One lovely Black Rod interrupts the G. O. M. speaking, —and meets with a warm reception.

Monday, July 7.—Opposition in high feather to-night. DUNCAN fresh from great triumph at Barrow, come to take his seat. Liberals

and Irish Members crowd round him as he sits below Gallery waiting signal to advance.

"Then DUNCAN is *not* in his grave?" said MACBETH—I mean MACLURE.

Evidently not. Here in the flesh and high spirits. Everybody dropping into poetry all round. WADDY, who was down at Barrow, gives lengthy account of the contest, "And," he says—

"to conclude,
The victory fell on us."

Duncan. "Great happiness!
No more the CAINE of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go, pronounce his present death."

(*Turning to* PULESTON, *who always comes to shake hands with New Member.*)

"Dismayed not this
Your Captains, MACSMITH and BALFOUR?"

The Caine of Cawdor.

PULESTON admitted that they were a little hipped; rather thought "that most disloyal traitor, the CAINE of Cawdor," having "began the dismal conflict," would get the worst of it; but didn't expect that Liberal would be returned. "But it 's of no consequence," added Sir TOBY; "you must come and dine with me."

DUNCAN rather broke down as he advanced to table amid thunderous cheers from Opposition. Privately explained matter to SPEAKER when he shook hands with him.

Duncan. "My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow."

"Oh, you must cheer up," said the SPEAKER, who always has a pleasant word for everybody; "perhaps you won't get in again."

Business done.—Irish Constabulary Vote in Committee of Supply; opening of cheerful week for Prince ARTHUR.

"COMING IN THEIR THOUSANDS."

THE announcement that a Thousand Nurses would be received at Marlborough House last Saturday, naturally attracted a large number of the Guards and Household troops, who were off duty, to the vicinity of St. James's Park and Pall Mall. The excitement among the military somewhat abated when it was ascertained that the Prince and Princess were receiving the "first working subscribers" to the National Pension Fund for Nurses. The Prince made one of his best speeches, and the Princess smiled her best smiles. The Comptroller of the Weather for the Royal Household had given special orders for sunshine, or a good imitation of it from one till three, so umbrellas were not needed; thus symbolically showing that the day of "Gamps" was over, and that a new era of superior nursing was now an established fact. If such a state of affairs had continued as was portrayed in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, their Royal Highnesses might have been receiving the last thousand *Sarah Gamps* and *Betsy Prigs*, and addressing them in a very different strain.

DRAMATIC NOTES.—ALEXANDER the Grateful, in returning thanks for the toast of "the Avenue Piece," observed that "he objected to this phrase, as he did not mean to 'av a new piece for a long time, the present Bill being good enough." This cast a gloom over the assembly, which then quietly dispersed.

Mr. IRVING, disguised as *Louis the Eleventh* (the last of the great French cricketers), is at the Grand, in celestial Islington, where the Angel is. These angelic visits are few and far between.

We (who 's "we"?) hear a favourable report of *Sowing and Reaping* at the Criterion,—a play that might have been only "sow sow," if it had not been for the reaping good performance of CHARLES the Reaper.

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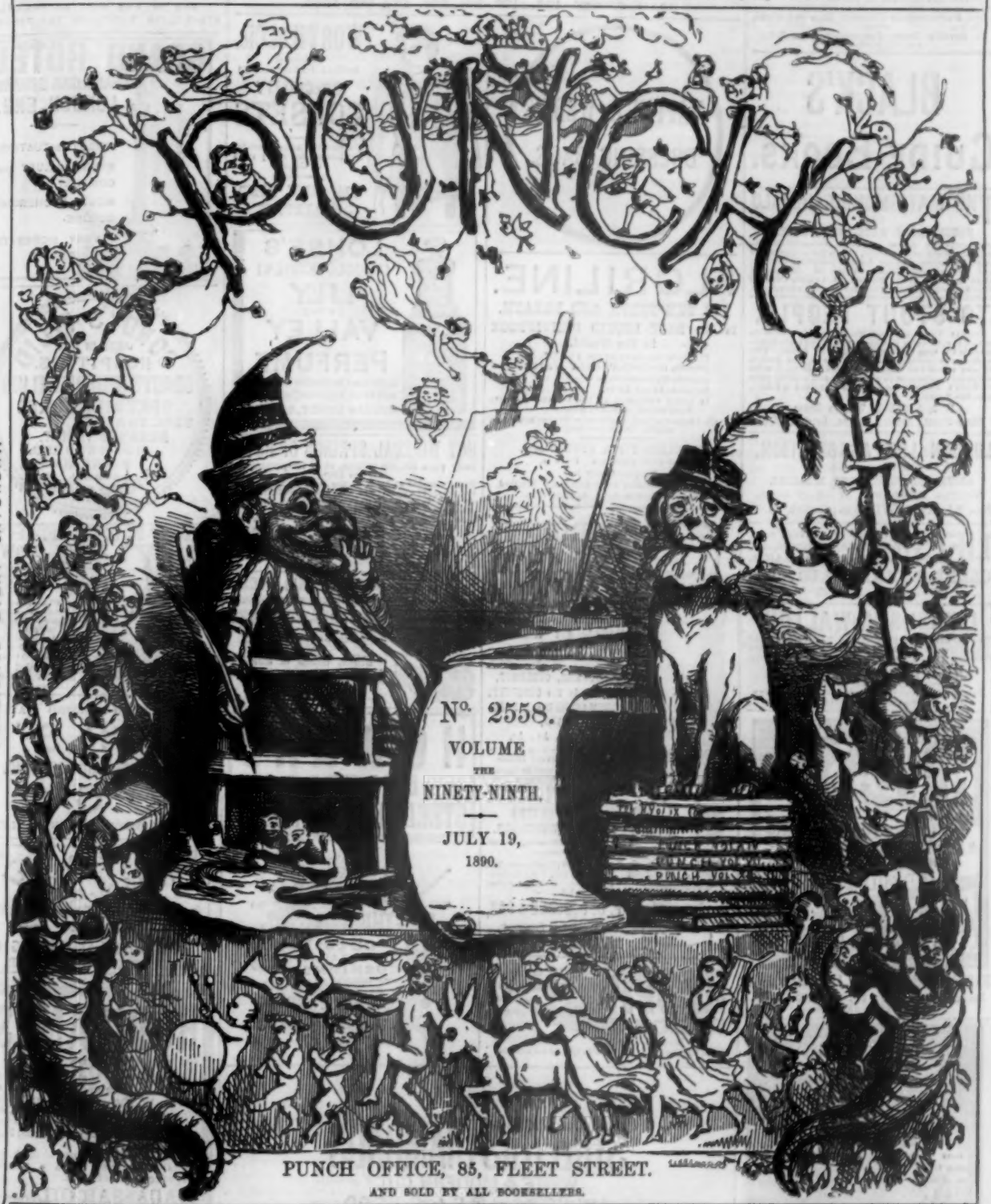

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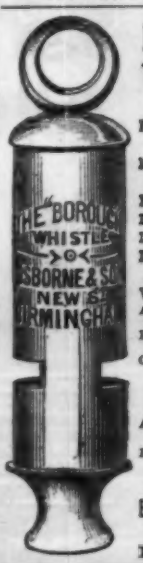

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OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron has read OSCAR WILDE's Wildest and Oscarest work, called *Dorian Gray*, a weird sensational romance, complete in one number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. The Baron recommends anybody who revels in *diablerie*, to begin it about half-past ten, and

PARALLEL.

Joe, the Fat Boy in Pickwick, startles the Old Lady; Oscar, the Fad Boy in Lippincott's, startles Mrs. Grundy.

Oscar, the Fad Boy. "I want to make your flesh creep!"

to finish it at one sitting up; but those who do not so revel he advises either not to read it at all, or to choose the daytime, and take it in homœopathic doses. The portrait represents the soul of the beautiful Ganymede-like *Dorian Gray*, whose youth and beauty last to the end, while his soul, like JOHN BROWN'S, "goes marching on" into the Wilderness of Sin. It becomes at last a devilled soul. And then *Dorian* sticks a knife into it, as any ordinary mortal might do, and a fork also, and next morning

"Lifeless but 'hideous' he lay,"

while the portrait has recovered the perfect beauty which it possessed when it first left the artist's easel. If OSCAR intended an allegory, the finish is dreadfully wrong. Does he mean that, by sacrificing his earthly life, *Dorian Gray* atones for his infernal sins, and so purifies his soul by suicide? "Heavens! I am no preacher," says the Baron, "and perhaps OSCAR didn't mean anything at all, except to give us a sensation, to show how like BULWER LYTTON'S old-world style he could make his descriptions and his dialogue, and what an easy thing it is to frighten the respectable *Mrs. Grundy* with a Bogie." The style is decidedly Lyttonerary. His aphorisms are Wilde, yet forced. Mr. OSCAR WILDE says of his story, "it is poisonous if you like, but you cannot deny that it is also perfect, and perfection is what we artists aim at." Perhaps; but "we artists" do not always hit what we aim at, and, despite his confident claim to unerring artistic marksmanship, one must hazard the opinion, that in this case Mr. WILDE has "shot wide." There is indeed more of "poison" than of "perfection" in *Dorian Gray*. The central idea is an excellent, if not exactly novel, one; and a finer art, say that of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, would have made a striking and satisfying story of it. *Dorian Gray* is striking enough, in a sense, but it is not "satisfying" artistically, any more than it is so ethically. Mr. WILDE has preferred the sensuous and hyperdecorative manner of "Mademoiselle DE MAUPIN," and without GAUTIER'S power, has spoilt a promising conception by clumsy unideal treatment. His "decoration" (upon which he plumes himself) is indeed "laid on with a trowel." The luxuriously elaborate details of his "artistic hedonism" are too suggestive of South Kensington Museum and æsthetic Encyclopædias. A truer art would have avoided both the glittering conceits, which bedeck the body of the story, and the unsavoury suggestiveness which lurks in its spirit. Poisonous! Yes. But the loathly "leperous distilment" taints and spoils, without in any way subserving "perfection," artistic or otherwise. If *Mrs. Grundy* doesn't read it, the younger *Grundies* do; that is, the *Grundies* who belong to Clubs, and who care to shine in certain sets wherein this story will be much discussed. "I have read it, and, except for the ingenious idea, I wish to forget it," says the Baron.

The Baron has seen the new, lively, and eccentric newspaper, entitled *The Whirlwind*. It has reached the third number. "I am informed," says the Baron, "that, on payment of five guineas down, I can become a life-subscriber to the *Whirlwind*. But what does life-subscriber mean? Do I subscribe for the term of my life, or for the term of the *Whirlwind's* life? Suppose the *Whirlwind* has to be wound up, or whirl-winded up, and suppose I am still going on, can I intervene to stop the proceedings, and insist on my contract to be supplied with a *Whirlwind* per week for the remainder of my natural or unnatural life being carried out? If the contract is for our lives, then, as a life-subscriber, I should insist on the *Whirlwind* remaining co-existent with me, so that, up to my latest breath, I might have a *Whirlwind*. But if the life-subscription of five guineas is only for the term of the *Whirlwind's* life, then, I fancy the proprietors, editor, and staff, that the Hon. STUART ERSKINE and Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN, who are, I believe, the Proprietors, Editor, and Staff of the *Whirlwind*, will have by far the better of the bargain. I resist the temptation, and keep my five pounds five shillings in my pocket, and am

Yours truly, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

OUR NEW ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN.

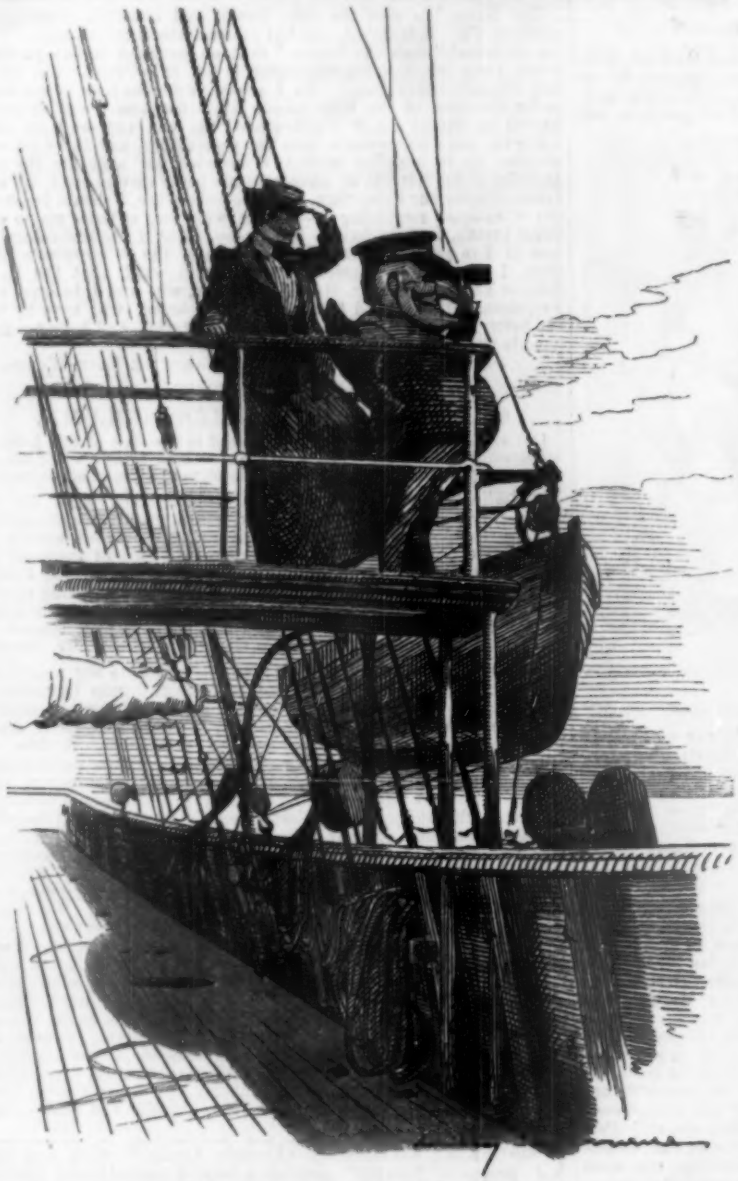
[All applications in answer to be addressed to the office of this journal, accompanied by handsome P.O.O., and lots of shilling stamps, which will in every case be retained, without acknowledgment, as a guarantee of good faith.]

URGENT CASE.—WANTED, by a little Boy, aged 10, of thoroughly disagreeable temper, selfish, greedy, ill-mannered, and thoroughly spoilt at home, a good sound Whipping, weekly, if possible. Great care will be necessary on the part of applicant in fulfilling requirements, parents of youth in question, being firmly convinced that he is a noble little fellow, with a fine manly spirit, just what his dear Papa was at his age (as is very probably the case) and only requiring peculiarly gentle and considerate treatment.—Apply (in first instance, by letter) to Godfather, care of *Mr. Punch*.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS,—affectionate but practical-minded, and anxious to find economical homes (somewhere else) for young gentlemen who cannot get on without expensive assistance at starting in Mother country, owing to excessive competition in laborious and over-crowded professions. A firm of enterprising Agents offer bracing and profitable occupation (coupled with the use *gratis*, of two broken spades, an old manure-cart, and an axe without a handle) in a peculiarly romantic and unhealthy district in the backwoods of West-Torrida. Photograph, if desired, of Agent's residence (distant several hundred miles away.) Excellent opening for young men fresh from first-class public school or college-life: who should, of course, be prepared to "rough it" a little before making competence or large fortune, by delightful pursuit of agriculture. No restrictive civilisation. No drains. Excellent supply of water and heavy floods as a rule, during three months of year, bringing on Spring crops without expense of irrigation. Very low death-rate, most of population having recently cleared out. Small village and (horse)-doctor within twenty-five miles' ride. Wild and beautiful country. Every incentive to work. Rare poisonous reptiles, and tarantula spiders, most interesting to young observant naturalist. Capital prospect—great saving offered to careful parents anxious to set up brougham, or increase private expenses. Five boys (reduction on taking a quantity) disposed of for about £250 and outfit, with probably, no further trouble.—Address, Messrs. SHARKEY AND CRIMPIN, Colonial and Emigration Agents, &c.

CONCERTS! CONCERTS!—Amateur Comic Vocalist and impromptu "Vamper" (gentleman born) of several years' experience in best London Society, is anxious to meet with bold and speculative Manager who will offer him a first engagement. Can sing—omitting a few high notes—various popular melodies, comprising, "*Aunt Sarah's Back-hair*," "*The Twopenny Toff of 'Ighgate 'Ill*," and "*Tommy Robinson's Last Cigar*," and also play piano if required, with one finger, but prefers to be accompanied by indefatigable friend, who plays entirely by ear, and if allowed to smoke freely, can "pick up" any tune in a quarter of an hour. Seldom breaks down or forgets words, except before large or unsympathetic audience. Fetching comic "biz," and superlative Music-hall "chic." Would have no objection to black face and appear at evening parties, or in fashionable streets, with banjo (if provided with small police escort.) Testimonials from several highly respectable relatives, now in asylum, or under treatment at seaside.—Address, with terms, the Hon. ALGERNON BRASSLEIGH CHERRINGTON (or at Chimpanzee Chambers in Piccadilly, W.

SUGGESTION FOR REFORM IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS' SYSTEM.—"*Absence*" should be called immediately after dinner, and then each boy, instead of saying, "Here, Sir!" could reply, classically and correctly, "*Adsum!*" Yours truly, AN OVER-ETON BOY.



LAT. 60° 8′ N. LONG. 4° 30′ E.

Mr. Punch en route for the Midnight Sun. First glimpse of Norway.

"THE CUP THAT CHE-(HIC)-ERS!"

THE Total Abstainer staggered to his feet. The room seemed to be waltzing round him, and his legs acted independently of each other. One of those legs tried to walk to the right, whilst the other moved to the left! He looked in the mirror and saw a double reflection! He had two noses, a couple of mouths, four eyes, and countless whiskers. This made him merry, and he laughed in very glee. But only for a while! Soon he became utterly depressed. Then his head ached—horribly! He tried to sleep—he could not! "Never too late—to MENDAL!" he gasped out, uttering in his extreme agitation the name of a Physician of Berlin who had made inebriety a special study.

Then his muscles became weak and trembling, his aversion to labour increased, and he had scarcely the energy or power to observe that his complexion (in patches) was ruddier than the cherry.

"Alas!" he sighed, and he succumbed permanently to persistent dyspepsia!

And what was the cause of this unfortunate, this terrible condition? Sad to say, the question was easily answered. The Total Abstainer had taken a drop too much—of Coffee!

CATCHING;

OR, HOW FAR WILL IT GO?

Being a Forecast of the spread of the Strike Fever, from a Next Week's Diary.

Wednesday.—All the Police, having now been replaced by Amateur Special Constables, who are as yet unfamiliar with their duties, the position of the Metropolitan Magistrates becomes impossible, and they resign in a body at five minutes' notice, causing the greatest consternation in signalling their resignation by sending every case on the charge-sheet that morning for trial to a superior Court.

Thursday.—The Judges, overwhelmed by the prospect of an unusual and quite impossible amount of extra work, demand the increase of their salaries to £10,000 per annum. On this being categorically refused by the Treasury, they then and there, on their respective Benches, severally tear off their wigs and robes, and quit their Courts "for good," with threatening gestures.

Friday.—The LORD CHANCELLOR, on being informed of the conduct of the Judges, rips open the Woolsack, scattering its contents over the floor of the House of Lords, and, denouncing the Government, throws up his post on the spot. The legal business of the country, coming thus to a deadlock, is involved in further chaos by a sudden strike of all the Members of both the Senior and Junior Bars, which is further complicated by another of every Solicitor in the three kingdoms.

Saturday.—Gatling guns being posted in the Entrance Hall, and Bow Street having been cleared by a preliminary discharge of artillery, the programme of the Royal Italian Opera for the evening is carried out, as advertised, at Covent Garden. Ladies wearing their diamonds, are conveyed to the theatre in Police Vans, surrounded by detachments of the Household Cavalry, and gentlemen's evening dress is supplemented by a six-chambered revolver, an iron-cased umbrella, a head protector, and a double-edged cut-and-thrusting broad-sword.

Sunday.—The Church having caught the prevailing fever, the entire body of the Clergy, headed by the Bishops, come out on strike, with the result that no morning, afternoon, or evening services are held anywhere. The Medical Profession takes up the idea, and, discovering a grievance, the Royal College of Surgeons issues a manifesto. All the hospitals turn out their patients, and medical men universally drop all their cases. An M.D. who is known, upon urgent pressure, to have made an official visit, is chased up and down Harley Street by a mob of his infuriated brother practitioners, and is finally nearly lynched on a lamp-post in Cavendish Square. The day closes in with a serious riot in Hyde Park, caused by the meeting of the conflicting elements of Society, who have all marched there with their bands and banners to air their respective grievances.

Monday.—The London County Council, School Board, Common Council, Court of Aldermen, and the Royal Academicians after discovering, respectively, some trifling sources of dissatisfaction, wreck their several establishments, and finally march along the Thames Embankment towards Westminster, singing, alternately, the "*Marseillaise*" and "*Ask a Pleece-man.*"

Tuesday.—The House of Commons, after tossing the SPEAKER in his own gown, declare the Constitution extinct, and, abolishing the House of Lords and giving all the Foreign Ambassadors twelve hours notice to quit the country, announce their own dissolution, and immediately commence their Autumn Holiday.

Wednesday.—Railway Directors, Sweeps, Chairmen of Public Companies, Coal-Heavers, Provincial Mayors, Dentists, Travelling Circus Proprietors, Fish Contractors, Beadles, Cabinet Ministers, Street Scavengers, Dog Fanciers, Archbishops, Gas Fitters, Hereditary Legislators, Prize Fighters, Poor-Law Guardians, Lion Tamers, Green-Grocers, and many other discontented members of the community, having all joined in a universal strike, society, becomes totally disorganised, and the entire country quietly but, effectually collapses, and disappears from the European system.

SHAKSPEARE ONCE AGAIN, ADAPTED TO THE SITUATION.

(See *Titus Andronicus*, Act II., Sc. 1.)

Aaron (the Agitator) loquitur:—

For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis Union and Strikes, my lads, must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve
That what you cannot severally achieve,
United you may manage as you will.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lads, a biggish business is in hand;
Together let brave British Bobbies troop:
The City streets are numerous and wealthy,
And many unfrequented nooks there be,
Fitted by kind for violence and theft;
But take you thence, and many a watchful ruffian
Will soon strike home, by force and not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our comrades, with more sluggish wit,
To vigilance and duty consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And we will so commit them to our cause
That they cannot stand off or "square" themselves;
But to your wishes' height you 'll all advance.
The City's courts have houses of ill-fame,
Town's palaces are full of wanton wealth,
The slums are ruthless, ravenous ripe for crime.
Then speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns!

INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Fair Authoress. "So sorry to be so Late. I'm afraid I'm *Last!*"
Genial Host. "'*Last*—but not *Least!*'"

SONG SENTIMENTIANA.

(*A delightful "All-the-Year-Round" Resort for the Fashionable Composer.*)

EXAMPLE V.—Of the transformative powers of Love, under condition of Proximity.

When thou art near, the hemisphere
Commissioned to surround me,
(As well as you,) is subject to
Some changes that astound me.
Where'er I look I seem mistook;
All objects—what, I care not—
At once arrange to make a change
To something that they were not!
When thou art near, love,
Strange things occur—
Thickness is clear, love,
Clearness a blur.
Penguins are weasels,
Cheap things are dear,
"Jumps" are but measles
When thou art near!

When thou art close, the doctor's dose
Is quite a decent tonic.
Thy presence, too, makes all things new,
And five-act plays laconic.
And, with thee by, the earth 's the sky,
And *your* "day out" is *my* day,
While tailors' bills are daffodils,
And Saturday is Friday!
When thou art here, love,
Just where you are,
Far things are near, love,
Near things are far.
Beef-tea is wine, love,
Champagne is beer,
Wet days are fine, love,
When thou art near.

Without you stand quite close at hand,
A broker *is* a broker;
But stick by me, and then he 'll be
A very pleasant joker!
Without thee by, a lie 's a lie—
The truth is nought but truthful.
But by me stay, and night is day—
And even *you* are youthful!
When thou art near, love,—
Not, love, unless,—
Thick soup is clear, love,
Football is chess.
Irvings are Tooles, love,
Tadpoles are deer,
Wise men are fools, love,
When thou art near!

When Kennedy fell out of his boat at Henley, his antagonist, Psotta, magnanimously waited for him to get in again. He must be a good Psotta chap.

Lost Opportunities.—Last Tuesday week the members of the Incorporated Cain-and-Abel-Authors' Society lost a great treat when Mr. George Augustus Sala indignantly refused to take his seat "below the salt," and walked out without making the speech with which his name was associated on the toast-list. But, on the other hand, what a big chance Orator George Augustus lost of coming out strong in opposition, and astonishing the Pen-and-Inkorporated ones with a few stirring remarks, in his most genial vein, on the brotherhood of Authors, and their appreciation of distinguished services in the field of Literature. It was an opportunity, too, for suggesting "Re-distribution of Seats."

TO MRS. H. M. STANLEY.

The merry bells do naught but ring,
The streets are gay with flag and pennant,
The birds more sweetly seem to sing—
A Heart to Let has found a Tennant!
No more will Henry Morton roam,
Nor from your charms away for long go,
But, honeymooning here at home,
Forget he ever saw the Congo!

To Oxford 'twas your husband went—
The stately home of Don and Proctor—
Where, 'mid the deafening cheers that rent
The air, he straight became a Doctor.
As one whose valour none can shake,
We 've sung him in a thousand ditties,
And freedoms too we 've made him take
Of goodness knows how many cities!

Yet while to honour and to praise
With one another we 've been vying,
Has he not told us for the days
Of rest to come he ne'er ceased sighing?
And when, with pomp of high degree,
Your marriage vows and troth you plighted,
Why, everyone was glad to see
Art and Adventure thus united!

"To those about to Marry.—Don't!"
So *Mr. Punch* did once advise us.
Spread the advice? I'm sure you won't.
A course which hardly need surprise us.
O lovely wife of one we think
Above all others brave and manly,
We clink our glasses as we drink
Long life and health to Mrs. Stanley!

THE ANGLO-GERMAN CONCERTINA.

"I confess I was not at all prepared for the feelings that some South Africans appear to entertain with respect to our conduct in the recent negotiations."
Lord Salisbury to the Deputation of African Merchants respecting the proposed Anglo-German Agreement.

I FANCIED that this Instrument [sation,
Would make a great sen-
And that its music would content
The critics and the nation. [folks
I know it is what vulgar
Christen the "Constant-screamer;"
I thought *you* 'd scorn such feeble jokes;
It seems I was a dreamer.
You writhe your lips, you close your ears!
Dear me! Such conduct tries me. [pears!
You do not like it, it ap-
Well, well,—you *do* surprise me!

'Tis not, I know, the Jingo drum, [trumpet.
Nor the "Imperial"
(The country to their call won't come,
However much you stump it.)
They 're out of fashion; 'tis not now
As in the days of "BRAKEY."
People dislike the Drum's tow-row,
And call the Trumpet squeaky.
So I the Concertina try,
As valued friends advise me.
What 's that you say? It 's all my eye?
Well, well,—you *do* surprise me!

Imperial Instrumentalist (loquitur). "WHAT, NOT LIKE THE TONE OF IT? WELL, YOU *DO* SURPRISE ME!!!"

I fancied you would like it much,
You and the other fellows.
Admire the tone, remark my touch!
And what capacious bellows!
'Tis not as loud as a trombone, [pus;
But harmony 's not rumpus;
The chords are charming, and you 'll own
It has a pretty compass.
I swing like this, I sway like that!
Fate a fine theme supplies me!
The "treatment" you think feeble, flat?
Well, well—you *do* surprise me!

The "European Concert"? Grand!
(You recollect that term, man!)
This is a Concert*ina*, and
It 's make is Anglo-German. [to be
You can't *expect* the thing
English alone, completely; [by me,
But really, as 'tis played
Does it not sound most sweetly?
Humph! DONALD CURRIE cocks his nose,
BECKETT disdainfully eyes me, [—*close!*
My Concertina you would
Well, well—you *do* surprise me!

WEEK BY WEEK.

SCARCELY a day passes without bringing us nearer to the end of the year. That is a melancholy reflection, but we are not sure that it exhausts all the possibilities of misery latent in the flight of time. It has been noticed, for instance, that the Duke of X——, whose sporting proclivities are notorious, never fails to celebrate his birthday with a repast at an inferior *restaurant*, and, as His Grace is powerful, his friends suffer in silence and bewail his increasing ducal age.

Henley Regatta came off as arranged. This is a peculiarity which is very striking in connection with this Royal fixture. We are informed that several certainties were upset, but by whom and why has not been stated. Candidly speaking, such a brutal method as "upsetting" consorts ill with the softer manners of our time. On the Thames, too, it must be extraordinarily disagreeable.

MRS. WEEDLE, the Hon. MRS. THREADBARE, and Lady FAWN, have joined the lately established Bureau for the Dissemination of Fashionable Friendships. The Personal Advertising Department is now open, and is daily filled with a distinguished crowd of applicants. Arrangements are in process of completion for supplying the deserving rich with cambric handkerchiefs, and imitation diamonds, at nominal prices.

A well-known Actor has lately been deprived of his customary allowance of fat. His loss of weight (in avoirdupois) has been computed at five-sixteenths of the integral cubit of a patent accumulator's vertical boiling power, divided by the fractional resistance of a plate-glass window to a two-horse-power catapult.

The weather has been variable, with cryptoconchoidal deflections of a solid reverberating isobar previously tested in a solution of zinc and soda-water. This indicates cold weather in December next.

Consols $\frac{1}{16}$th better. Wheat in demand. Jute firm. Bank rate too fast to last.

A Politician, whose name has been frequently mentioned during the late crisis, has stated it as his opinion that a temperance orator's powers of persuasion are to a moral victory as a Prime Minister is to a willow-pattern dinner-plate. The remark caused much excitement in the lobby, where this gentleman's humorous sallies never lack appreciators.

What is this I hear of a certain Noble Duke, well-known in sporting circles, having accepted a three months' engagement to appear in a "comic character sketch of his own composition," at a long-established East End-Music Hall? If there is any truth in the rumour, I should like to ask *what the Duchess has been about?*

A distinguished Oxford Mathematical Professor has, just after prolonged and patient research, established the undoubted certainty of the following interesting facts beyond any possible question or controversy:—That the quantity of Almond Rock Hard Bake, consumed in the United Kingdom in the year terminating on the 15th of May last, amounted to 17 lbs. 9 oz. for each member of the population, including women and children. That if at all the old and discarded Chimney Pot Hats for a like period were collected in a heap, and packed closely together, they would fill a building twice the height of St. Paul's, and three times the length of the Crystal Palace. That winners of the Derby who have become eventually four-wheeler cab-horses are ninety-six in number, but that there is *only one authentic* instance of a four-wheeler cab-horse having become a Derby winner.

So great is the craze for the newest idea in locomotion that it is calculated that including Duchesses no less than 1470 *grandes dames* whose names are well-known in Society, now pass Piccadilly Circus on the outside of the London General Omnibus Company's vehicles, between the hours of 8 A.M. and 10 P.M. daily.

A PASSPORT TO THE BEST SOCIETY, AND A GUARANTEE FOR RESPECTABILITY, is to be a diligent student of *Mr. Punch's* works, and to have earned the abuse of the *Pall-Mall Gazette*.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday.—Les Huguenots. Great night in consequence of police strike in Bow Street. Rioting, and Life Guards called out late, just as they were retiring for the night. Down they came, in regimentals, in undress, anyhow, to quell the disturbance. At least, such is the report inside the house. But inconvenient to be in two places at once. Henceforth they ought to record this incident by having an extinguisher (typical of going to bed and also of quelling the row) slung on to their breast-plates. Extinguisher clinking against armour would make pretty noise. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES, having come to enjoy the Opera, remain undisturbed, and leave in perfect tranquillity. Excellent example to perturbed audience. Excitement within the house. DRURIOLANUS, Earl DE GREY, Mr. HIGGINS, and other members of the Organising Operatic Committee, ready to charge the mob at a moment's notice, to charge up to two guineas a stall, if necessary. Not necessary, however. Calls for the Sheriff-elect. DRURIOLANUS, not having the official costume ready, cannot appear in it, but uses his authority and his persuasive powers in clearing lobbies, saloons, and hall. At any moment he is ready to march out with all the Huguenot soldiers and charge the rioters. Peace restored about midnight, Household troops sent home to bed, and constables decided to strike only on the heads of roughs, rowdies, and burglars. This shows how useful it is to have a Sheriff on the premises. At Her Majesty's last winter they had the nearest approach to it, that is, Sheriff's officers on the premises. But this is not precisely the same thing, as Sheriff's officers wear no uniform, and not being permitted to go out of a house when once it is given into their custody, they, however valiant, are of no use in a crowd.

Tuesday.—Lohengrin. Regardless of rioters, their Royal Highnesses again here. Much cheered outside on driving away. Yet crowd in Strand (so we hear) not particularly good-tempered, and have wrecked a private brougham or two. No effect on Opera, which goes as well as ever. Rumours that the player of the *grosse caisse* has struck at rehearsal are confirmed, he appears in his place and strikes again, so does the Shakspearian performer "Cymbaline."

Wednesday.—Don Giovanni. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN as *Zerlina*, very popular. Still a little too like *Carmen* in appearance. LASSALLE can't be bettered. Great night everywhere. Mlle. MELBA and Mr. EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ taking a little holiday at a concert in Grosvenor Square, where also are Madame PATEY and another EDWARD yclept LLOYD, whom HERR GANZ accompanies with his "*Sons of Tubal Cain*"—no political allusion to the recent Barrow Election. Opera comparatively full. Some *habitués* look in to see how everything's going on, then go on themselves to Reception in Piccadilly, At Homes elsewhere, M. P. Q.'s Smoking Concert, and various other entertainments. Society winding itself up brilliantly. "Rebellion's dead! and now we'll go to supper." And so we do. "Again we come to the Savoy!"

Thursday.—Lucia off-night, but everything and everybody "going on" as usual. H.R.H. again at Opera.

Friday.—La Favorita. Breathing time before the great Operatic event of week to-morrow night.

Saturday.—Esmeralda. Too late at last moment to say anything on this splendid subject, save that the Composer was deservedly greeted with a storm—of applause!

PURELY A MATTER OF BISLEYNESS.

PRIVATE R. VAN WINKLE opened his eyes, and, taking up his rusty rifle, marched towards the new ranges.

"Dear me!" said he, gazing with amazement at his surroundings, "this is not at all like what I saw when I went to sleep."

"No, RIP, it is not," replied *Mr. Punch*, who happened to be in the neighbourhood. He had been watching his sweetest Princess making a bull's-eye at the opening ceremony.

"Why, it is twice as large as Wimbledon," continued the astounded warrior.

"You are well within the limit," the Sage assented, "and see, there is plenty of space. No fear of damaging any of the tenants of GEORGE RANGER in *this* part of the country."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Private VAN WINKLE. "Not that I think His Royal Highness had much cause of complaint. The truth is——"

"Let bygones be bygones," interrupted *Mr. Punch*. "GEORGE RANGER is no longer your landlord, except, in a certain sense, representing the interests of the Regular Army, and I shall keep *my* eye upon him in that capacity."

"An entirely satisfactory arrangement. But where are the fancy tents, and the luncheon parties, and all the etceteras that used to be so pleasant at Wimbledon?"

"Disappeared," returned *Mr. Punch*, firmly. "Bisley is to be more like Shoeburyness (where the Artillery set an excellent example to the Infantry) than the Surrey saturnalia."

"And is it to be *all* work and no play?"

"That will be the general idea. Of course, in the evening, when nothing better can be done, there will be harmonic meetings round the camp-fires. But while light lasts, the crack of the rifle and the ping of the bullet will be heard in all directions, *vice* the pop of champagne corks superseded. And if you don't like the prospect, my dear RIP, you had better go to sleep again."

But Private VAN WINKLE remained awake—to his best interests!

ROBERT ON MATRIMONY.

WELL, we're jest about going it, at the reel "Grand Hotel," we are. We had jest about the werry lovliest wedding here, larst week, as I ever seed, ewen with my great xperiense. Such a collekshun of brave-looking men and reel handsum women as seldom meets together xcept on these most hintresting occasshuns. And as good luck wood have it, jest as we was in the werry wirl and xcitement of it all, who should come in to lunch but the same emminent yung Swell as cum about a munth ago. And he had jest the same helegant but simple lunch as before, with a bottle of the same splendid Champane, as before, and he didn't harf finish it, as before, and not a drop of what he left was wasted, as before; and so, when he paid me his little account, he arsked me if many of the werry bewtifool ladies, as I had told him of when he came larst, had been to the "Grand" lately, so the bold thort seized me, and I says to him, "Yes, your —— ——, there's jest a nice few of 'em here now, and if you will kindly foller me up to our bewtifool Libery, and will keep your eyes quite wide open as you gos along, you will see jest about a hole room full of 'em.

So I took him parst the grand room in which the Wedding Gests was assembled, and there sure enuff, he seed such a collection of smiling bewty, as ewidently made a great impression on his—— ——'s Art, and one speshally lovely Bridesmade gave him a look, as he passed by, as ewidently went rite thro it. I scarcely xpecs to be bleeved wen I says, as his —— ——'s cheeks quite blusht with hadmirashun, and he turned round to me and says, says he, "Ah, Mr. ROBERT, if there was many such reel lovely angels as that a flying about, I rayther thinks as I shood be perswaded to turn a Bennedictus myself." I didn't at all know what he meant, but I thort as it was werry credittable to him. We got quite a chatting arterwards in the Libery, of course I don't mean to say as I forgot for a moment the strornary difference atween us, but he had werry ewidently been werry much struck by the lovely Bridesmade, for he says, "Mr. ROBERT," says he, "what 's about the rite time for a man to marry?"

Of course I was reglar staggered, but I pulls myself together, and I says, without not no hesitashun, "Jest a leetle under 30, your —— ——, for the Gent, and jest a leetle over 20 for the Lady, and then the Gent gits just about 10 years advantage, which I thinks as he's well entitled to." At which he larfs quite hartily, and he says, "Why that wood keep me single for another ten years—but I will think it over;" and, strange to say, jest as we passed again by the room as the Bridal party was in, the same lovely Bridesmade happend to be near the door, so they ocud both have a good look at each other, and a hansum cupple they was, if ever I seed one. And when his —— —— wished me good day, which he did, quite in a frendly way, he added, with his most bewtifool smile, "Ten years, Mr. ROBERT, seems a long time to wait for such a sweet angel as that!"

Ah, it's a rum world as we all lives in, and in nothink much rummer than in the wunderfool power of a bewtifool face, ah, and as sumbody says, for Wheel or for Wo, jest as it appens, more 's the pitty.

I rayther thinks, as I gathers from the tork of the many yung swells as we has diming here, that they are not altogether what I shoud call a marrying race; they seems to think as there's allers plenty of time for that sollem seremony when they're a good deal older.

Ah, of course it isn't for a poor old Hed Waiter to presume to advise young and hemenent swells, but my xperiense of uman life teaches me, as the werry werry appiest time of a man's life is from 30 to about 40, perwided as he has been lucky enuff to secure for hisself a yung, bewtifool, good-tempered, helegant, and ercomplished Bride, to, as the Poet says, harve his sorrows, and dubble his joys.

ROBERT.

WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE ILLUSTRATOR) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Fair Authoress. "AND, FOR THE FRONTISPIECE, I WANT YOU TO DRAW THE HEROINE STANDING PROUDLY ERECT BY THE SEA-SHORE, GAZING AT THE STILL IMAGE OF HERSELF IN THE TROUBLED WAVES. THE SUN IS SETTING; IN THE EAST THE NEW MOON IS RISING—A THIN CRESCENT. HER FACE IS THICKLY VEILED; AN UNSHED TEAR IS GLISTENING IN HER BLUE EYE; HER SLENDER, WHITE, JEWELLED HANDS ARE CLENCHED INSIDE HER MUFF. THE CURLEWS ARE CALLING, UNSEEN——"

F. A.'s Husband. "YES; DON'T FORGET THE CURLEWS—THEY COME IN CAPITALLY! I CAN LEND YOU A STUFFED ONE, YOU KNOW—TO DRAW FROM!" &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

THE LYING SPIRIT.

THE Lying Spirit! "Doctrine hard!" some mutter,
Dictated by unsympathetic scorn;
A doctrine that on light would draw the shutter,
And close the opening gateways of the morn.
No so; no guiding light would *Punch* extinguish,
Or chill true champion of the toiling crowd;
But wisdom at its kindliest must distinguish
Between true guides and tricksters false as loud. [upbraided
The blameless King his headlong knights
In kindly grief for "following foolish fires," [faded,
False flames that in mere dun marsh-darkness
Leaving lost votaries to its mists and mires;
And here's an *ignis fatuus*, fired by folly,
And moved by violence as fierce as blind;
The gulf before 's a bourne most melancholy,
And what of those fast following behind?
Well-meaning hearts, maybe, all expectation
Of glittering gains upon a perilous road,
Stirred by wild whirling words to keen elation,
Pricked on by poverty's imperious goad;
Hoping,—as who of hope shall be forbidden?—
Striving,—as who hath not the right to strive?— [hidden!
For flaunted gain through perils shrewdly
Oh, labourers hard in Industry's huge hive,
What wonder, if, ill-paid and tired, you hasten
To follow the loud bauble and the lure,
Or gird at those who your wild hopes would abasten,
Or guide you on a pathway more secure!
And yet beware! No oriflamme of battle
Is that false radiance round yon impish brow.
The jester's bladder-bauble, with its rattle
Of prisoned peas, is not the tow-row-row
Of Labour's true *reveillé*. Bonnet Phrygian,
Cap of sham Liberty, the spectre wears;
But he will plunge to depths of darkness Stygian
Whom anti-civic Violence ensnares.
Plain Justice, honest Hope are good to follow,
But Insubordination, fierce and blind,
Mouthing out furious threat or promise hollow,
Is the sworn foe of civilised mankind;
Breaking up ancient bonds of love and duty,
All social links that bear abiding test,
With no sound promise of a better beauty,
A fairer justice, or a truer rest. [den,
No; patient Labour, with its long-borne burAnd guardian Force, with its thrice-noble trust, [guerdon,
Claim from the State the fullest, freest
And all wise souls, all spirits fair and just,
Must back the Great Appeal that Time advances,
And Progress justifies in this our time.
But civic Violence, in all circumstances
Now like to hap, is anti-social crime,
Foul in its birth and fatal in its issue.
Tyrannic act, incendiary speech,
Recklessly rend the subtly woven tissue
That binds Society's organs each to each.
Strong Toiler, deft Auxiliar, stalwart Warder,
Your hour has struck, your tyrants face their doom,
But let hot haste unsettle temperate order,
And Hope's bright disc will feel eclipse's gloom.
This is a lying spirit, sly and sinister,
Its promise false, its loud incitements vain.
Not to your true advantage shall it minister,
Mere Goblin Gold its glittering show of Gain:
Spectre of Chaos and the Abyss, it flutters
Before you flaunting high its foolish fire,
But there's a lie in each loud word it utters,
And its true goal is Anarchy's choking mire!

Time the Avenger!

ON the 24th of June, 1871, *Mr. Punch* sang, *apropos* of the Germans desiring to purchase Heligoland—

"Though to rule the waves, we may believe they aspire,
If their Navy grow great, we must let it;
But if one British island they think to acquire,
Bless their hearts, don't they wish they may get it?"

And they *have* got it!

THE LYING SPIRIT.

A GRUMBLE FOR THE GRENADIERS.

WHAT is this your *Punch* hears of you? Can't you dissipate his
Did the bugle ring out vainly for the British Grenadiers? [fears?
Once the regiment was famous for its deeds of derring-do,
And you followed where the flag went when on alien winds it flew.
Has the soldiers' "oath of duty" been forgotten, that you shirk,
Not the face of foe, we 're certain, but this kit-inspecting work?

You have trodden paths of glory (we have seen your banners fly)
Where the murky smoke of battle gathered thickly o'er the sky;
Can you thus besmirch the laurels that in other days you won,
By forgetfulness of duties that by soldiers must be done?
Egad! my gallant lads, your *Punch* can scarce believe his ears,
When he hears this shocking story of the British Grenadiers!

VOCES POPULI.

AT A DANCE.

The Hostess *is receiving her Guests at the head of the staircase; a* Conscientiously Literal Man *presents himself.*

Hostess (*with a gracious smile, and her eyes directed to the people immediately behind him*). *So* glad you were able to come—how do you *do?*

The Conscientiously Literal Man. Well, if you had asked me that question this afternoon, I should have said I was in for a severe attack of malarial fever—I had all the symptoms—but, about seven o'clock this evening, they suddenly passed off, and——

[*Perceives, to his surprise, that his Hostess's attention is wandering, and decides to tell her the rest later in the evening.*

Mr. Clumpsole. How do you do, Miss THISTLEDOWN? Can you give me a dance?

Miss Thistledown (*who has danced with him before*—once). With pleasure—let me see, the third extra after supper? Don't forget.

Miss Brushleigh (*to Major Erser*). Afraid I can't give you anything just now—but if you see me standing about later on, you can come and ask me again, you know.

Mr. Boldover (*glancing eagerly round the room as he enters, and soliloquising mentally*). She ought to be here by this time, if she 's coming—can't see her though—she 's certainly not dancing. There 's her sister over there with the mother. She *hasn't* come, or she 'd be with them. Poor-looking lot of girls here to-night—don't think much of this music—get away as soon as I can, no *go* about the thing! . . . Hooray! There she is, after all! Jolly waltz this is they 're playing! How pretty she 's looking—how pretty *all* the girls are looking! If I can only get her to give me one dance, and sit out most of it somewhere! I feel as if I could talk to her to-night. By Jove, I 'll try it!

[*Watches his opportunity, and is cautiously making his way towards his divinity, when he is intercepted.*

Mrs. Grappleton. Mr. BOLDOVER, I do believe you were going to *cut* me! (*Mr. B. protests and apologises.*) Well, *I* forgive you. I 've been wanting to have another talk with you for ever so long. I 've been thinking so *much* of what you said that evening about BROWNING's relation to Science and the Supernatural. Suppose you take me downstairs for an ice or something, and we can have it out comfortably together.

[*Dismay of* Mr. B., *who has entirely forgotten any theories he may have advanced on the subject, but has no option but to comply; as he leaves the room with* Mrs. GRAPPLETON *on his arm, he has a torturing glimpse of* Miss ROUNDARM, *apparently absorbed in her partner's conversation.*

Mr. Senior Roppe (*as he waltzes*). Oh, you needn't feel convicted of extraordinary ignorance, I assure you, Miss FEATHERHEAD. You would be surprised if you knew how many really clever persons have found that simple little problem of nought divided by one too much for them. Would you have supposed, by the way, that there is a reservoir in Pennsylvania containing a sufficient number of gallons to supply all London for eighteen months? You don't quite realise it, I see. "How many gallons is that?" Well, let me calculate roughly—taking the population of London at four millions, and the average daily consumption for each individual at——no, I can't work it out with sufficient accuracy while I am dancing; suppose we sit down, and I 'll do it for you on my shirt-cuff—oh, very well; then I 'll work it out when I get home, and send you the result to-morrow, if you will allow me.

Mr. Culdersack (*who has provided himself beforehand with a set of topics for conversation—to his partner, as they halt for a moment*). Er—(*consults some hieroglyphics on his cuff stealthily*)—have you read STANLEY's book yet?

Miss Tabula Raiser. No, I haven't. Is it interesting?

Mr. Culdersack. I can't say. I've not seen it myself. Shall we—er—?

[*They take another turn.*

Mr. C. I suppose you have—er—been to the (*hesitates between the Academy and the Military Exhibition—decides on latter topic as fresher*) Military Exhibition?

Miss T. R. No—not yet. What do you think of it?

Mr. C. Oh—*I* haven't been either. Er—do you care to——?

[*They take another turn.*

Mr. C. (*after third halt*). Er—do you take any interest in politics?

Miss T. R. Not a bit.

Mr. C. (*much relieved*). No more do I. (*Considers that he has satisfied all mental requirements*). Er—let me take you down-stairs for an ice.

[*They go.*

Mrs. Grappleton (*re-entering with* Mr. BOLDOVER, *after a discussion that has outlasted two ices and a plate of strawberries*). Well, I thought you would have explained my difficulties better than *that*—oh, what a *delicious* waltz! Doesn't it set you longing to dance?

Mr. B. (*who sees* Miss ROUNDARM *in the distance, disengaged*). Yes, I really think I must——

[*Preparing to escape.*

Mrs. Grappleton. I'm getting such an old thing, that really I oughtn't to—but well, just this *once*, as my husband isn't here.

[Mr. BOLDOVER *resigns himself to necessity once more.*

First Chaperon (*to 2nd ditto*). How sweet it is of your eldest girl to dance with that absurd Mr. CLUMPSOLE! It 's really too *bad* of him to make such an exhibition of her—one can't help smiling at them!

Second Ch. Oh, ETHEL never can bear to hurt anyone's feelings—so different from some girls! By the way, I 've not seen *your* daughter dancing to-night—men who dance are so scarce nowadays—I suppose they think they have the right to be a little fastidious.

First Ch. BELLA has been out so much this week, that she doesn't care to dance except with a really first-rate partner. She is not so easily pleased as your ETHEL, I 'm afraid.

Second Ch. ETHEL is *young*, you see, and, when one is pressed so much to dance, one can hardly refuse, *can* one? When she has had as many Seasons as BELLA, she will be less energetic, I daresay.

[Mr. BOLDOVER *has at last succeeded in approaching* Miss ROUNDARM, *and even in inducing her to sit out a dance with him; but, having led her to a convenient alcove, he finds himself totally unable to give any adequate expression to the rapture he feels at being by her side.*

Mr. B. (*determined to lead up to it somehow*). I—I was rather thinking—(*he meant to say, "devoutly hoping," but, to his own bitter disgust, it comes out like this*)—I should meet you here to-night.

Miss R. Were you? Why?

Mr. B. (*with a sudden dread of going too far just yet*). Oh, (*carelessly*), you know how one *does* wonder who will be at a place, and who won't.

Miss R. No, indeed, I don't.—*how* does one wonder?

Mr. B. (*with a vague notion of implying a complimentary exception in her case*). Oh, well, generally—(*with the fatal tendency of a shy man to a sweeping statement*)—one may be pretty sure of meeting just the people one least wants to see, you know.

Miss R. And so you thought you would probably meet me. I *see.*

Mr. B. (*overwhelmed with confusion, and not in the least knowing what he says*). No, no, I didn't think that—I hoped you mightn't—I mean, I was afraid you might——

[*Stops short, oppressed by the impossibility of explaining.*

Miss R. You are not very complimentary to-night, are you?

Mr. B. I can't pay compliments—to *you*—I don't know how it is, but I never can talk to you as I can to other people!

Miss R. Are you amusing when you are with other people?

Mr. B. At all events I can find things to say to *them.*

Enter Another Man.

Another Man (*to* Miss B.). Our dance, I think?

Miss. R. (*who had intended to get out of it*). I was wondering if you ever meant to come for it. (*To* Mr. B., *as they rise.*) Now I shan't feel I am depriving the other people! (*Perceives the speechless agony in his expression, and relents.*) Well, you can have the next after this if you care about it—only *do* try to think of something in the meantime! (*As she goes off.*) You will—won't you?

Mr. B. (*to himself*). She 's given me another chance! If only I can rise to it. Let me see—what shall I begin with? *I* know—*Supper!* She hasn't been down yet.

His Hostess. Oh, Mr. BOLDOVER, you 're not dancing this—do be good and take someone down to supper—those poor Chaperons are dying for some food.

[Mr. B. *takes down a Matron whose repast is protracted through three waltzes and a set of Lancers—he comes up to find* Miss ROUNDARM *gone, and the Musicians putting up their instruments.*

Coachman at door (*to* Linkman, *as* Mr. B. *goes down the steps*). That 's the *lot*, JIM!

[Mr. B. *walks home, wishing the Park Gates were not shut, so as to render the Serpentine inaccessible*

SHADOWING AT HENLEY REGATTA.

TOBY, M.P., TAKES AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH WITH HIS DETECTIVE CAMERA IN THE BOW OF MR. PUNCH'S BOAT, WITH THE ABOVE EXTRAORDINARY RESULT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 7.—Cabinet Council on Saturday; House begins to think it's time Ministers made up their minds what they're going to do with business of Session. But OLD MORALITY returns customary answer. Ministry still carefully considering question. Meantime he has nothing to say.

"Except in respect of sex and age, O. M. reminds me," said ALBERT ROLLIT, "of scene in play recently put on stage by BEERBOHM TREE—*A Man's Shadow* it was called. Daresay you remember, TOBY; there's a murder witnessed through window by wife and little daughter. They think it's their man that did the deed; but 'twas the other fellow—the Shadow, don't you know. There is police inquiry; mother and daughter cross-examined; believe the murderer is the husband and father; saw him do it with their own eyes; but of course not going to peach; little girl pressed to tell all she knows; makes answer in voice that thrills Gallery, and makes mothers in the Pit weep, 'I have seen nothing, I have heard nothing.' Never see OLD MORALITY come to the table, as he is now accustomed nightly to do, and protest he has no statement to make, than I think of the little TERRY in this Scene, and her wailing, piteous cry, 'I have seen nothing, I have heard nothing.' Quite time he had, though. If Ministers can't make up their minds, what's the House to do? Begin to think if things don't mend soon, I shall have a better record of business done to show at end of Session than the Ministry. Bankruptcy Bill will make three Measures to me this Session."

"THE SHADOWLESS MAN."

(*Latest Irish Edition of the Old German Romance.*)

[In the course of the Debate last Monday week, Mr. DILLON said, "I was never shadowed."]

Irish Constabulary Vote on; Prince ARTHUR lounging on Treasury Bench; prepares to receive Irishry; engagement opens a little flat, with speech from JOHN ELLIS, oration from O'PICTON, and feeble flagellation from FLYNN. Then Prince ARTHUR suddenly, unexpectedly, dashes in. Empty benches fill up; stagnant pool stirred to profoundest depths; ARTHUR professes to be tolerant of Irish Members, but declares himself abhorrent of connivance of Right Hon. Gentleman above Gangway. Talks at Mr. G., who begins visibly to bristle before our very eyes as he sits attentive on Front Bench. ARTHUR in fine fighting trim; Ministerial bark may be labouring in troubled waters; a suddenly gathered storm, coming from all quarters, has surrounded, and threatens to whelm it; MATTHEWS may be sinking under adversity; the Postmen may pull down RAIKES; GOSCHEN is gone; OLD MORALITY's cheerful nature is being soured; there is talk of Dissolution, and death. But if this is Prince ARTHUR's last time of defending his rule in Ireland, it shall not be done in half-hearted way. Come storm, come wrack, at least he'll die with harness on his back.

The accused becomes the accuser. Called upon to defend himself, he turns, and makes a slashing attack on his pursuers, carrying the war into their camp. Scorning the Captains and Men-at-arms, he goes straight for Mr. G., and in an instant swords clash across the table, and shields are dinted. Nothing more delightful than to hear Mr. G. complaining, as he rose, and took his coat off, that Prince ARTHUR had "dragged him into the controversy." On the whole, he bore the infliction pretty well, and went for ARTHUR neck and crop. *Business done.*—Irish Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—"I have seen nothing; I have heard nothing." Pathetic refrain of OLD MORALITY murmured again to-night; Members wanted to know about various things; but in OLD MORALITY's mind, fate of the Tithes Bill, intentions of Government touching proposed new Standing Order, and allocation of money originally intended for Publicans, all a blank. "We are still considering," says he.

"A most considerate Government," says WILFRID LAWSON. "Might save time and trouble if they had at table an automatic machine; Members wanting to know how business is to be arranged, what Bills to be dropped, and which gone forward with, could go up to table, drop a penny in the slot, and out would come the answer—"I have seen nothing; I have heard nothing."

Seems that HANBURY has exceptional means of obtaining information. OLD MORALITY has privately shown him Military Report with respect to Heligoland. A confidential communication, something of the kind the MARKISS carried on with the population of Heligoland. But HANBURY straightway goes and tells all about it in a letter to one of his Constituents; letter gets into papers. SUMMERS reads it out to House. Eagerly thirsting after knowledge on military matters, SUMMERS wants also to see the text of Report. Why should HANBURY have it all to himself? Quartermaster-General SUMMERS would like opportunity of studying it, and forming opinion as to accuracy of the naval and military men who have drawn up plan. Will OLD MORALITY favour him by placing him on an equality of confidence with HANBURY? No, OLD MORALITY will not. Howl of indignant despair from Radicals. Never heard of this Report before; but that HANBURY should see it, and thereby be enabled to assure his constituents, even by nods and winks, that it was all right about Heligoland, was more than they could put up with. O'PICTON sat morose at the corner seat below the Gangway. Who was HANBURY, that he should have the advantage of studying these military documents when the grand-nephew of PICTON of Waterloo was left out in the cold, his martial instincts unsatisfied, his knowledge of strategical points of the British Empire unsatiated?

Another instance this of the misfortune that pursues the Government. Little did OLD MORALITY think, when in moment of weakness he showed this important document to HANBURY, what a hornet's nest it would bring about his unoffending head.

Business done.—Irish Constabulary Vote passed.

Thursday.—At last OLD MORALITY has heard something and seen something. Heard how things went on to-day in Committee on Procedure. Worse and worse. Prince ARTHUR made curious blunder for one so alert: introduced into draft Report admission of principle that Lords might, an they pleased, refuse to consider in current Session, any Bill coming up to them from Commons. HARCOURT saw his opportunity; used it with irresistible skill and force. Committee adjourned in almost comatose state.

This is what OLD MORALITY has heard from JOKIM, who begins to think that, after all, life is a serious thing. What he sees is, that it is impossible to further delay decision about business. Accordingly announces complete surrender. All, all are gone, the old familiar faces—Land Purchase Bill, Tithe Bill, and even this later project of the new Standing Order. "What, all our pretty chicks?" cry the agonised Ministerialists.

"Yes," said OLD MORALITY, mingling his tears with theirs, "our duty to our QUEEN and Country demands this sacrifice. But," he added, bracing up, significantly eyeing Mr. G., and speaking in clear solemn tones, "we reserve to ourselves absolute freedom of

action on a future occasion." Opposition shouted with laughter, whilst OLD MORALITY stood and stared, and wondered what was amusing them now. New Session is, according to present intentions, to open in November. Will the Land Purchase Bill be taken first? Mr. G. wants to know.

"Sir," said OLD MORALITY, "I have indicated the views of the Government as to the Land Purchase Bill, according as those views are held at the present time." (Cheers from the Ministerialists.) Encouraged by this applause, and, happy thought striking him, went on: "But it is impossible for the Government to say what circumstances may occur to qualify those views."

Once more Opposition break into storm of laughter; OLD MORALITY again regards them with dubious questioning gaze.

"Curious thing, TOBY," he said to me afterwards, "those fellows opposite always laugh when I drop in my most diplomatic sentences. It's very well for MACHIAVELLI that he didn't live in these times, and lead House of Commons instead of the Government of the Florentine Republic. He would never have opened his mouth without those Radicals and Irishmen going off into a fit of laughter."

Business done.—Announcement that business *won't* be done.

Friday.—Still harping on Irish Votes. Want to dock Prince ARTHUR'S salary. SWIFT MACNEILL brought down model of battering-ram used at Falcarragh; holds it up; shows it in working order; Committee much interested; inclined to encourage this sort of thing; pleasant interlude in monotony of denunciation of Prince ARTHUR and all his works; no knowing what developments may not be in store; the other night had magic-lantern performance just off Terrace; that all very well on fine night; but when it's raining must keep indoors and battering-ram suitable for indoor exhibition.

HAVELOCK wanted to borrow it, says he would like to show SCHWANN how it works; but MACNEILL couldn't spare it till Irish Votes through.

New turn given to Debate by plaintive declaration from JOHN DILLON that he has "never been shadowed." "A difficult lot to deal with," says ARTHUR, gazing curiously at the Shadowless Man. "If they are shadowed, they protest; if they're not, they repine."

Business done.—Irish Votes in Committee.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

AT THE ACADEMY SOIRÉE.

"*How well your Picture bears the artificial light!*" *i.e.*, "Couldn't look worse than it does by daylight."

"*Mustn't keep you on the stairs. Such heaps of your friends asking for you upstairs:*" *i.e.*, "Got rid of him, thank goodness!"

"*Here you are at last! Been dodging you from room to room!*" *i.e.*, "To keep out of your way. Caught at last, worse luck!"

"*You look as if you had just stepped out of a picture-frame!*" *i.e.*, "Wish you'd step back into one!"

"*Not seen Mr. O'Kew's picture? You* must *see it. Only three rooms from here, and no crowd there now. So go and bring me back word what you think:*" *i.e.*, "Now to flee!"

AT LORD'S.

"*Yes, I'm so fond of Cricket:*" *i.e.*, "How can I find out if Oxford or Cambridge is in?"

"*Don't move, pray:*" *i.e.*, "If she doesn't, I shall be smothered in lobster-salad!"

"*Not the least in my way, thanks:*" *i.e.*, "Does she think I can see through her parasol?"

"*Pray join us at lunch! Heaps of room in the carriage:*" *i.e.*, "Hope she doesn't! It only holds four, and we're six already."

"*Don't they call a hit to the left like that, a Drive?*" *i.e.*, "Young—rich—good-looking—worth catching—looks as if he liked 'sweet simplicity.'"

ELECTIONEERING.

"*Has at heart the best interests of the Borough:*" *i.e.*, Means to subscribe largely to all local clubs and charities.

"*The honour of representing you in Parliament:*" *i.e.*, "The pleasure of advertising myself."

"*I should wish to keep my mind open on that subject:*" *i.e.*, "I cannot afford to commit myself just yet."

PARLIAMENTARY.

"*I have never heard such an astounding argument:*" *i.e.*, "Since I last employed it myself."

"*To come to the real question at issue:*" *i.e.*, "To introduce my one strong point."

"*I do not pledge myself to these figures:*" *i.e.*, "The next speaker will very likely show them to be absolutely unreliable."

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

"*Oh, as to all that, I quite agree with you:*" *i.e.*, "I wasn't listening."

"*I rather understood that you were arguing, &c., &c.:*" *i.e.*, "You are now flatly contradicting yourself."

DISCIPLINE!

(*A Farcical Tragedy, in Two Scenes—not licensed for representation.*)

SCENE I.—*The Barrack Square. Present—No.* 1 *Company, awaiting inspection.*

Captain (*to Subaltern*). Have you proved them?

Subaltern. Sorry, Sir, but the men say they know their places, and it is useless labour.

Capt. Very well—I daresay they are right. You know we have been told to be conciliatory. Open order! March! For inspection—port arms!

Sergeant (*stepping forward, and saluting*). Beg pardon, Sir, but the men are under the impression that you wish to examine their rifles?

Capt. Certainly. (*To Subaltern.*) Take the rear rank, while I look after the front.

Serg. Beg pardon, Sir, but the men haven't taken open order yet. They say that they are responsible for their rifles when they have to use them before the enemy, and you may rely upon it that they will be all right then.

Capt. Very well—then we will dispense with inspection of arms. Buttons bright, and straps in their proper places?

Serg. (*doubtfully*). So they say, Sir.

Capt. Well, then, read the orders.

Serg. Beg pardon, Sir, but the men say they know their duty, and don't want to listen to no orders.

Capt. Well, well, I am glad to hear that they are so patriotic. Hope that the Commanding Officer will dispense (under the circumstances) with the formality. Anything more?

Serg. Privates BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON are told off for duty on guard, Sir.

Capt. March them off, then.

Serg. Please, Sir, they say they want to speak to you.

Capt. Very well—bring them up. (Sergeant *obeys.*) Now, men, what is it?

Private Brown. Please, Sir, I have got a tooth-ache.

Capt. Very well—fall out, and go to the doctor.

Private B. Please, Sir, I don't want to see no doctor. I can cure myself.

Capt. Very well—cure yourself. (Private *salutes, and retires.*) And now, JONES and ROBINSON, what do you want?

Private Jones. Please, Sir, me and ROBINSON were told off for guard six months ago, and we think it's too much to expect us to do sentry-go so soon.

Capt. Well, you know your orders.

Private J. Oh, that'll be all right, Sir! We'll explain to the War Office if there's any row about it!

[*The* Privates *salute, and retire.*

Capt. Anything else, Sergeant?

Sergt. Well, no, Sir—you see the men won't do anything.

Capt. Under those circumstances, I suppose I have only to give the usual words of command. Company, attention! Right turn—dismiss! [*They dismiss.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Enemy. Present—No.* 1 *Company awaiting orders to advance.*

Captain.—Now, my men, all you have to do is to keep your heads, and obey orders. Attention! Fix Bayonets!

Subaltern. Sorry to say, Sir, they have paraded without bayonets.

Capt. Well, that's to be regretted; although they are small enough nowadays, in all conscience! Fire a volley! At a thousand yards! Ready!

Sub. Very sorry, Sir, but the men forgot to bring their ammunition.

Capt.—Come, this is getting serious! Here's the Cavalry preparing to charge, and we are useless! Must move 'em off! Right turn!

Sergeant. Please, Sir, the Company's a bit rusty, and don't know their right hands from their left.

Capt. (*losing his temper*). Confound it! They don't, don't they! Well, hang it all, I suppose they will understand this? (*To Company.*) Here, you pampered useless idiots—bolt! [*They bolt.*

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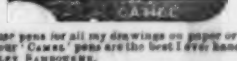

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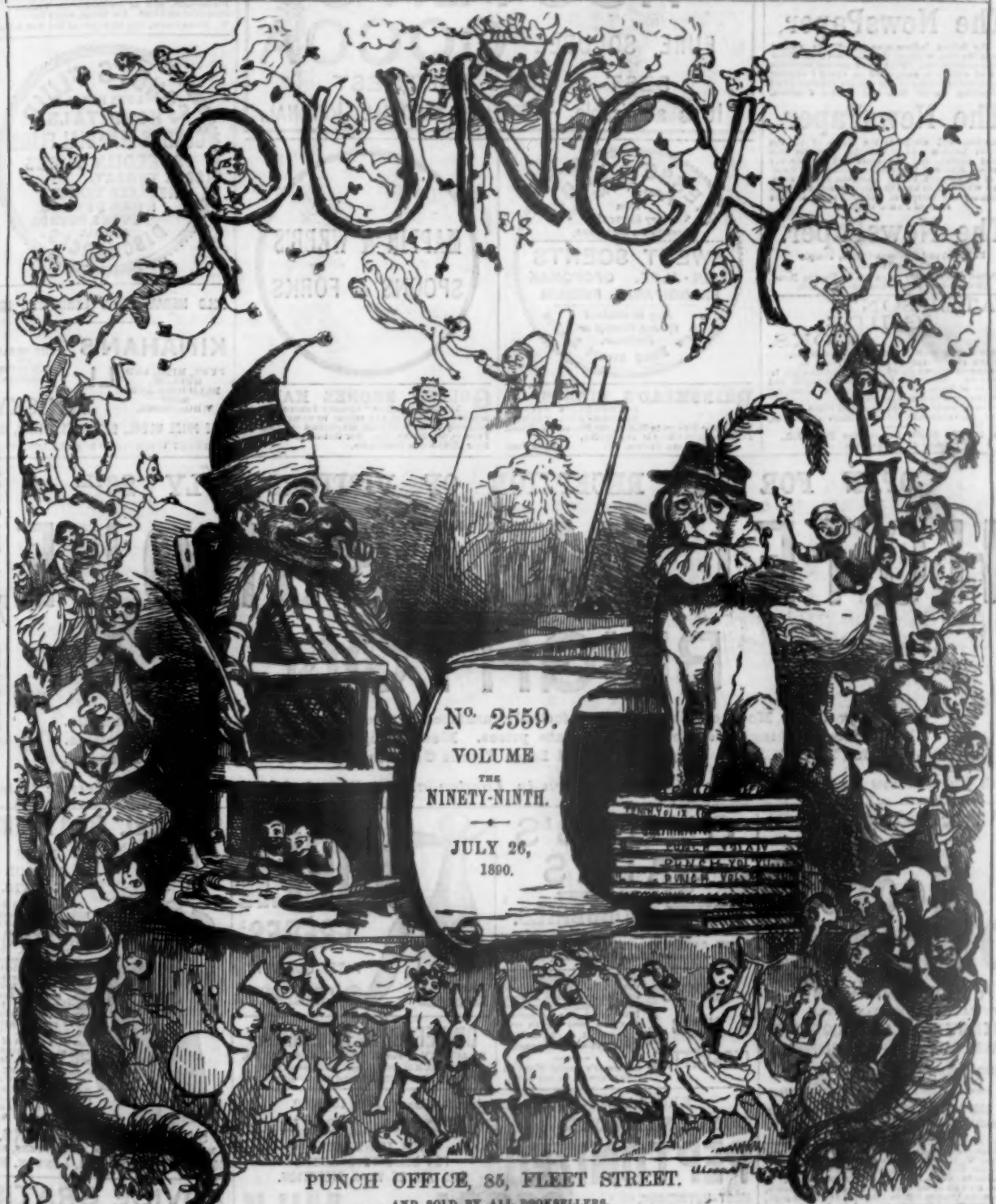

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H. LAMPLOUGH, L.S.
113, Holborn, E.C., June, 1890.

MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's own Type Writer.)

No. XVI.—THE HURLINGHAM GIRL.

It is not so easy as it might appear to define the Hurlingham Girl with complete accuracy. To say of her that she is one whose spirits are higher than her aspirations, would be true but inadequate. For, at the best, aspirations are etherial things, and those of the Hurlingham Girl, if they ever existed, have been so recklessly puffed into space as to vanish almost entirely from view. In any case they afford a very unsubstantial basis of comparison to the student who seeks to infer from them her general character. Yet it would be wrong to assume that she has dispensed with the etherial on account of her devotion to what is solid. Indeed nothing is more certain about her than the contempt with which she has been willingly taught to look upon all the attainments that are usually dignified with this epithet. History and geography, classics and mathematics, modern languages (her own and those of foreign nations), all these she candidly despises. Let others make their nests upon the shady branches of the tree of learning. For herself she is fain to soar into the empyrean of society, and to gaze with undazzled eyes into the sun of the smart set. She has of course had the advantage of teachers of all sorts, but the claims made upon her time by thoughtless parents have usually been so great as to leave her at the end of her school-room period with a few brittle fragments of knowledge, which shift and change in her mind as the bits of glass might shift in a kaleidoscope from which the looking-glass had been omitted. It is enough for her if, in place of historical dates, she knows the fashionable fixtures, whilst Sandown and Kempton, Ascot and Goodwood, Hurlingham, and the Ranelagh, supply her with a variety of knowledge infinitely more interesting and "actual" than the dry details of population, area, climate, and capital towns, which may be learnt (by others) from primers of geography.

Although it is, from their and her point of view, eminently desirable that the parents of the Hurlingham Girl should be rich, yet it is by no means absolutely necessary. It is, however, essential that they should possess a social position which will ensure to them and to their daughter an easy entrance into that world which considers itself, not perhaps better, but certainly good. Her mother has probably discovered long since that the task of being thwarted by her daughter is an intolerable addition to her social burdens. She therefore permits her, with as much resignation as she can command, to take her own course in all those matters that do not conflict directly with the maternal plans, and she may even come to take a pride in the bold and dashing independence by which her daughter seeks to relieve her of all responsibility, if not of all anxiety.

It is naturally during the London Season that the life of the Hurlingham Girl is at its fullest and best. On week-day mornings she is a frequent attendant in the Row, the means of her father being apparently sufficient to provide her with a sleek and showy Park hack and an irreproachable groom. Thence she hastens home to rest and dawdle until the hour arrives for luncheon, to which meal she has invited the youth who happens to be temporarily dancing attendance upon her, for it is understood in many houses that luncheon is an open meal for which no formal invitation from a parent is necessary. In the afternoon there is always a bazaar, an amateur concert, an exhibition, a fashionable *matinée* or a Society tea-party to be visited. For the evening there are dinners, and theatres, and an endless succession of dances, at which the flowers, the suppers, and the general decorations possess as much or as little variety as the conversation of those who overcrowd the rooms to an accompaniment of dance-music that may once have been new.

But of course there are distractions. Now and again Society seeks relief from its load of care by emigrating *en masse* for the day to a race-meeting at Sandown or Kempton. There the Hurlingham Girl is as much at home as though she were native to the spot, sprung, as it were, from the very turf itself. The interest she takes or pretends to take in racing is something astounding. For in truth she knows nothing about horses, their points, their pedigrees, or their performances. Yet she chatters about them and their races, their jockeys, their owners, the weight they carry, their tempers, and the state of the betting market, with a glib assurance which is apt to put to shame even those of her male companions who have devoted a lifetime to the earnest study of these supreme matters. In imitation of these gentlemen she will assure those who care to listen to her, that she has had a real bad day, not having managed to get on to a single winner, and that if it hadn't been for a fluke in backing *Tantivy*, one, two, three, she would have been reduced to a twopence in the pound condition of beggary. She will then forget her imaginary losses, and will listen with amusement and interest while a smooth-faced lad criticises with as much severity as he can command in the intervals of his cigarettes the dress, appearance, and general character of a lady whom she happens to dislike. On the following day she will visit Hurlingham in order to be looked at as a spectator at a polo match, in which she has no interest whatever. After this she is entertained at dinner together with a select party, which includes the young married lady who is her bosom friend and occasional chaperon, by a middle-aged dandy of somewhat shady antecedents, but of great wealth and undoubted position. On Sunday mornings she may not always go to Church, but she makes up for this neglect by the perfect regularity of her attendance at Church parade. In the afternoon she will go to Tattersall's to inspect horses. Ascot could not continue without her, and Goodwood would crumble into ruins if she were absent. This at least is her opinion, and thus the months flit by and leave her just as wise as they found her. For she never reads a book, and illustrates by constant practice her belief that the fashionable intelligence of the *Morning Post* is a sufficient mental pabulum for a grown-up woman.

It is unnecessary to describe further the pursuits and occupations of the Hurlingham Girl. With regard to her appearance and dress, it must be admitted that she displays considerable taste. She is always neat, polished, perfectly groomed—in a word, smart. It may be that it takes nine tailors to make a man. It is certain that it takes only one to make a well-dressed woman. Yet she does not always, of course, wear tailor-made costumes, for on the Sundays that she spends on the river, her impertinently poised straw hats, her tasteful ribbons, her sailor's knots, her collars, her manly shirts, and the general appropriateness of her dress, excite the envy of those who declare that they would not imitate her for worlds, merely because nature has made it impossible for them to be like her. Handsome she is undoubtedly, with the beauty that comes of perfect health undisturbed by thoughts of the why and the wherefore, or by anticipations of a troublesome to-morrow. Yet to the casual observer who beholds this admirably decorated creature, her conversation is disappointing. She revels in slang. Catch-words and phrases which are not called vulgar only because the better classes use them, come trippingly, but never with a pleasant effect from her lips. Nor has she that sense of reticence which is said to have been the distinguishing mark of unmarried girlhood at some former period. That she should talk frivolously on great subjects, if she talks on them at all, is only to be expected. It would be well if her curiosity and her conversation left untouched delicate matters, the existence of which she may suspect but ought certainly to ignore.

After she has thus flaunted her brilliant health and beauty through several Seasons, she may begin to tire of an existence, which in spite of its general freedom, is subject to certain restraints. She therefore decides to emancipate herself by submitting to a husband. She finds no difficulty, with the assistance of her mother, in discarding the penniless subaltern who has devoted himself to her, and whom she has induced to believe that she preferred to the whole world. Having received an offer from a gentleman of presentable looks and immense possessions, she promptly accepts it, and gains to her own surprise a considerable reputation for judgment and discretion. It is quite possible that after a year or two of giddy married life she may decline gradually into a British Matron, respected alike on account of her increasing family, and her substantial appearance.

THE BOY THE FATHER OF THE MAN.—The Chairman of the Infant Insurance Committee, asked a skilled witness, "Is a man his own child, or another person's child?" This led to an altercation, and the room had to be cleared while the question was debated. On the return of the Public, the query was repeated without a satisfactory result. And yet the evident answer is, that he is another person's child, except when he is "a self-made man."

PUNCH TO PRIMROSE.

"A good one to follow, a bad one to beat!"
Don't envy the man who succeeds to *your* seat, [man.
My clever ex-L. C. C. Chair-
Fanatics and faddists will mar the best schemes,
Unless they 're restrained from unholy extremes
By the hand of a strong and a fair man.

Your lubber, when first he adventures on wheels,
Has little control of his head or his heels.
With knees on the shake, and arms shrinking,
He scrambles about on the slippery floor,
Like a toper at large, or a mad semaphore, rinking.
Half wishing he hadn't gone
But, guided discreetly, supported at need,
The clumsiest novice at last may succeed, [controlling;
His knees and his elbows
And you, my dear PRIMROSE, have played such a part.
You have given your promising pupil a start,
And—so to speak—set the wheels rolling.

He ought to do now; let us hope that he will.
The thanks mainly due to your judgment and skill
Mr. Punch, for the Public, here offers. [novices are;
The boy 's a bit clumsy,—most
But, give him fair play, and he may prove a "star,"
In spite of the sneerers and scoffers.

OFF DUTY.

Punch (to Primrose). "YOU 'VE SHOWN HIM THE RIGHT WAY TO DO IT. HE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO GET ALONG NOW."

ON WITH THE NEW LOVE.

(*Mr. Punch to His Boys at Bisley.*)

WELL, here you are, my bonny boys! [parting
No doubt you felt regret at
With well-known Wimbledonian joys.
But here you look all right, at starting.
You've not been *quite* deranged by RANGER;
Of that there never was much danger.

Small thanks to *him!* Well, well, perhaps;
But never mind. Anger's too grisly [chaps;
To be long held by such smart
And you can make Bulls'-eyes at Bisley;
And "sheeps'-eyes" seem to show you 're "on
With that New Love"—New Wimbledon!

'Tis *Juliet* now—not *Rosaline;*
Well, *Romeo*, take my benediction. [fine.
The Maid is fair, her dwelling
And here you need not fear "Eviction."
"Disturbance" caused some indignation,
But, after all, there 's "Compensation."

Your New Love 's fair, furze-garmented,
And brightly crowned with golden bracken.
Your loyalty of heart and head,
Of love (and lead) I 'm sure won't slacken.
"Bless ye, my children! May your New Love [love!
Be firm and lasting as 'tis true

THE PROFESSIONAL GUEST.

ON A HOUSE-BOAT AT HENLEY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHEN I received a wire from an old and dear school-friend, saying, "LUCY disappointed; come for week; wire me, *Goldfields*, Henley—KITTY," I felt that the Art which I had been so assiduously cultivating for some time past was to be put in practice at last. I had long decided that there was a grand opening for girls (the true unemployed) in the idea, and I had determined to make a good thing out of it myself. KITTY's telegram was somewhat vague, I admit; but gossip having thrown a side-light on it, I knew that it came from Henley, where she and her husband (whom I had never yet seen) had a House-boat for the Regatta week. To answer in the affirmative, pack my box, and catch the next train to Henley, was small work to a "Professional Guest."

When I arrived, I walked straight out of the station to the nearest wharf, and, chartering a punt, had my luggage and myself placed on board, and then told the small boy, who "manned" the craft, to take me to the *Goldfields*. I was not too well pleased when he threw doubts, not only on her whereabouts, but on her existence. Neither the small boy nor a big man, nor an old woman standing by, knew anything about it: and I had determined to take the next train to Town, when a flannel-clad young man, with a heavy face and a peevish voice, called out from the bank, "I've been looking for you everywhere." It proved to be KITTY's husband, but, as we were totally unacquainted with each other's appearances, it was not wonderful that his search for me had been ineffectual. He seemed much annoyed, however, and only vouchsafed one remark as we punted, or, rather, waltzed (for the small boy was a "dry bob," I think), down stream towards the *Goldfields*. "It's all KITTY's fault,—LUCY 's come." Of course this was awkward, but, on arrival, KITTY was so hospitable, and LUCY so pretty, that, though our sleeping and dressing apartment was astonishingly small, and I made the odd girl out at dinner, I felt I could not mind much, and I also got over the little *contretemps* of my dressing-bag being dropped into the river—"by accident," said KITTY's husband.

Owing to the heat and the unaccustomed noise of the river, neither LUCY nor I slept much; and, though we were told next morning we could not have any baths, the whole scene was so bright and sparkling that nobody (except KITTY's husband, who seemed of a morose disposition) could with reason have complained of anything. It continued to sparkle till the first train came down from town, when our guests and the rain arrived together. It was a dreadful nuisance, as the awning, which, with the flowers, had cost us hours to arrange, speedily got soaked, and had to be taken down. Then, of course, the sun came out again, and for a time the heat was intense. In fact, one lady, who would eat her lunch on the roof, grew quite faint, and had to be helped down to KITTY's husband's room. After lunch, we all ventured out in various small craft, and again I was unlucky in my waterman. I was sure he had never punted before, and it proved to be so; for when I asked him if he had had much practice this season, he answered, the while he wrung the water from his garments, that "he 'd only seen it done, and it looked easy." We managed, however, by dint of banging on to other people's boats, to get along very well, until an ill-judged "shove" sent us right out into the course, just as *the* race of the day was coming along. I am not quite clear as to what then took place; only I know that everything was "fouled." KITTY's husband, who had a bet on, was furious, and glared at me for the rest of the day—a condition of things I pretended not to see. That night we had a rat-hunt on board, but we lost the animal, as LUCY diverted our attention by falling into the river. It was most inconvenient of her, as she wetted our mutual sleeping apartment dreadfully.

The second day was almost a *replica* of the first, varied only by KITTY's husband fancying he had a sunstroke. The third and last

ODE TO MONEY.

(By a Poptimist.)

Hair that is golden grows olden,
Hopes that are golden decay;
Suns that are bright, and embolden
The tourist to go on his way,
Leaving his gingham tight folden,
Turn to a drizzling grey.
But gold of the Mint is all-golden,
Safe in the strictest assay.

Cynics may rail against money,
Spurn its beneficent power;
Bears spurn impossible honey,
Foxes the grapes that are sour.
Men, who can never be funny,
Scoff at the funny man's dower;
Lands where it seldom is sunny
Find little praise for a flower.

When a man's safe at his bankers,
What does it mean, let us think—
Freedom from care and its cankers,
Plenty of victuals and drink?
Nay, but it opens the garden
Of tender illusion and joy,
Where faults find immediate pardon,
And worrying ways don't annoy.
In the light of futurity's favours
Fair gratitude burgeons amain,
And the flittermouse Love never wavers
In truth to the Psyche of gain.
Bountiful Money! 'Twill make you birth;
Worthy in manners and Beauty for better will take you
(Little as that may be worth),
Hosts by the hand kindly shake you,
Crowds, when you wish to be funny,
Mind doing homage to Money,
Laugh with inordinate mirth.
Sages and moralists blame thee,
Stoics stand gloomy above thee,
Preachers with obloquy name thee,
Hermits and anchorites shame thee,
But symbol of all that is sunny,
Coy, courteous, flattering Money,
I love thee, I love thee, I love thee!

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

"BY THE WAY, WHERE *IS* THAT PLACE, HELIGOLAND, THEY 'RE ALL TALKING SO MUCH ABOUT?"

"OH—DON'T YOU KNOW, DEAR? IT 'S ONE OF THE PLACES LATELY DISCOVERED BY MR. STANLEY!"

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!"

(An Open Letter to Somebody.)

DEAR NOBLE CORRESPONDENT TO THE *TIMES*,—We see that you are doing your best to defend the proposed destruction of the Lincoln's Inn Gateway in Chancery Lane. In the course of your exertions, you have been not too civil to several worthy persons, and inaccurate in your description of the Society of Antiquaries. Now, do take our advice. We know you were a clever "Silk" when you practised at the Bar, and we have heard that your forefathers (for a generation or so) were excellent hands at Banking; but, in the name of Lombard Street, do let Archæology alone!

With the best of wishes,
Yours sincerely,
(*Signed*) EVERYBODY.

day was, however, not the success we could have wished. During the night the weather turned hot, and the food turned—well, not good,—and next morning the obligatory sacrifice to Father Thames was appalling. Then when the necessary viands did not arrive from London, I in my capacity of "professional guest," and of being always ready for any emergency, volunteered to forage in Henley town. Oh! that expedition. I fought at the fishmonger's, battled at the butcher's and baker's, grovelled at the grocer's, and finally ended by committing a theft at the butterman's. The number of our visitors was large, and was much augumented by friends' friends, who came in battalions. It may have been the extra weight on board, or it may be that the hunted rat had designed a base revenge, but during lunch, and just as KITTY'S husband was beginning to be genial, an odd idea seized me that the river was rising. Yes! And the bank behind us was rising too. And gracious! the water was flowing over the little promenade place, and running about the floor of the saloon; and then the *Goldfield's* gave a lurch and a shiver, and settled down in the mud, with a foot-and-a-half of dirty water downstairs, and nothing but the roof left us to perch upon.

How we ever recovered our belongings I don't know. All I remember is, being taken to the station in an old green wherry, and coming back to town seventeen in a second-class carriage. My last view of the wreck embraced KITTY, propped up against the railing of the roof, and making tea on a table, which looked more like tipping over than standing straight. KITTY'S husband was muttering to himself as he handed round the cups; and, as I moved off through the crush of boats, I fancied I caught the word "JONAH." Of course I may have been mistaken, as my name is not that, but

THE ODD GIRL OUT.

CHANCE FOR BUYERS.—Last week, among the Tuesday's arrangements in the *Daily Telegraph*, was announced:—"Bath Horse Show." Did this include "Bath Towel-Horse Show?" Fine chance for sporting MR. BLUNDEL MAPLE, M.P., as a Towel-Horse dealer. "Great Towel-Horse Show in Tottenham Court Road!" The sale of yearlings and the pedigrees would be interesting.

THE TOMATO-CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

DON'T talk to me of colocynth or famed cerulean pill,
Don't mention hyoscyamus or aloes when I'm ill;
The very word podophyllin is odious in mine ears,
The thought of all the drugs I 've ta'en calls up the blinding tears;
The Demon of Dyspepsia, a sufferer writes to say,
At sight of the Tomato-plant will vanish quite away.

The Faculty will diet you till indigestion stops,
On what have always seemed to me interminable slops:
A dainty dish is sure to be the worst thing you can eat;
The bismuth and the charcoal come like nightmares after meat.
Away with all restrictions now, bring mutton, beef, and veal,
As long as ripe Tomatoes come to supplement a meal.

Hepatic action, doctors say, is very hard to start,
And if you have too much of it, that also makes you smart;
And so the fate of many folks, especially in town,
Is first to stir the liver up, and then to calm him down.
Now he can trouble us no more, although we go the pace;
A diet of Tomatoes keeps the tyrant in his place.

Away with deleterious drugs, for here 's a plant been found,
Worth all the weird concoctions that dispensers can compound:
Get fresh Tomatoes, red and ripe, and slice and eat, and then—
You 'll find that you are liver-less, and not like other men.
Come ye who dire dyspepsia's pangs impatiently endure,
It cannot hurt, and may do good, this new Tomato-Cure.

SWEETS TO THE ACID.—In an excellent speech, last week, Mr. HENRY IRVING suggested that a Charitable Organisation Society should be established for the Distribution of Art Relief. He rightly contended that the Beautiful was as necessary to perfect happiness as the Severely Useful. Drains (excellent things in their way) are scarcely on a level with Pictures. This is an idea that the so-called "goody-goody folk" find a difficulty in accepting; possibly because most of them personally represent everything that is unlovely.

"WAX TO RECEIVE, AND MARBLE TO RETAIN."

ACCORDING to an evening paper, the wedding-present of Colonel GOURAUD to a distinguished couple took the novel and charming form of a phonograph, recording, for all time, the musical portion of the marriage ceremony. In all probability, this precedent will be widely followed, and a set of waxen phonographic cylinders will be a familiar feature in the list of presents at every wedding of any pretensions to smartness. Still, there *may* be cases in which those who intend to imitate Colonel GOURAUD'S example would do well to consider first whether the conditions are equally appropriate. For instance, young JACK RIVENLUTE is not a bad fellow, though he may not be given to sentiment, and VIOLA MANDOLINE is a very charming girl, if she *is* apt to be a trifle high-flown and exacting at times. When they marry—(they have not even met at present, but they *will* marry, the year after next, unless *Mr. Punch's* Own Second-sighted Seer grossly deceives himself)—when they marry, VIOLA'S Uncle JOHN will be the person to present them with the then orthodox phonograph and appurtenances. But if he could foresee the future as distinctly as *Mr. Punch's* Seer has done in the following prophetic visions, he might substitute a biscuit-box, or a fish-slice and fork, a Tantalus spirit-case, or even a dumb-waiter, as likely, on the whole, to inspire a more permanent gratitude.

"Wheels to Receive."

FIRST ANNIVERSARY—SAY, IN 1893.

SCENE—*A charming drawing-room.* TIME—*About* 9·30 P.M.

MR. RIVENLUTE *is on a chair by the open window;* MRS. RIVENLUTE *on a low stool by his side.*

Mrs. R. (*for the fiftieth time*). I can't *ever* thank you *nearly* enough for this *lovely* ring, JACK dear!

Jack (*rather gruffly*). Oh, it's all right, Pussy. Glad you like it, I'm sure. Do they mean to bring in the lamps? It's pitch dark.

Mrs. R. I'll ring presently—not just yet. It was so *dear* of you to remember what day it was!

Jack (*who only just remembered it in time, as he was driving home*). Been a brute if I hadn't!

Mrs. R. You *couldn't* be a brute, JACK, if you tried—not to *me*. I'm so glad we haven't got to go out anywhere to-night, aren't *you?*

Jack (*heartily*). Rather! Beastly bore turning out after dinner. What on earth are you up to over there?

Mrs. R. (*who has risen, and has apparently been winding up some instrument in the corner—as she returns*). Oh, it's only something I wanted to do this evening.... Now, JACK, listen!

[*The phonograph begins to click and whirr.*

Jack. That beastly cat in the room again! Turn it out quick—it's going to be ill.

Mrs. R. (*laughing a little hysterically*). No—no, JACK, it isn't poor Snowball this time! Wait, and you will hear something.

[*The "Voice that Breathed o'er Eden" is suddenly rendered by an organ and full choir: the remarks of two choristers* (*who are having a little difference over a hymn-book*), *and the subdued sniffs of* MRS. MANDOLINE, *being distinctly audible between the verses.*

Mrs. R. (*breaking down*). Oh, JACK, isn't it beautiful? Wasn't it *sweet* of Uncle JOHN to give it to us!

Jack (*who, privately, would have infinitely preferred a small cheque*). Yes—he's a good old buffer at bottom.

Mrs. R. He's a perfect old *love!* Tell me, JACK, you're not *sorry* you married me, *are* you?

Jack. What a thing to ask a fellow. Of *course* I'm not!

Mrs. R. (*softly*). Do you know, JACK, I'm sometimes sorry I married *you*, though.

Jack (*uneasily*). Come, I *say*, you know—what on earth for?

Mrs. R. Because I should like to marry you all over again!.. Ah, I *know* I should frighten you! (*The final "Amen" of the Choir dies away, amid the coughing, rustling, and nasal trumpeting of last year's Congregation.*) There are some more cylinders, JACK—shall we put them in next?

Jack (*who feels sufficiently solemnised*). Well, if you ask me, I think they'll keep till next year. Pity to disturb the effect of that last, eh?

SECOND ANNIVERSARY—1894.

Same Scene and Time. MRS. RIVENLUTE *discovered alone.*

Mrs. R. He might at *least* have made *some* allusion to the day—it would have been only *decent!* He can't possibly have *forgotten!* I don't know, though, very likely he has.. Well, *I'm* not going to remind him! I suppose he means to stay downstairs, smoking, as usual, all the evening. Oh, if I could only make him ashamed of himself just *once!*.. *I* know! Uncle JOHN'S phonograph! He can't help hearing *that.* (*She winds it up, as* JACK R. *enters, yawning.*) Dear me, this *is* an unexpected honour. (*Softening slightly.*) Have you come up to keep me company—for once?

Jack. Well, to tell you the truth, my dear, I fancy I left the evening paper here. Ah, there it is.

[*He seizes it, and prepares to go.*

Mrs. R. You can read it here, if you *like*, you know—I don't mind your smoking.

Jack. Thanks—but it's cosier in the study.

Mrs. R. Of course I know that any place where I don't happen to be is cosier in *your* opinion.

Jack. Oh, hang it, don't begin all that again—there, *I'll* stay! (*He chooses a comfortable chair.*) What the deuce is that?

[*The phonograph has begun to buzz and hum.*

Mrs. R. Hush!—it's Uncle JOHN'S present.

[*The "Wedding March" strikes up with a deafening blare.*

Jack (*startled*). Bless my soul! I thought something had blown up. "*Hallelujah Chorus*," is it—or what?

Mrs. R. (*coldly*). As it happens, it is MENDELSSOHN'S "*Wedding March.*"

Jack. Sounded familiar somehow. 'Jove! MENDELSSOHN was determined to let 'em know *he* was married!

Mrs. R. That was intended to let people know *we* were married. It is our Wedding March.

Jack. Ours? You said it was *MENDELSSOHN'S* just now! But what are you turning it on *now*, for?

Mrs. R. Do you remember what day this is, by any chance?

Jack. Haven't an idea. Isn't there a calendar on your writing-table?—that ought to tell you, if you want to know.

Mrs. R. Thank you, *I* don't require a calendar. To-day is the twenty-third—the day you and I were married. [*Sighs.*

Jack. 'Pon my word I believe you're right. The twenty-third—so it is! [*He becomes silent.*

Mrs. R. (*to herself, as the "Wedding March" continues jubilantly*). He *is* ashamed of himself. I *knew* he would be—only he doesn't quite know how to tell me so; he will presently.... I wish I could see his face.... If he is only sorry enough, I *think* I shall forgive him. JACK! (*Softly.*) JACK dear! (*A prolonged snore from the arm-chair. She goes to him and touches his arm.*) You had better go down-stairs and have your cigar, hadn't you? It may keep you awake! (*Bitterly.*)

Jack (*opening his eyes*). Eh?—oh! Well, if you're sure you don't mind being alone, I rather think I will.

Mrs. R. I should infinitely *prefer* being alone—I am so used to it.

[*Exit* JACK, *as the "Wedding March" comes to a triumphant conclusion.*

THIRD ANNIVERSARY—1895.

Same Scene. Time, 11·30 P.M. MRS. MANDOLINE *discovered with her Daughter.*

Mrs. M. Nearly twelve, and JACK not in yet—on this of all days, too! VIOLA, you will be weak, *culpably* weak, if you don't speak to him, very seriously, when he *does* come in.

Mrs. R. (*ruefully*). I *can't*, Mother. We're not on speaking terms just now, you know.

Mrs. M. Then I *shall.* Fortunately, *I* am on speaking terms with him—as he will find out! (*A ring.*) There he is, at last! Go, my poor darling, leave me to bring him to a sense of his disgraceful conduct. (MRS. R. *retires by the back drawing-room.*) How shall I begin? Ah, poor JOHN'S phonograph! How lucky I remembered it! (*Selecting a cylinder.*) There, if *anything* can pierce his hard heart, *that* will!

[*Winds up machine, which breaks into a merry marriage peal as* JACK *enters in evening dress.*

Jack (*sullenly*). Now just look here, VIOLA—(*recognising* MRS. M.) Hullo, the Mum!

Mrs. M. (*raising her voice above the clamour*). Mum no longer, Sir. Do you hear those bells?

Jack. Do I hear those bells? Am I deaf? The whole Parish can hear them, I should think!

Mrs. M. I don't care if they do. I want to touch your conscience, if I can, and I still hope—bad as you are—that when the voices of those bells—so long silent—rung in anticipation of such a very different future—fall upon your ear once more, they may——

Jack (*with a sardonic laugh*). "So long silent!" I like that. Sorry to disappoint you, my dear Mamma, but that phonograph, as a domestic stimulant, was played out long ago—it has played *me* out often enough! Perhaps you don't know it, but really VIOLA has rather overdone it. Whenever we have a tiff, she sets the "*Voice from Eden*" at me; if she chooses to consider herself ill-used, I am treated to a preserved echo of our marriage vows, and the Bishop's address; when she is in the sulks, I get the congratulations in the vestry; and if ever I grumble at the weekly bills, it's drowned in the "*Wedding March!*" As for your precious bells, I can't dine with a man at the Club without hearing the confounded things pealing out the moment I let myself in. That infernal phonograph,

which you seem to fondly imagine will make me burst into tears, and live happy ever after, has driven me out of the house many a time when I was willing enough to stay at home; but to be put through one's wedding ceremony three times a week is enough to send any fellow to the Club, or out of his mind. I'd smash the d—d thing with pleasure, only it seems to afford VI some consolation. I can't say I find it soothing myself.

[*Before* MR. MANDOLINE *can think of a suitable reply*, MRS. R. *enters from the inner room, where she has remained till now. She is carrying a small steel poker, which she silently places in the hand of her astonished husband.*

Jack. Hullo! *you* here? What's *this* for?

[*Staring blankly at the poker.*

Mrs. R. (*meekly*). To—to smash the d—d thing with.

[*The marriage peal ceases abruptly, as* MRS. MANDOLINE, *comparatively reassured, discreetly leaves the couple to come to a better understanding without further assistance.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Gentlewoman, No. 1, has appeared. It gives, or rather sells, an overwhelming lot for the money, which is sixpence. Sixpenn'orth of all sorts. Plenty of readable information. Illustrations not the best feature in it. Crowds of advertisements. The *menus*, if carefully sustained, may prove very useful to those who "dinna ken." As to the type of *The Gentlewoman*, well, the first picture is of Her Imperial Majesty the QUEEN, and with this type of the Gentlewoman we shall all be satisfied, *dicit* BARONIUS DE BOOK-WORMS.

"What a sight o' Books!" cries the Baron, remembering the clever Parrot who uttered a similar exclamation at a Parrot Competition. First, here is *Blossom Land and Fallen Leaves*, by CLEMENT SCOTT, published by HUTCHINSON & Co., which is an interesting and useful book to those who are able to take a holiday in Cromer, and marvel at the sunset, and notice how "in the far distance a couple of lovers advance towards the fading light"—I'll be bound that deeply engaged couple didn't catch sight of the "chiel takin' notes"—and how did *he* know for certain they were a couple of lovers? Why not brother and sister? Why not husband and wife? Why not uncle and aunt?—but with an experienced eye the canny SCOTT made a pretty shrewd guess—and it is a pleasant companion, is this book, to those who cannot visit Cromer, or any of the other places mentioned in *Blossom Land*, and who reading it at home will only wish they could do so, and will promptly make arrangements for paying (the "paying" *is* the difficult part) a visit not only to Cromer but also to Caen, Etretat, Cabourg,—carefully noting C. S.'s account of his "cruise upon wheels," and his sensible remarks on Parisianising these otherwise tranquil resorts. From Havre to Hammersmith is a bit of a jump, but it is from a bustling port to a peaceful spot—"a Harbour of Refuge" at Nazareth, where the Baron sincerely trusts the good Little Sisters of the Poor are no longer Poor-rated £120 per annum, just by way of parochial encouragement, I suppose, to other charitable persons for relieving the parish "of an incubus of four hundred." The work of these self-sacrificing women cannot be over-rated in one sense, but in the parochial sense (if parochials have any) they can hardly be rated enough. Really a delightful book for all comers and goers.

"What have we here?" inquires the Baron—*Seven Summers, An Eton Medley, by the Editors of the Parachute and Present Etonian.* Now, Heaven forgive my ignorance, but I have never seen the *Parachute* nor the *Present Etonian*, so without prejudice I dip into this book, and am at once much interested and amused by a paper "On Getting Up." Not "getting up" linen, or "getting up lessons," but getting up in the morning, ever a hard-worker's hardest task. It will remind many a middle-aged Etonian of the days when he was very young, and early school was very early. "The Inner Man" is another amusing paper, and forty years has made no alteration in the "sock-cad." American slang has evidently tinged Etonian style. "What in the name of purple thunder," and "in the name of spotted Moses," and so forth, are Americanisms, and the tone of these two smart Etonian writers has a certain Yankee ring in it. Why not leave this sort of thing to MARK TWAIN, BRET HARTE & Co., who are past masters of their own native slang? *Seven Summers* will interest and amuse Etonians of all ages.

And here, attracted by a quaintly-designed cover, the Baron takes up *Ballads from Punch, and other Poems*, by WARHAM ST. LEGER, published by DAVID STOTT. That a considerable number of these have appeared in *Mr. Punch's* pages, by whose kind permission they are reprinted, is quite sufficient guarantee for their excellence. *The Lay of the Lost Critic*, *The Plaint of the Grand Piano*, are capital specimens of the author's humour, and *Christmas Eve* of his true pathos. No influence of American humour visible in any of these. As a rule, the Baron doesn't recommend betting, but advises his readers to go in for this St. Leger.

The contents of *The Universal Review* this month are varied, interesting, but not sensational. The article on Westminster Abbey, by FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.D., with its humorous notes and observations, will have a charm for many readers, and so will that on the painter BERNARDINO LUINI. The novel entitled, *The Wages of Sin*, is now at the first chapter of the fifth book, and there is an illustration representing a lady in a Victoria pulling up in Waterloo Place. Underneath is the legend—"She leaned forward smiling, beckoning as the Victoria drew up against the curb." First, she is not leaning forward; secondly, she doesn't appear to be "smiling;" thirdly, she doesn't seem to be "beckoning;" and, fourthly, though the horse is being pulled back, probably on the "curb," yet, if the author means that the carriage is being pulled up against the pavement, then why didn't he say so, and write it "kerb?" I like being a trifle hypercritical just now and then, says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

AN INTERNATIONAL HERO.

THERE has been recently a discussion in *The World* as to where *Cox and Box* (for which Sir ARTHUR wrote some of his best music) first saw the light. It was decided in favour of the Librettist at whose residence the Triumviretta was given privately, in presence of a distinguished audience. But there was one person who might have given invaluable evidence, and that was *Box* himself. Why did he not step forward? Where was he? The explanation is given in the Paris *Figaro* of Thursday, July 17:—

"M. BOX, le nouveau Ministre d'Haïti à Paris, a été reçu hier matin par le Président de la République."

Of course, COX will receive an appointment. Perhaps M. BOX banks at COX'S. Will Sergeant-Major BOUNCER be gazetted to the Hayti'eth Regiment? Whatever may be in store for these immortal personages, it is satisfactory to know that, for the present, *Box* at least is provided for. It was like his true British nature not to disguise his identity under some such gallicised form of his name as BOITE, or LOGE. There is, perhaps, no surname in our language so truly national as *Box*. "JOHN BOX" might well be substituted for "JOHN BULL." It is characteristic of our British pugilism. *Vive M. Box!*

IN THE KNOW.

(*By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.*)

VARIOUS events are approaching, and it is only fair that I should give the readers of this journal the benefit of my advice and my opinions. In good time I shall have something to say about Goodwood—something that will make the palæolithic cauliflower-headed dispensers of buncombe and bombast sit up and curse the day on which fate allowed them to be born. There are some who profess to attach importance to the goose-billed mouthings and vapourings of the butter-brained crew who follow in the wake of the most notorious professor of humbugging pomposity that even this age, rich as it is in putty-faced impostors, has ever produced. Well, let them. For my own part I follow the advice of the French King to the beautiful Marquise DE CENTAMOURS. "*Sire*," the *Marquise* is reported to have said, "*quelle heure est-il?*" To which the witty monarch at once replied, "*Madame, si vous avez besoin de savoir l'heure, allez donc la demander au premier gendarme?*" The story may be found with others in the lately published memoirs of Madame DE SANSFAÇON. In a similar spirit I answer those who pester me about horses.

I understand that *Barrister Bill*, *Sidesplitter*, and *Fiery Harry*, showed up excellently at Newmarket last week. I have always prophesied well of these three splendid animals, who take their feeds as regularly, and with as much gusto as they gallop a mile on heather when the barometer points to set fair. At the same time I consider that only a papoose, made of string and sawdust, would give more than £10,000 for any one of them.

Complaints have reached me that some of my remarks have given pain in an exalted quarter. It is the common lot of those who are honest to be misunderstood, and, for myself, I wish to claim no exemption from the rule. My one aim is to benefit my readers, and to advance truth. For this I would sacrifice the smiles of Courts, and incur the shallow sneers of the grovelling, chowder-headed horde of flunkeys who sit in high places. My work bears witness to my merit. Need I say more?

SERIOUS BALL-ROOM FLIRTATIONS.

Lord Algernon. "I CAN SAFELY RECOMMEND OUR TUSSORE SILKS, MRS. GREEN. *Won't* YOU GIVE THEM A TRIAL? WE ALLOW A DISCOUNT OF FIFTEEN PER CENT. FOR CASH, YOU KNOW."

Sir Reginald. "NOW *do* LET ME SEND YOU A COUPLE OF DOZEN OF OUR EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE AT SEVENTY-TWO SHILLINGS, DEAR LADY MIDAS. I'M *sure* SIR GORGIUS WILL LIKE IT."

Captain de la Vere de Vere. "OH, IF I *could* BUT INDUCE YOU TO GET YOUR HUSBAND TO INSURE HIS LIFE IN OUR OFFICE, MRS. VAN TROUCK!—THE BONUSES ARE QUITE EXCEPTIONAL."

"TOO MANY COOKS——!"

A Bret-Hartcish Ballad.

MORAL BILL BUTTONS *sings:*—

I RESIDE at Greenlands (Henley), and my name is MORAL BILL;
I'm a model of well-meaning, which makes up for want of skill;
And I'll tell, in simple language, what I know about the shine
Which demoralised our kitchen, and which bust up our Big Dine.

But first I would remark that it is not a prudent plan
For any culinary gent to flout his fellow-man;
And, if a colleague can't agree with his peculiar whim,
To wait on that same colleague, and trip up the heels of him.

Now nothing could be nicer, or more beautiful to see,
Than the first three years' proceedings of our Cooks (and we had three),
Till JOACHIM (of Goshen) made a dish (of devilled bones),
Which he flaunted in the face of ARTHUR B. with swelling tones.

Then ARTHUR made an *entrée;* he constructed it with care,
And he vowed that e'en APICIUS would have owned it rich and rare.
And when JOACHIM protested that "soup first" was a fixed rule,
ARTHUR B. insinuated that his colleague was a mule.

And then he smiled a languid smile; sneering was ARTHUR'S fault,
And he had one squirmy snigger which was worse than an assault.
He was a most sarcastic man, this languid ARTHUR B.,
And he aimed at being *Chef*, which JOKIM said was fiddledeedee.

Now I hold it 's not the duty of a culinary gent
To say his colleague is a Moke—at least to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by chucking crockery to any great extent.

Then Number Three Cook tried to raise an ill-done *rôti*, when
He tripped o'er ARTHUR'S heels, and fell upon his abdomen;
And presently the various *plats* were mingled on the floor;
And the subsequent proceedings let us draw a curtain o'er.

For in less time than I write it every Cooky dropped his dish,
And our *menu* was as mucked as our worst enemy could wish;
And the way those Cookies chivied in their anger was a sin,
And the only dinner left 'em was the cheese—which *I* took in.

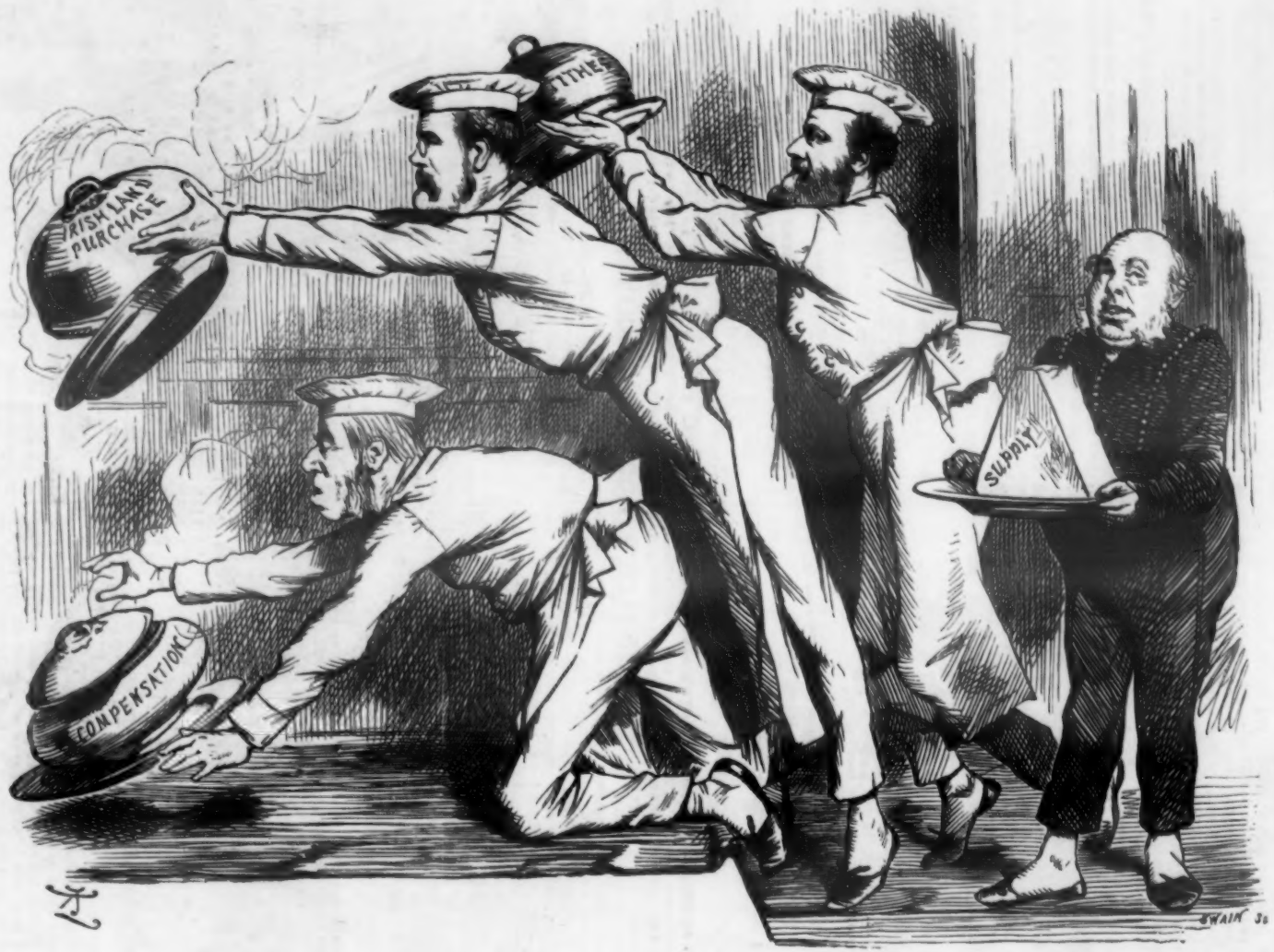
And this is all I have to say concerning this sad spill;
For I live at Greenlands (Henley), and my name is Moral BILL;
And I 've told in simple language all I know about the shine
That demoralised our kitchen, and upset the year's Big Dine!

A SWEET HOME FOR NANCY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The other evening, wishing to enjoy a little music, I went to the Lyric Theatre, and found that the opera chosen for performance was called *Sweet Nancy*, founded upon a novel with some similar title by Miss RHODA BROUGHTON. The prettiest tune I heard was one that I fancy had been played before, and my belief is the stronger as Mr. HENRY NEVILLE referred to it as "a dear old song." It had to do with "*Darby and Joan*," and reminded me of J. L. MOLLOY'S delightful song with that title. The rest of the music was not very striking. Even to those who hold that the plot of an Opera is only of secondary importance, *Sweet Nancy* could not have appeared to be exactly teeming with incidents However, it was very nicely played by Miss HUGHES, and that now mature Lancashire Lad, the aforesaid HENRY NEVILLE. Without declaring that I should like to see it every evening for a thousand years (which I believe is a *façon de parler* even in China), I certainly could sit it out again. If I wished to be a fault-finder I should say that the piece is too long, and seems all the longer because some of the characters are supposed to represent schoolboys, and a girl of thirteen. The adapter is Mr. BUCHANAN—a poet and a playwright. This gentleman, I believe, has made many other pieces (more or less) his own, with (more or less) success. He seems to have a knack of turning old plays into new ones. I live in hope that when I next visit this great Metropolis I shall find that he has re-written the *School for Scandal*, and brought *Hamlet* up to date.

Yours always, A CRITIC FROM THE COUNTRY.

THE PAGE-BOY (W. H. SM-TH). "AT ANY RATE, I'VE SAVED THE *CHEESE!*"

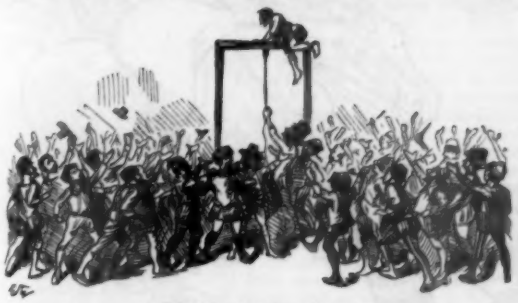


"TOO MANY COOKS—!"

THE PAGE-BOY (W. H. SM-TH). "AT ANY RATE, I'VE SAVED THE *CHEESE!!*"

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday to Saturday.—Nothing particular this week. Second July Meeting at Newmarket took a lot of people away, and the thunder, hail, and rain frightened a lot more away on Thursday, so may as well discuss *Esmeralda*, which I hadn't time to do last week. Rather a mixed affair to start with when you have a French *libretto*, set by an English Composer, and played at the Royal Italian Opera,



The Hanging Committee.

Covent Garden. No matter. A big success for everyone concerned, from DRURIOLANUS downwards. No one could have wished for a better *Esmeralda* than Madame MELBA, though she did not make the most of that first charming song, "*L'Hirondelle.*" One Swallow, however, doesn't make an Opera, and Madame MELBA soon pulled herself together, and threw herself into the work when she saw Mons. JEAN DE RESZKÉ, as *Phœbus*, winning fresh laurels.

The *Quasimodo* of M. DUFRICHE, of the Vibrato school, was dramatically good, but not great; but *Claude Frollo* was both great and good. These two have been defrauded of their rights by the undramatic Librettist, who has done about as little as possible with the excellent materials at his command. What a scene might have been the final one between *Quasimodo* and *Claude*, when *Claude Frollo* is pitched over the battlements. I forget what becomes of *Quasi*; but if he stabs himself, or is stabbed, that would be quite sufficient for dramatic justice and effect. Then, of course, the absurd ceremony used by *Clopin*, and the real unwillingness of *Esmeralda* to become *Gringoire's* wife, would dispose of the marriage,

HOW IT OUGHT TO HAVE ENDED.

Mr. Justice Butt pronounces a decree of divorce. Phœbus marries Esmeralda. Claude Frollo is smashed, and Quasimodo is stabbed.

unless *Gringoire* were previously got rid of (for I don't remember how the novel ends) and *Esmeralda* would be united to *Phœbus*, while *Fleur-de-Lys* could marry *De Chevreuse*, or anybody else.

The Goat, too, has a wretched part: to be left out after the first scene is too bad. Something might have been done with him, if he had only been put into a chaise; but perhaps *Esmeralda* and *Phœbus* reserve him for further use in the course of a couple of years or so, when *Djali*, drawing a goat-chaise containing a little *Esmeralda* and a little *Phœbus*, followed by a nurse and Papa and Mamma, would make a sensation at some fashionable seaside resort.

Mons. MONTARIOL played and sang well as *Gringoire*, and Mons. WINOGRADOFF was most artistic as *Clopin*. Amusing to see Mons. LASSALLE as *Claude Frollo*, melodramatically hiding behind the window-curtains, just as *Phœbus* enters the room followed by *Esmeralda*. So evidently was the curtain shaken, that *Phœbus* would most certainly have detected the sneak, or he might have asked *Esmeralda*, "What's that?" and have asserted his belief that it could not possibly be the cat, but he might have accepted her explanation had she informed him that it was the Goat. What a chance here lost for a situation of the Goat behind curtains butting *Claude Frollo!* However, it was all "purtendin'," and JEAN DE RESZKÉ as *Phœbus* didn't see what he would most certainly have noticed immediately had he been himself. Magnificently got up; *mise-en-scène* excellent; band and chorus all that could be wished.

The Goat. "I ought to have the second principal part in this Opera. If they don't produce *Dinorah*, I shall give notice. Too bad of Goring Thomas. If I see him alone, I'll show him what 'Butting' Thomas is."

BULLY FOR THE COLONEL!

"The Hon. Member had availed himself of the privilege accorded to Members of Parliament in debate to fire a shameful barbed arrow at Colonel CADDELL, in order that some of the mud might stick."—*Colonel Saunderson in the House of Commons.*

COME, listen to my story; it's a sort of shilling-shock tale,
With no end of fire and fury, and a modicum of blood,
And a Colonel who mixed metaphors as Yankees mix a cocktail,
And a quiverful of arrows, shameful arrows, barbed with mud.

It was DILLON who had used them, and he spoke of Tipperary,
Tipperary new and rentless, where the tenants have combined.
And the Parnellites were gathered like the chicks of Mother CAREY,
When they feel the tempest rising, and give warning of the wind.

And the pale and angry Tories sat impatient of the battle,
And the benches of the Commons, where they love a fight, grew full;
And, although they knew 'twas better not to hurry people's cattle,
They implored their fiery Colonel to oblige them with a bull.

But the Colonel needs no prompting, straight rises to address them,
And his eye now flames in fury, and now twinkles like a star;
And he turned on Mr. PARNELL'S men, and didn't rightly bless them,
This flashing, dashing, slashing *militaire* from North Armagh.

And before a man could whistle there were ructions and denials,
Shouts and countershouts of anger—quite a House of Commons scene;
While the Colonel, who had bottled all his wrath, poured out the vials
On the heads of Irish gentlemen whose wigs were on the green.

'Twas in vain they sought to daunt him; like a flock of noisy sparrows
When a hawk comes grimly swooping, or like moths that tempt the wick,
So they scattered when the Colonel told the House of shameful arrows,
Which were fired (I quote the Colonel) in the hope that mud might stick.

When Sir BOYLE, the ever famous, smelt a rat (you've heard the story)—
Saw it floating in the air, he promptly nipped it in the bud;
But I think our modern Colonel gets the greater share of glory
For inventing shameful arrows that could only spatter mud.

And, oh, ye sons of Erin, when the coat-tails next are trailing,
Make your weapons on this pattern, think of SAUNDERSON, his bull;
And no mother's son will suffer, though the missiles should come hailing,
If you only use mud-arrows, or shillelaghs made of wool!

DEVOUT WISH OF IRISH LANDLORDS FOR MR. BALFOUR.—"May his shadowing never grow less!"

"FIGURES OF SPEECH."

Balfour (the Showman). "NOW, YOU'D LIKE TO SEE SIR WILLIAM V. HARCOURT IN FOUR REMARKABLE SITUATIONS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 14.—Government again narrowly escaped defeat. Last time it was Ascot; this time Marlborough House Garden Party. "This Session," says T. HARRINGTON, "I've taken to subscribing to *The Morning Post:* study its fashionable news; look out for arrangements likely to draw men away from House; then me and SAGE put our heads together; arrange for Division; take it smart, and Government left in lurch."

A New Subscriber to *The Morning Post.*

To-day opportunity found in Motion for Select Committee on constitution of Scotch Committee. AKERS-DOUGLAS proposed twenty-one members, all Scotch but one. "Let us have the lot Scotch," says ROBERTSON; moves Amendment accordingly. House pretty full, knowing crisis at hand; Government Whips scouting for Members.

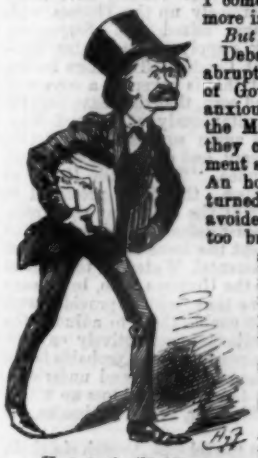
"Tell you what I'll do," says PENROSE FITZGERALD to AKERS-DOUGLAS; "I hate garden-parties and that sort of thing, but as we shall be in a hole if Division now rushed, I'll take cab, run up to Marlborough House, fetch down some men; inconvenient, you know; works against grain; would rather be down here helping you than mingling in glittering throng; but, as the Governor says, duty is our loadstar; say the word, and I'll go off to Pall Mall and fetch a lot down."

"FITZGERALD," said AKERS-DOUGLAS, wringing his hand, "you're a brick. You always think of the right thing, and are ready to do it."

DOUGLAS paused to wipe away tear drawn from his sensitive glands by this evidence of self-sacrifice. When he'd done it, looking again at FITZGERALD's briskly-retreating figure, couldn't help noting how smartly he was got up; summer pants; white waistcoat; the short "reefer," familiar in the Lobby, cast aside for the courtly frock coat; observed him as he strode forth, producing pair of lavender kid gloves.

"Odd," said DOUGLAS, reflectively. "FITZGERALD never expected to go to Garden Party; down here to help me; sudden emergency, and spirit of self-devotion, suggested to him to run over, and see what could be done; happy chance to find him, by exception, in the right rig. It would never have done for him to rush over to Marlborough House to meet the QUEEN in his 'reefer.' Curious, when I come to think of it. Hope there's not more in it than meets the eye."

But there was.



Haste to the Wedding.

Debate on ROBERTSON's Amendment abruptly closed; Division rushed; position of Government critical; AKERS-DOUGLAS anxiously on look-out for FITZGERALD and the Malborough House relief party; but they came not, and on Division Government saved by skin of teeth and eight votes. An hour later, PENROSE FITZGERALD returned to Lobby with guilty look; carefully avoided AKERS-DOUGLAS; that able captain too broken-hearted at the perfidy to be angry; "NOAH's dove didn't treat him so," he said to himself; but all he said to FITZGERALD was, "Pleasant Party at Malborough House, I suppose?" "Yee-es," said FITZGERALD; "rather; couldn't get back quite as soon as I expected."

Business done.—Irish Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—Regular set-to of Irish Members on Prince ARTHUR. MADDEN gallantly threw himself across body of his chief, but got such fearful pummelling, retired into silence for rest of sitting. What made it worse for ARTHUR was Chairman's ruling; pulled him up more than once amid loud cheers from Opposition. TIM HEALY on war-path; quotes TENNYSON with odd variation; represents Prince ARTHUR as saying of Irish Members, "You have not got the pose that marks the cast of VERE DE VERE." Proceedings occasionally lively; grow a little monotonous after first five hours. Met STUART hurrying off, humming to himself the air, "*Haste to the Wedding.*"

"Aren't you going to stay for division?" I asked.

"No," said he. "I mustered; strikes only on the box; when you ask for it, see that you get it; none other genuine. Have an important engagement to-morrow morning. If you're waking COLMAN early, COLMAN early, TOBY dear."

Stared at this incoherent speech; thought at first he was mad or had dined. Then I remembered that to-morrow, at Norfolk, he marries Miss COLMAN.

Business done.—More Irish Votes.

Thursday.—*E pur si muove:* that is to say, it *will* move; they'll all move, in spite of BRAMWELL. London, probably, the only population in the world that possesses the supernatural patience necessary to submit to having its movements obstructed by bars and gates put up across some of its principal thoroughfares. Oddly enough, they congregate round congeries of Railway Stations in the North. To-day, ROSEBERY in Lords moves Second Reading of Bill designed to have them swept away. BRAMWELL protests. "Speaking," he said, "in name of over two hundred people who live in district affected by the Bill, I ask your Lordships to reject it." This too much even for House of Lords. That alleged luxury of two hundred people should weigh against convenience of the population of London was a little monstrous. BRAMWELL kept his countenance admirably. LORD CHANCELLOR looked on admiringly.

"That's the man for *me*, TOBY," he said. "If we could only have a House of Lords all BRAMWELLS, with me on Woolsack, we'd make Old England once more a merry spot."

Rest of House, however, would not enter into joke. MARKISS admitted that, being a constant passenger by Great Northern Railway, he generally "said a dam" when passing these gates. This felt to be a shocking state of things. Gates and bars must be bundled off, if only to prevent use of bad language by PRIME MINISTER. BRAMWELL reluctantly admitted this, still pleading with touching eloquence for preservation of the obstruction.

"My Lords," he said, "think of what you're doing to this great capital, of which we are all so justly proud. The Tower has become a disused place, and its historic hill no more reverberates to the merry chopping of the headsman's axe. Temple Bar has gone, and long ago have vanished the heads that used to look wistfully down on the passing chairmen. The chairmen themselves have sped into eternity, and in their place circles the Hansom cab. No more does the lovely, lonely oil lamp swing at the corners of our streets. Your Lordships can wend your way homeward as far West as Kensington, or as far North as Highbury, without meeting the casual footpad. The town is drained; the river is embanked; our streets are paved; and we have a penny post. Almost all that is left to us of the good old times are these bars, arbitrarily set up across our thoroughfare, watched by a gentleman in a seedy suit, and a rain-beaten hat girt with tarnished golden lace. I beseech your Lordships, by your memories of infancy, by your love of our old Constitution, by the faith of your Order, by your fidelity to your Sovereign, to spare these last lingering relics of the London that helped to make our Empire great."

"As if in Church."

House plainly touched at this outburst of eloquence. Lord BANGOR closed his eyes, and clasped his hands, as if in Church. If there can be any arrangement made in Committee by which the gates and bars, after removal, may be placed in convenient order round BRAMWELL's residence, so that he shall be forced to make *détours* as he goes about his daily business, it shall be done. With this understanding, Amendment withdrawn, and Bill read Second Time.

Business done.—In Commons, more about Irish Votes.

Friday.—Vote for Irish Prisons Board on in Committee of Supply. Interesting conversation between Prince ARTHUR and recent inmates of the prisons. O'BRIEN protests that the treatment was abominable. Prince ARTHUR cites O'B.'s personal appearance in proof that things are not so bad as they are painted. "Four times you've been in prison," he urged, "and see how well you look." DILLON takes objection to the prison garb; discloses strong yearning to see Prince ARTHUR arrayed in it. ARTHUR quite content with his present tailor. SHAW-LEFEVRE joins in conversation; ARTHUR looks at him longingly. "They say we shan't be in office another year, TOBY,"

he observed, as SHAW-LEFEVRE proceeded at some length; "but I should like to be CHIEF SECRETARY long enough to get a chance of running SHAW-LEFEVRE in. He's very slippery; knows how near he may go without incurring actual risk; but I'll have him some day."

Business done.—Irish Votes happily concluded.

A SPORTING STYLE.

(With Examples.)

Prefatory Note.—It is a common mistake to suppose that the present generation frowns upon the literary achievements of the descriptive reporter who chronicles the great deeds of athletes, oarsmen, pugilists, and sportsmen generally.

On the contrary, if we may pretend to judge from a wide and long-continued study, we should say that the *vates sacer* of the present day, though he may not rival his predecessors in refinement and classical allusion, is by no means inferior to them in wealth of language and picturesque irrelevancy. Sporting reporting, in fact, was never more of a fine art, and on the whole has rarely been better paid, than it is at the present day. In the hope that many a young journalist may be helped in his struggle for fame and fortune, *Mr. Punch* proposes to publish a short manual of sporting reports, with examples and short notes, that may explain the *technique* of the business to the aspirant.

RULES.

1. Always remember that you are a sporting reporter, and be as sportive as you can. The dig-in-the-ribs and chuck-her-under-the-chin style is always effective.
2. Speak of everybody by his Christian name or his nick-name.
3. If you think a man ought to have a nickname, invent one for him.
4. Employ stock quotations wherever they are least required, and give a music-hall flavour to every report.
5. If possible, misquote.
6. Avoid all simple language.
7. Patronise all titled sportsmen, and pat wealthy bookmakers on the back.
8. Never miss an opportunity of showing that you are on familiar terms with the sun, moon, rain, wind, and weather in general. Do this, as a rule, by means of classical tags vulgarised down to the level of a costermonger's cart.
9. Spin out your sentences.
10. Mix up your metaphors, moods, tenses, singulars, plurals, and the sense generally.
11. Refer often to "the good old days" you don't remember, and bewail the decadence of sport of all kinds.
12. Occasionally be haughty and contemptuous, and make a parade of rugged and incorruptible honesty. In short, be as vain and offensive as you can.
13. Set yourself up as an infallible judge of every branch of sport and athletics.

First Example.—Event to be reported: An American pugilist arrives at Euston, and is received by his English friends and sympathisers.

O'FLAHERTY IN ENGLAND.

ARRIVAL OF THE CHAMPION. HIS RECEPTION.
WHAT HE THINKS OF ENGLAND.

IT was somewhere towards "the witching hour of noon" that the broad and splendid artery of commerce, to wit, the Euston Road, became, for the nonce, a scene of unwonted, and ever-increasing excitement. Old Plu* had promised, as per Admiral FITZROY's patent hocus-pocusser, to give us a taste of his quality; and it is unnecessary, in this connection, to observe that the venerable disciple of Swithin the Saint was as good as his word. But Britons never never shall be slaves. England expected every man to do his duty. Forward the Light Brigade, and so on to where glory and an express train were waiting, or would be waiting, before you had time to knock a tenpenny nail on the head twice. The company on the platform comprised the *élite* of the sporting world. "Bluff" TOMMY POPPIN, the ever courteous host of "The Chequers," "BILL" TOOTWON, by his friends yclept the Masher, JAKE RUMBELO, the middle-weight World's Champion, were all there, wreathed in silvery smiles, and all on the nod, on the nod, on the nod, as the poet hath it, though why "hath it" no man can tell, in words that will last while Old Sol, the shiner, drives his spanking tits along the azure road. Punctual to the moment the train steamed into the station, and the giant form of O'FLAHERTY, the "man in a million," leaped out of the railway carriage, amid the plaudits of all the blue blood of England's sports. In answer to inquiries the Champion laughingly said, "he guessed this was a mighty wet country for a dry man," and proceeded to the refreshment-room, where he "asked a p'leeceman"—oh no, not at all, but, "Deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee, he drank the foaming juice of Grapes." Thence a move was made to the palatial office of the *Sporting Standard*, where the Champion was introduced to the Staff. Hands all round followed, and a glorious day wound up with a visit to the theatrical resorts of the latter-day Babylon, in company with some of the right sort, though these be getting both fewer and farther between than in the good old days.

* An agreeable variant for this is JU. P.

AUSTRALIA AT ST. PAUL'S.

[On the 17th of July the Earl of ROSEBERY unveiled a Memorial erected in St. Paul's Cathedral to the late Right Hon. WILLIAM BEDE DALLEY, of New South Wales, mainly through whose personal exertions, when Chief Secretary to the Ministry there, the Colonial Contingent was dispatched to the aid of England in the Soudan. This, as Lord ROSEBERY said, is the first Memorial which has been erected to a Colonist in our Metropolitan Cathedral.]

THE mighty Empire reared upon the main,
He "cherished, served, and laboured to maintain."
And who will doubt the claim by this made good
To neighbouring NELSON, and our COLLINGWOOD?
His country holds her loyal son's remains;
But here, whilst WREN's huge dome rolls back the strains
Of the great organ's golden mouths, or while
Pean or requiem sounds along the aisle
Sacred to mighty memories, DALLEY's name
Inscribed amongst our home-born heirs of fame
Shall stand, and show to all our Island brood
Australia's love, and England's gratitude.

VERY MUCH AT SEA.

As there appears to be some confusion with regard to the exact nature of the programme scheme for the forthcoming Naval Autumn Manœuvres, the following sketch, gleaned from recent inquiry on the subject made at Whitehall, may, if he can manage to follow it, possibly serve to enlighten the uninitiated outsider.

An enemy's fleet, having, it is supposed, escaped the vigilance of the Channel Squadron, consisting of H.M. First-class Battle-ship *Blunderer*, accompanied by the third-class cruiser *Jack-ass*, and the torpedo-boats *Corkscrew* and *Tooth-brush*, which, also it is supposed, represent a fleet of thirty-six iron-clads, twenty-six armoured cruisers, attended by fifty torpedo vessels, have sailed victoriously up the Thames, and, having seized the Serpentine, command the, equally supposed, Milk Supply of Bayswater, Paddington, and the whole of the North of London. This news having been conveyed to another fancied fleet that is covering a convoy of ships, imagined to be attempting to land corn, that they have brought from ports across the Atlantic, simultaneously at Pegwell Bay, Margate, and the Isle of Dogs, it is again supposed that, acting under sealed orders, they elude the enemy, and dividing their forces, make for Gravesend, Liverpool, Dundee, "The Welsh Harp" at Hendon, and Yarmouth. The problem, therefore, presented to Admiral FLYOFF, who is in command of the defending squadrons, will be, after utilising the supposed coast defences, and mining the Serpentine, to force the enemy to accept the issue of an open action on the Regent's Canal, and the Ornamental Water at the Crystal Palace. Failing this, it will be left to the Umpires, who, being supposed to be in several places at the same time, will be provided with a tricycle, fog-horn, and telescope, to enable them to adjudge the exact amount of success or failure following respectively on each effort, with as near a resemblance as is possible to the probable issues in real warfare. Any matters remaining in dispute and undecided, will be ultimately settled by the First Lord, who will toss up with a two-headed halfpenny, specially provided for, in the Estimates, for the purpose.

A glance at the above will show that the scheme, though simple in conception, may easily become complicated; but if kept in view, with an accompanying reference to the daily letters of the Correspondents of five Penny Papers, by anyone, who will further pick out the names and positions of places named, and mark them with pins on the Railway Map attached to *Bradshaw's Guide*, it may serve to throw some light on the course of events, and leave the inquiring investigator, though still very much at sea, yet in possession of some scraps of useful information.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

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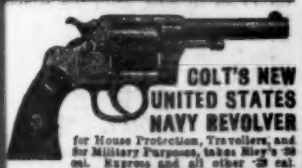

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RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY

PRIZES VALUE OVER £600.

SUNLIGHT SOAP MONTHLY COMPETITION.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS ONLY.—*Competitors not to be over 17 years of age last birthday.*

The first of these Monthly Competitions will be on August 30 next, followed by others on September 30, October 31, November 29, December 31, &c., &c., until further notice. The favourable consideration of Parents and Guardians, and kind permission for their young people to compete for these prizes, are asked on the following grounds:—There is no element of chance in these Competitions; the winning of a prize depending entirely on the perseverance and trouble taken to collect the wrappers. The Competitions are held every month, so failure in one does not discourage but stimulates to a fresh effort. The motto is—"If at first you don't succeed, Try, Try, Try again." The articles given are all the best of their class.

RULES.

I.—No competitor to be over 17 years of age.

II.—The Competition will be held and Prizes awarded every month until further notice.

III.—Competitors to save as many Sunlight Soap wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the bottom portion of each wrapper—that portion commencing "Now for the Sunlight Way of Washing." This portion, called the "Coupon," is to be saved for the Competition.

IV.—When as many of these "Coupons" are collected as the Competitor thinks will win a prize, send them, POSTAGE OR CARRIAGE PAID, to **LEVER BROS., Ltd., Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead** (marked on the outside "Competition"), ENCLOSING WITH THE "COUPONS" a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written her or his FULL Name and Address, age last birthday, the number of the competition entered for, and the number of Coupons enclosed. This paper must be signed by three witnesses of over 20 years of age. Only one witness to be chosen out of the same house, and no witness out of the house competitor lives in.

V.—The "Coupons" to be sent in (postage or carriage paid) not later than the last day of the month. "Coupons" received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

VI.—The Prizes will be awarded amongst those sending in (*for their age*) the largest number of "Coupons," provided the paper with the "Coupons" is correctly filled up and witnessed according to Rule IV.

VII.—A competitor can only enter for one prize each month, but may compete every month if she or he wishes.

VIII.—Lists of Winners of each month's competition will be advertised *until further notice* in *Tit-Bits* and *Answers* the third week of the month following, but a printed list of winners will be forwarded ten days after each competition closes to competitors who send ½d. stamp to pay postage.

IX.—Employées of LEVER BROS., Ltd., and their families are debarred from competing.

X.—LEVER BROS., Ltd., will award the prizes to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete for the prizes agree to accept LEVER BROS., Ltd's., award as final.

MONTHLY COMPETITION.

Prizes Value over £600.

60 Silver Keyless Lever Watches, value £4s. 4s. each.

No.	Age.						
1	17	10	to girls and	10	to boys	(1 to each winner).	
2	16	10	,,	10	,,	,,	,,
3	15	10	,,	10	,,	,,	,,

100 Silver Keyless Watches value 30s. each.

No.	Age.						
4	14	10	to girls and	10	to boys	(1 to each winner).	
5	13	10	,,	10	,,	,,	,,
6	12	10	,,	10	,,	,,	,,
7	11	10	,,	10	,,	,,	,,
8	10	10	,,	10	,,	,,	,,

And undr.

8 Tricycles and 8 Safety Bicycles.

(Manufactured by Messrs. HUMBER & Co., Ltd., who have obtained 21 Gold Medals for excellence of work. Now on view at their Depôt, 32, Holborn Viaduct, London.)

No.	Age.		TRICYCLES.			BICYCLES.	
9	17	1	value £31	to girls,	1	value £30	to boys.
10	16	1	,, £31	,,	1	,, £30	,,
11	15	1	,, £10 10s.	,,	1	,, £14	,,
12	14	1	,, £10 10s.	,,	1	,, £14	,,
13	13	1	,, £10 10s.	,,	1	,, £14	,,

No.	Age.		TRICYCLES.			BICYCLES.	
14	12	1	value £9	to girls,	1	value £7	to boys.
15	11	1	,, £9	,,	1	,, £7	,,
16	10 & undr.	1	,, £7	,,	1	,, £6 10s.	,,

EXTRA PRIZES.

Unsuccessful competitors who have sent in not less than 24 "Coupons" will receive, free of cost and postage paid, a facsimile reproduction (*size* 16½in. by 11½in.) of the painting by W. P. Frith, R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1889, and named by us "So Clean." The *Daily Telegraph*, July 11th, 1889, says of it—"A charming little picture." When this picture is out of print, others will take its place.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS COMPETITION.

£500 in 2000 Prizes.

Same rules as for the Monthly Competitions. "Coupons" for this Competition to be sent in not later than Saturday, December 13th, 1890, and marked "Christmas Prize Competition." Printed lists of the winners will be forwarded on or before December 23rd, to each competitor who encloses ½d. stamp for postage.

2000 Prizes as follows:—Each winner may select whatever she or he wishes for a Christmas Prize in Books, Toys, Games, &c., &c., to the value of about 5s. (a shilling or two over or under this figure will not matter), or may have 5s. in cash, should they so wish.

No.	Age.						
17	17	125	Prizes to	girls,	125	Prizes to	boys.
18	16	125	,,	,,	125	,,	,,
19	15	125	,,	,,	125	,,	,,
20	14	125	,,	,,	125	,,	,,
21	13	125	,,	,,	125	,,	,,
22	12	125	,,	,,	125	,,	,,
23	11	125	,,	,,	125	,,	,,
24	10 & undr	125	,,	,,	125	,,	,,

Purchasers, see that you get a Sunlight Soap Wrapper with each Tablet.

THE HAND, What will it become?

Consider for yourself that distorted hands do not come by accident!

The rubbing in the hot filthy liquid of the wash-tub, in washing clothes by the old method, ruins the usefulness and beauty of a woman's hands! It is well to know that you need not rub your fingers to the bone!!!

Hands and Clothes washed with SUNLIGHT SOAP cannot be injured, as this Soap takes the dirt out without the necessity of boiling or rubbing. You can prove this for yourself.

Beware.—Do not allow other Soaps, said to be the same as the "Sunlight Soap," to be palmed off upon you. If you do, you must expect to be disappointed. See that you get what you ask for, and that the word "Sunlight" is stamped upon every tablet, and printed upon every wrapper.

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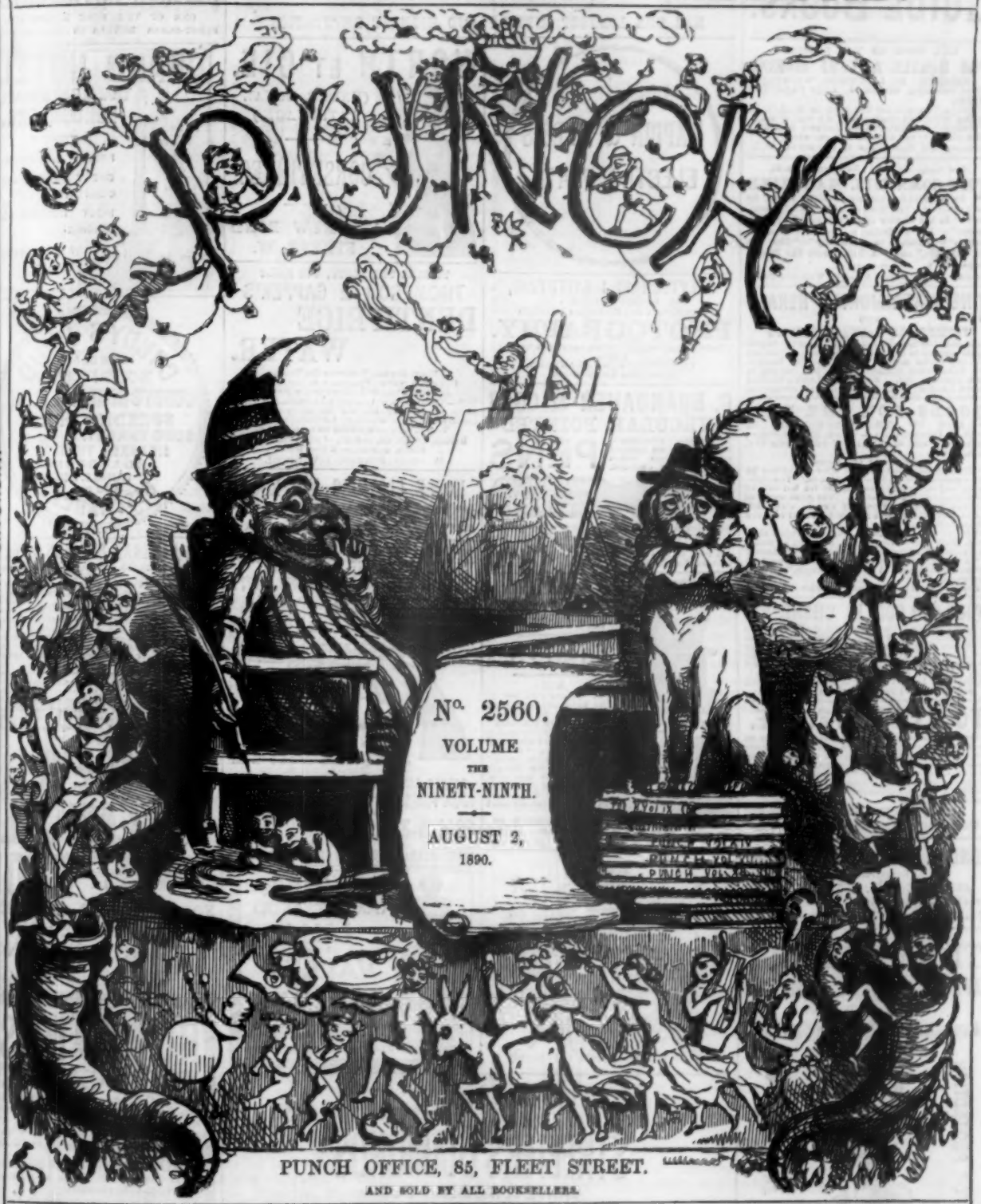

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A "SCENE" IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Ill-used Husband (under the Bed). "Aye! Ye may Crack me, and ye may Thrash me, but ye canna break my Manly Speerit. I'll na come oot!!"

PUNCH TO THE SECOND BATTALION.

"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?"
Juvenal.

You're off, boys, to Bermuda
(*Like* "the Bermoothes," "vexed").
The Guards rebel? *Proh pudor!*
What next—and next—and next?
Who'll guard the Guards, if they guard not
The fame they should revere?
Fie on the row, row, row, row,
Of the British Grenadier!

Your *Punch* is sorry for you,
And for these lads "in quod;"
But Discipline's a parent
That *must* not spare the rod.
May you right soon redeem your name,
And no more may *Punch* hear
Of the row, row, row, row, row, row,
Of the British Grenadier!

If you have been o'er-worried
By ultra-Martinet;
Into unwisdom hurried,
Be sure Bull won't forget.
But England's Redcoats must *not* ape [clear;
The Hyde Park howl, that's
So no more row, row, row, row,
From the British Grenadier!

ROBERT'S AMERICAN ACQUAINTANCE.

My akwaintance among eminent selebraties seems to be rapidly encreasing. Within what *Amlet* calls a week, a little week, after my larst intervue with the emenent young Swell as amost lost his art to the pretty Bridesmade, I have been onored with the most cordial notice of a werry emenent Amerrycane, who cums to Lundon wunce ewery year, and makes a good long stay, and allus cums to one or other of our Grand Otels. He says he's taken quite a fansy to me, and for this most singler reason. He says as I'm the ony Englishman as he has ewer known who can allus giv a answer rite off to ewery question as he arsks me! So much so, that he says as how as I ort to be apinted the Guide, Feelosofer, and Frend of ewery one of the many Wisiters as we allus has a staying here!

Well, all I can say is, that if I affords the heminent Amerrycane jest about harf the fun and emusement as he does me, I must be a much cleverer feller than I ewer thort myself, or than my better harf ewer told me as I was. Ah, wouldn't he jest make her stare a bit if she herd sum of his most owdacious sayings. Why, he acshally says, that the hole system of marrying for life is all a mistake, and not consistent with our changable nature! And that we ort to take our Wives on lease, as we does our houses, wiz., for sewen or fourteen years, and that in a great majority of cases they woud both be preshus glad when the end of the lease came! And he tries werry hard to make me bleeve, tho in course he doesn't succeed, that in one part of his grate and staggering Country, everybody does jest as he likes in these rayther himportant matters, and has jest as many Wives as he can afford to keep, and that the King of that place has about a dozen of 'em! Ah, if you wants to hear a reel downright staggerer as nobody carnt posserbly bleeve, don't "ask the Pleaceman," but arsk an Amerrycane!

He wanted werry much to go to Brighton, and see our new Grand Metropole Otel opened last Satterday; so I spoke to our most gentlemanly Manager, and he gave him a ticket that took him down first-class, and brort him back, and took him into the Otel, and supplied him with heverythink as art cond wish for, or supply, and as much Shampane as he could posserbly drink—and, when there ain't nothink to pay for it, it's reelly estonishing what a quantity a gennelman can dispose of ——; and the way in which he afterwards told me as he showed his grattitude for what he called a reel first-class heavening's enjoyment was, to engage a delicious little sweet of apartments for a fortnite, so we shall see him no more for that length of time. He told me as he had seen all the great Otels of Urope and Amerrykey, but he was obligated to confess, in his own emphatic langwidge, that the Brighton Metropole "licked all creation!" I didn't quite understand him, but I've no doubt it was intended as rayther complimentary. He rayther staggered me by asking what it cost, but I was reddy with my anser, and boldly said, jest exaoly a quarter of a million.

He told me that, in his own grand country, he was ginerally regarded as a werry truthful man, which, of course, I was pleased to hear, for sum of his statements was that staggering as wood have made me dowt it in a feller-countryman. For hinstance, he acshally tried to make me bleeve that his Country is about 20 times as big as ours! Well, in course, common politeness made me pretend to bleeve him, speshally as he's remarkable liberal to me, as most of his countrymen is, but I coudn't help thinking as it woud have been wiser of him if he had made his werry long Bow jest a leetle shorter. He's a remarkabel fine-looking gennelman, and his manners quite comes up to my description.

Robert.

A LYRIC FOR LOWESTOFT.

[Mr. Henry Irving is studying for his new piece at Lowestoft.]

Henry Irving, will the Master feel the fierce and bracing breeze,
As you wander by the margin of the restless Eastern seas?

Save the seagull slowly swirling none shall hear the tale of woe,
Learn how dark the life that ended in the fatal "Kelpie's Flow."

'Mid the murmur of the ocean you will tell how *Edgar* felt
When his *Lucy* broke her troth-plight, and he flung down *Craigengelt*.

Fitting place for actor's study, all that long and lonely shore;
Yonder point methinks as Wolf's Crag should be known for evermore.

Henceforth will the place be haunted when the midnight hour draws nigh:
Men shall see the Master standing stern against the stormy sky.

Faint, impalpable as shadow from the cloudland, *Lucy* there
Shall keep tryst; the moon's effulgence not more golden than her hair.

And, in coming nights of Autumn, when the vast Lyceum rings
With reverberating plaudits, and the town thy praises sings,

Memories of the sands at Lowestoft shall be with you ere you sleep;
In your ears once more shall echo diapason of the deep.

A DREAM OF UNFAIRLY-TREATED WOMEN.

(A Long Way After the Laureate.)

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
A leader on weak women and their woe,
In toil and industry, in art and trade,
In this hard world below.

And for awhile the thought of the sad part
Played by them and of Fate's ill-balanced scales,
Moistened mine eyelids, and made ache mine heart,
Remembering these strange tales
Of woman's miseries in every land,
I saw wherever poverty draws breath
Woman and anguish walking hand in hand,
The dreary road to death.

Those pallid sempstresses of HOOD's great song
Peopled the hollow dark, not now alone,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
And grief's sad monotone,

From hearts, like flints, beaten by tyrant hoofs;
And I saw crowds in sombre sweating-dens,
With reeking walls and dank and dripping roofs—
Fit scarce for styes or pens.

Death at home's sin-stained threshold; honour's fall [hold pet,
Dislodging from her throne love's house-
And wan-faced purity a tyrant's thrall,
With wild eyes sorrow-wet.

And unsexed women facing heated blasts
And Tophet fumes, and fluttering tongues of fire;
And virtue staked on most unholy casts,
And honour sold for hire:

Squadrons and troops of girls of brazen air,
Tramping the tainted city to and fro,
With feverish flauntings veiling chill despair
And deeply-centred woe.

So shape chased shape. I saw a neat-garbed nurse,
Wan with excessive work; and, bowed with toil,
A shop-girl sickly, of the primal curse
Each looked the helpless spoil.

Anon I saw a lady, at night's fall
Stiller than chiseled marble, standing there;
A daughter of compassion, slender, tall,
And delicately fair.

Her weariness with shame and with surprise
My spirit shocked: she turning on my face
The heavy glances of unrested eyes,
Spoke mildly in her place.

"I have long duties; ask thou not my name
Some say I fret at a fair destiny.
Many I have to tend; to make my claim
Some venture: we shall see."

"I trust, good lady, that in a fair field,
The case 'twixt you and tyranny will be tried,"
I said; then turning promptly I appealed
To one who stood beside.

She said, "Poor pay, and plenteous fines, and worse,
Made me rebel amidst my mates' applause.
To insubordination I'm averse,
But have I not good cause?

"We are cut off from hope in our hard place,
Sweet factory? Ah, well, *our* sweets are few.
We strike for justice. Man might show some grace,
I think, Sir; do not you?"

Turning I saw, ranging a flowery pile,
One sitting in an entry dark and cold;
A girl with hectic cheeks, and hollow smile;
Wired roses there she sold,

Or strove to sell; but often on her ear
The harrying voice of stern policedom struck,
And chased her from her vantage, till a tear
Fell at her "wretched luck."

Again I saw a wan domestic drudge
Scuttering across a smug suburban lawn;
Tired with the nightly watch, the morning trudge,
The toil at early dawn.

And then a frail and thin-clad governess,
Hurrying to daily misery through the rain.
Toiling, with scanty food, and scanty dress,
Long hours for little gain.

Anon a spectral shop-girl creeping back
To her dull garret-home through the chill night, [paid hack
Bowed, heart-sick, spirit-crushed, poor ill-
Of harsh commercial might!

These I beheld, the world's sad woman-throng,
Work-ridden vassals of its Mammon-god,
Their destiny to creep and drudge along,
And kiss grief's chastening rod.

And then I saw a spirit surface-fair,
A Mænad-masked betrayer, base, impure,
But with sin's glittering garb, and radiant air,
Gay laugh, and golden lure. [drawn

It smiled, it beckoned—whither? To the abyss! [drawn
But of that throng how many may be
By the gay glamour and the siren kiss
To where sin's soul-gulfs yawn?

How many? No response my vision gave.
Make answer, if ye may, ye lords of gain!
Make answer, if ye know, ye chiders grave
Of late revolt, and vain!

Dream of *Fair* Women? Nay, for work and want
Mar maiden comeliness and matron grace.
Let sober judgment, clear of gush and cant,
The bitter problem face!

ERIN AVENGED.—The Irish champions, HAMILTON, PIM, and STOKES, have won the "All-England" (it *should* be All-Irish) Tennis Championship, both Single and Double, beating the hitherto invincible Brothers RENSHAW, and other lesser Lights of the Lawn. And now at Bisley the Irish Team have, for the third time in succession, won the Elcho Challenge Shield. The old caveat will have to be changed into "No *non*-Irish need apply!"

QUITE THE NEWEST SONGS.—"*Over the Sparkling Serpentine.*" By the author and composer of "*Across the Still Lagoon.*" "*Five Men in a Cab.*" By the ditto ditto of "*Three Men in a Boat;*" "*Hates Copper Nightmare*" to follow "*Love's Golden Dream;*" and the "*General's Dustpan,*" also, shortly; a companion song to the popular "*Admiral's Broom.*"

"A GATHERING OF THE CLAN."—According to *Debrett*, the Earl of CLANCARTY (by the way, the Patent of Nobility granted to this family in 1793, is consequently not a hundred years old) bears on his arms "A Sun in splendour." The authority is too good to imagine for a moment that this can be a misprint!

WEEK BY WEEK.

Monday.—Colney Hatch Hussars' Annual private Introspection. Balloon rises at Chelsea. Sets to partners after midnight.

Tuesday.—Beadle of Burlington Arcade's Copper Wedding Festivities commence. Kangaroo Shooting in Fleet Street begins.

Wednesday.—*Mr. Punch* up and out with the lark. Afternoon Fireworks on the Stock Exchange. Hippopotamus-washing in the Serpentine commences.

Thursday.—Billiard Championship contest in the Pool below London Bridge. Cannons supplied by the Tower. Anniversary Festivity to celebrate the Discovery of cheap Ginger Beer by the Chinese B.C. 3700.

Friday.—Opening of the "Wash and Brush you up" Company's Automatic Machine, by Prince Henry of Battenberg. Total Eclipse of the Moon, invisible at Herne Bay and Pekin.

Saturday.—Tinned Oyster Season commences. Fancy Dress Ball at Bedlam. Close time for Hyænas in Belgrave Square.

The Austrian Inventor, who has just designed his ship of a mile in length that is to travel through the water at eighty-seven miles an hour, and cross the Atlantic in something under a day and a half, is, I am told, only waiting the requisite capital to enable him at once to set about carrying his project into effect. Each vessel will be provided with an Opera House a Cathedral, including a Bishop, who will be one of the ship's salaried officers; a Circus, Cricket-ground, Cemetery, Race-course, Gambling-saloon, and a couple of lines of Electric Tram-cars. The total charge for board and transit will be only 10*s.* 6*d.* a day, which will bring the fare to New York to something like 16*s.* As it is calculated that at least 100,000 passengers will cross the Atlantic on each journey, the financial aspect of the whole concern seems sound. As I said before, the only difficulty is the capital. Surely some enterprising Crœsus who has thirty millions lying idle in the Two-and-a-half per Cents. might look at the matter.

A WASTED EPIGRAM.

"Where is the Evening *Gazette*, Waiter?"
"Please, Sir, it's not yet *Sewn*."
"*Sown*, Sir! It ought to have *come up*!"

"A Sporting Tipster" writes:—"Perhaps you are not aware that *the* feature of next Season's Foot-ball will be the arrival of a strong team of the Kajawee Cannibal Islanders, a ferocious race, who have been instructed in the game by a celebrated Midland half-back. As in practice they invariably, instead of a foot-ball, use a fresh human head, and in a scrimmage leave half their number dead on the field, by having recourse to the 'Kogo' or 'Spine Splitting Stroke,' introduced from a local athletic game, some excitement will no doubt be manifested in sporting circles when they meet the Clapham Rovers, as, I believe, it is arranged they shall do at the Oval, early in November next."

Hats of the style of the earliest portion of the Saxon Heptarchy will *not*, after all, be seen in the Row during this Season, though several male leaders of fashion are stated to have given orders for them on an approved model.

MINE AND THINE.

[In a recent case, a promoter of Gold Mining Companies was asked if any of his Companies had ever paid a penny of dividend. His answer was, "You cannot know much about gold mines to ask such a question." He admitted, however, that he himself had made some £50,000 out of them. "This," he said, "is not profit; it is the realisation of property."]

Take a patch of land in Africa and multiply by ten,
Then extract a ton of metal from an ounce or two of sand;
Write a roseate prospectus with a magnifying pen,
Making deserts flow with honey in a rich and smiling land.

Take some crumbs of truth, and spread them with a covering of bosh,
And conceal them in a pie-crust labelled "Promises to pay";
Hide away all dirty linen, or remove it home to wash,
And then begin the process which the wise ones call "Convey."

Next collect a band of brothers, all inspired by one desire,
To subserve the public interest, single-hearted men and true;
Stuff with shares, and thus permit them in your kindness to acquire,
At a price, the vendor's property,—the vendor being you.

Then, since *you* must make a profit, call the public to your aid;
Let them give you all their money, which they think they only lend:
And of course you mustn't tell them, till the fools have safely paid,
Mines were made for sinking money, not for raising dividend.

And the clergy bring their savings, the widows bring their store,
And they push to reach your presence, and they jostle and they fall,
And at last they pile their money in a heap before your door;
And, just to make them happy, you accept and keep it all.

So you make your mine by begging—(modern miners never dig),—
And you float a gorgeous Company. The shares go spinning up;
But you never "rig the market." (What an awkward word is "rig"!)
And you drain success in bumpers from an overflowing cup.

Then one day the thing gets shaky, and it goes from bad to worse,
And the public grasps a shadow where it tried to hold a share;
And in vain the country clergy most unclerically curse,
You have "realised your property," and end a millionnaire.

COMING SEA-SCRAPES AT CHELSEA.

(*Drawn by an Insider.*)

Mr. Punch, Sir,

That the sister Service should also have its turn at Chelsea I reckon I can understand, and the Show ought to be popular; but if the Admiralty want to make a further "exhibition" of themselves, they won't have to go very far a-field for material. Here are one or two exhibits that come to hand at once. First, there 's those big guns which it ain't safe to fire nohow, and which, if you do load with half a charge, crack, bend, and get sent back to be "ringed" up, whatever that means, and are not safe, even for a salute, ever afterwards. Then, in another case, they might show a foot or two of that blessed boiler-piping which is always leaking, or splitting, or bursting, just when it shouldn't. In a third they might display a chop that had been cooked from lying exposed in one of those famous stokeholes where the poor beggars of sailors are expected to pass their time without getting roasted too. Then there might be, as a sort of prize puzzle, a plan of these here recent manœuvres, with the Umpire's opinion of the whole blessed jumble tacked on to it. Then, to enliven the proceedings, Lord George might take his turn with the rest of the Admiralty Board, and give us, every half hour or so, a figure or two of the Hornpipe, just to let the public see that they have got some sort of nautical "go" about them to warrant them in drawing their big screw. Bless you, *Mr. Punch*, there 's lots to make an Exhibition of at Chelsea next year if you come to calculate. Leastways that 's the opinion of your humble servant and admirer,

A Tax-paying Landlubber.

ON, GUARDS!

THE BAD FORM OF THE PAST.

THERE he stood in his evening dress, with a half-smoked cigarette between his lips. He had been knocking about Piccadilly all day, had dined at the Junior, looked in at the Opera, and finished at the Steak. He seemed a civilian of civilians. The most casual observer would have declared that he could never have seen the inside of a barrack-yard. So no surprise was expressed when the question was asked him.

"What am I?" he repeated, languidly, and then he replied, with a yawn, "Can't you see, old Chappie? Why, an Officer in the Guards!"

THE GOOD FORM OF THE FUTURE.

There he stood in his neat, serviceable undress uniform, with a cigar between his lips. He had abandoned the swagger frogged coat and silk sash for the unpretending patrol jacket of his brethren in the Line. He had been hard at work all day in barracks, inspecting meals, visiting the hospital, attending parades. He had paid his company personally, had seen every man, and found that there were no complaints. He had attended a mess meeting, and had dined at mess, playing a rubber afterwards (sixpenny points) in the ante-room. He knew as much about the internal economy of the Battalion as the Colonel, the Adjutant, or the Sergeant-Major. He seemed a soldier of soldiers. The most casual observer would have declared that he was acquainted with every inch of the barrack-yard. So general surprise was expressed when the question was asked him.

"What am I?" he repeated, briskly; and then he replied, with a smile, "Can't you see, stupid? Why, an Officer in the Guards!"

VOCES POPULI.

AT A GARDEN-PARTY.

SCENE—*A London Lawn. A Band in a costume half-way between the uniforms of a stage hussar and a circus groom, is performing under a tree. Guests discovered slowly pacing the turf, or standing and sitting about in groups.*

Mrs. Maynard Gery (*to her Brother-in-law—who is thoroughly aware of her little weaknesses*). Oh, PHIL,—you know everybody—*do* tell me! Who is that common-looking little man with the scrubby beard, and the very yellow gloves—how does he come to be *here*?

Phil. Where? Oh, I see him. Well—have you read *Sabrina's Uncle's Other Niece*?

Mrs. M. G. No—*ought* I to have? I never even heard of it!

Phil. Really? I wonder at that—tremendous hit—you must order it—though I doubt if you'll be able to get it.

Mrs. M. G. Oh, I shall *insist* on having it. And *he* wrote it? Really, PHIL, now I come to look at him, there's something rather striking about his face. Did you say *Sabrina's Niece's Other Aunt*—or what?

Phil. Sabrina's Uncle's Other Niece was what I *said*—not that it signifies.

Mrs. M. G. Oh, but I always attach the greatest importance to names, myself. And do you know him?

Phil. What, TABLETT? Oh, yes—decent little chap; not much to say for himself, you know.

Mrs. M. G. I don't mind *that* when a man is *clever*—do you think you could bring him up and introduce him?

Phil. Oh, I *could*—but I won't answer for your not being disappointed in him.

Mrs. M. G. I have never been disappointed in any genius *yet*—perhaps, because I don't expect too much—so go, dear boy; he may be surrounded unless you get hold of him soon. [PHIL *obeys.*

Phil (*accosting the Scrubby Man*). Well, TABLETT, old fellow, how are things going with you? *Sabrina* flourishing?

Mr. Tablett (*enthusiastically*). It's a tremendous hit, my boy; orders coming in so fast they don't know how to execute 'em—there's a fortune in it, as I always told you!

Phil. Capital!—but you've such luck. By the way, my sister-in-law is most anxious to know you.

Mr. T. (*flattered*). Very kind of her. I shall be delighted. I was just thinking I felt quite a stranger here.

Phil. Come along then, and I'll introduce you. If she asks you to her parties by any chance, mind you go—sure to meet a lot of interesting people.

Mr. T. (*pulling up his collar*). Just what I enjoy—meeting interesting people—the only society worth cultivating, to my mind, Sir. Give me *intellect*—it's of more value than wealth!

[*They go in search of* Mrs. M. G.

First Lady on Chair. Look at the dear Vicar, getting that poor Lady PAWPERBE an ice. What a very spiritual expression he has, to be sure—really quite apostolic!

Second Lady. We are not in his parish, but I have always heard him spoken of as a most excellent man.

First Lady. Excellent! My dear, that man is a perfect *Saint!* I don't believe he knows what it is to have a single worldly thought! And such trials as he has to bear, too! With that *dreadful* wife of his!

Second Lady. That's the wife, isn't it?—the dowdy little woman, all alone, over there? Dear me, what *could* he have married her for?

First Lady. Oh, for her *money*, of course, my dear!

Mrs. Pattallons (*to* Mrs. ST. MARTIN SOMERVILLE). Why, it really *is* you! I absolutely didn't know you at first. I was just thinking, "Now who *is* that young and lovely person coming along the path? You see—I came out without my glasses to-day, which accounts for it!

Mr. Chuck (*meeting a youthful Matron and Child*). Ah, Mrs. SHARPE, how do do! *I'm* all right. Hullo, Toto, how are *you*, eh, young lady?

Toto (*primly*). I'm very well indeed, thank you. (*With sudden interest*). How's the idiot? Have you seen him lately?

Mr. C. (*mystified*). The idiot, eh? Why, fact is, I don't *know* any idiot!—give you my word!

Toto (*impatiently*). Yes, you *do*—*you* know. The one Mummy says you're next door to——you must see him *sometimes!* You *did* say Mr. CHUCK was next door to an idiot, didn't you, Mummy?

[*Tableau.*

Mrs. Prattleton. Let me see—*did* we have a fine Summer in '87? Yes, of course—I always remember the weather by the clothes we wore, and that June and July we wore scarcely anything—some filmy stuff that belonged to one's ancestress, don't you know. *Such* fun! By the way, what has become of LUCY?

Mrs. St. Patticker. Oh, I've quite lost sight of her lately—you see she's so perfectly happy now, that she's ceased to be in the least interesting!

Mrs. Hussiffe (*to* Mr. DE MURE). Perhaps *you* can tell me of a good coal merchant? The people who supply me now are perfect *fiends*, and I really must go somewhere else.

Mr. De Mure. Then I'm afraid you must be rather difficult to please.

Mr. TABLETT *has been introduced to* Mrs. MAYNARD GERY—*with the following result.*

Mrs. M. G. (*enthusiastically*). I'm so delighted to make your acquaintance. When my brother-in-law told me who you were, I positively very nearly shrieked. I am such an admirer of your—(*thinks she won't commit herself to the whole title—and so compounds*)—your delightful *Sabrina!*

Mr. T. Most gratified to hear it, I'm sure. I'm told there's a growing demand for it.

Mrs. M. G. Such a hopeful sign—when one was beginning quite to despair of the public taste!

Mr. T. Well, I've always said—So long as you give the Public a really first-rate article, and are prepared to spend any amount of money on *pushing* it, you know, you're sure to see a handsome return for your outlay—in the long run. And you see, I've had this carefully analysed by competent judges——

Mrs. M. G. Ah, but *you* can feel independent of criticism, can't you?

Mr. T. Oh, I defy anyone to find anything unwholesome in it—it's as suitable for the most delicate child as it is for adults—nothing to irritate the most sensitive——

Mrs. M. G. Ah, you mean certain critics are so thin-skinned—they are indeed!

Mr. T. (*warming to his subject*). But the beauty of this particular composition is that it causes absolutely *no* unpleasantness or inconvenience afterwards. In some cases, indeed, it acts like a charm. I've known of two cases of long-standing erysipelas it has completely cured.

Mrs. M. G. (*rather at sea*). How gratifying that must be. But that is the magic of all truly great work, it is such an *anodyne*—it takes people so completely out of themselves—doesn't it?

Mr. T. It takes anything of that sort out of *them*, Ma'am. It's the finest discovery of the age, no household will be without it in a few months—though perhaps I say it who shouldn't.

Mrs. M. G. (*still more astonished*). Oh, but I *like* to hear you. I'm so tired of hearing people pretending to disparage what they have done, it's such a *pose*, and I hate posing. Real genius is *never* modest. (*If he had been more retiring, she would have, of course, reversed this axiom.*) I *wish* you would come and see me on one of my Tuesdays, Mr. TABLETT, I should feel so honoured, and I think you would meet some congenial spirits—do look in some evening—I will send you a card if I may—let me see—could you come and lunch next Sunday? I've got a little man coming who was very nearly eaten up by cannibals. I think *he* would interest you.

Mr. T. I shall be proud to meet him. Er—did they eat *much* of him?

Mrs. M. G. (*who privately thinks this rather vulgar*). How *witty* you are! That's quite worthy of a—*Sabrina*, really! Then you *will* come? So glad. And now I mustn't keep you from your other admirers any longer. [*She dismisses him.*

LATER.

Mrs. M. G. (*to her Brother-in-law*). How *could* you say that dear Mr. TABLETT was *dull*, PHIL? I found him perfectly charming—so original and unconventional! He's promised to come to me. By the way, *what* did you say the name of his book was?

Phil. I never said he had written a book.

Mrs. M. G. PHIL—you *did!—Sabrina's Other—Something.* Why, I've been *praising* it to him, entirely on your recommendation.

Phil. No, no—*your* mistake. I only asked you if you'd read *Sabrina's Uncle's Other Niece*, and, as I made up the title on the spur of the moment, I should have been rather surprised if you had. *He* never wrote a line in his life.

Mrs. M. G. How *abominable* of you! But surely he's famous for *something?* He talks like it. [*With reviving hope.*

Phil. Oh, yes, he's the inventor and patentee of the new "Sabrina" Soap—he says he'll make a fortune over it.

Mrs. M. G. But he hasn't even done *that* yet! PHIL, I'll *never* forgive you for letting me make such an idiot of myself. What *am* I to do now? I *can't* have him coming to me—he's really too impossible!

Phil. Do? Oh, order some of the soap, and wash your hands of him, I suppose—not that he isn't a good deal more presentable than some of your lions, after all's said and done!

[Mrs. M. G., *before she takes her leave, contrives to inform* Mr. TABLETT, *with her prettiest penitence, that she has only just recollected that her luncheon party is put off, and that her Tuesdays are over for the Season. Directly she returns to Town, she promises to let him hear from her; in the meantime, he is not to* think *of troubling himself to call. So there is no harm done, after all.*

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

(*Last Week of Opera.*)

Monday.—Hamlet. Music by AMBROISE THOMAS, and *libretto* by Messieurs CARRÉ and BARBIER, who seem to have read *Hamlet* once through, after which they wrote down as a *libretto* what they remembered of the story. It would be difficult to mention any Opera less dramatic than this. The question arises at once, adapting the immortal phrase of JAMES LE SIFFLEUR, "Why lug in *Hamlet?*" Why not have called it *Ophelia?* Whatever interest there may be in the Opera—and there is very little—is centred entirely in *Ophelia.* The *Ghost* is utterly purposeless, but of distinguished appearance as a robust spectre, marching in at one gate, and out at another, or hiding behind a sofa, and popping up suddenly, in order to frighten an equally purposeless *Hamlet.* Like father, like son. M. LASSALLE is a fine, substantial, baritonial *Hamlet*, who is always posturing, weeping, calling out *ma mère*, and blubbering on the ample matronly bosom of his mother, Madame RICHARD ("O RICHARD! *O ma Reine!*") like a big, blubbering, overgrown schoolboy. Were I inclined to disquisitionise, I should say that Messieurs CARRÉ and BARBIER have actually realised SHAKSPEARE's own description of his jelly-fleshed hero, whose mind is as shaky as his well-covered body. *Hamlet* was—as SHAKSPEARE took care to emphasise—"fat, and scant of breath"—which was the physical description of the actor who first impersonated the leading *rôle* of this play; and the French author's idea of *Hamlet* was, accordingly, a fat youth, very much out of condition, home from Wittenberg College, in consequence of his father's recent decease.

Hamlet Personally Conducted.

Some of the lighter musical portions of the Opera are charming, and the Chorus at the end of Act I. might have been written by OFFENBACH. But what is there of the story? Nothing. The King is not killed: the Queen isn't poisoned: *Polonius* is not stabbed behind the arras, having been, perhaps, killed before the Opera commenced, since his name appears in the book but not in the programme, and the only person on the stage that I could possibly associate with that dear old Lord Chamberlain was M. MIRANDA, who had donned a white beard and a different robe from what he had been previously wearing as *Horatio* in the First and Second Acts, in order to enter and lead the King away, in an interpolated and ineffective scene which was not in the book. A very hard-working Opera for the principals, and a thankless task. *Hamlet's* drinking song fine, and finely sung. But the whole point of the Opera is in the last Act, where there is a *ballet* that has nothing to do with the piece, but pretty to see little PALLADINO in short white skirts, dancing merrily in a forest glade, among the happy peasantry, to whom comes *Ophelia*, mad as several hatters, and after a lunatic scene, charming, both musically and dramatically, throws herself into the water, and dies singing.

Hamlet is out of it in the last Act. Why wasn't he brought into the Ballet?

Here is a suggestion for the effective compression and reduction of the Opera, and if my plan be accepted, DRURIOLANUS will earn the eternal gratitude of those who would like to hear all that is good in it, and to skip, as PALLADINO does, the rest. Thus:—

ACT I.—*Enter* HAMLET. *Solo. Exit. Enter* OPHELIA. *Solo. Re-enter* HAMLET. OPHELIA *and* HAMLET *love-duet. Exit* OPHELIA. HAMLET's *Friends come in, and he sings them a Drinking Song with Chorus. All join in Chorus and Dance. Curtain.*

ACT II.—*Opening Chorus* (*anything; it doesn't matter if it's only pretty and bright*). *Enter* HAMLET. *Solo.* "*Etre, ou ne pas être.*" *Enter* OPHELIA *with book, pretends not to see* HAMLET. *Solo. Enter* Queen. OPHELIA *complains to her that* HAMLET *isn't behaving like a gentleman.* Queen *upbraids* HAMLET: *so does* OPHELIA: HAMLET

An awkward moment for Hamlet. Row with his Mother and Ophelia.

depressed. Exit Queen R.H. *Exit* OPHELIA L.H. HAMLET *remains, evidently going mad.* PALLADINO *looks in. Dances.* HAMLET *joins her. Enter Friends, Courtiers, Peasants, and other Friends. All join in ballet,* HAMLET *included. Enter* Keepers, *and* HAMLET *is taken off to Hanwellhagen.* OPHELIA *rushes in, faints. Curtain.*

ACT III.—*Meadows near Hanwellhagen, in Denmark. Dance of* Lunatics, *out for a holiday. To them enter* OPHELIA. *All the charming music, delightful, and, this being finished, she chucks herself away into the stream. Curtain.*

Great call for everybody concerned. And, if the above scheme be adopted, the Opera would be over before eleven, having begun at nine. I present this with my compliments to DRURIOLANUS and AMBROISE THOMAS; and, if he is not "a doubting THOMAS," he will try this plan.

The remainder of the week passed away happily, so I hear, but was not able to be in my place, as I was at somebody else's place far, far away. The Opera has been, from the first, a big success. Should like to hear *Masaniello* once again. Perhaps that is a treat in store for all of us. Thus ends the Opera-goer's Diary for 1890, and everybody is highly satisfied and delighted. Curtain.

MUSICAL PARADOX.

WHEN Autumn comes, our womenfolk prepare
To grind the "old old tune" called "change of air."

MRS. HIGHFLYER'S DANCE. 2 A.M.

"Ah! it 's all very well for the Footmen,—and it 's all very well for the Gals,—but it 's precious 'ard on us Coachmen and the poor Mothers!"

"OUR TURN NOW!"

Or, Mr. Bull and the Wandering Minstrels.

Mr. Bull. Confound these Wandering Minstrels! Oh, the bore of them!
Only just settled with yon tow-hair'd fellow [of them,
Turning the corner, and behold two more
Prepared to grind and tootle, blow and bellow,
Until I tip *them* in a liberal fashion.
Upon my word, their noise is something shocking;
Enough to put a person in a passion.
Menaces slighting and remonstrance mocking,
They stand and twangle, tootle, grind, and gurgle
Their horrible cacophony. Find it funny, Ye grinners? Might as well my mansion burgle,
As "row" me forcibly out of my money.
The Teuton tootler, being tipped, is "sloping," [cent.
Patting his pocket with a smile complacent.
The Gallic blower, for like treatment hoping, [adjacent.
Grins at the Portuguese who grinds
What a *charivari!* Oh, I *must* stop it!
I say, you rascal with the hurdy-gurdy,
More than enough of that vile shindy; drop it! [Verdi,
And you, my brazen, blatant, would-be
Hush that confounded horn, or go and blow it [tumble
At—Jericho. *My* walls you will not
By windy shindy, and you ought to know it.

Horn-Player. Bah! ze old hombogs! He sall growl and grumble
But he vill *pay* ven it come to ze pinches;
I know him, ze cantankerous *vieux* chappie.
Ze German yonder, vy he take ze inches,
And get ze Hel-igoland! Now he quite happy.
I do ze same. *Pom! Pom!* Zat blast vos thunder! [features.
How he do tear his hair and twist his
He svear, but he vill vat you call "knock under."
Mr. Bull. I say, you Portugee, smallest of creatures, [hook it!
And noisiest for your size, shut up, and
Hurdy-gurdy. *Gr-r-r-r! Gr-r-r-r!* Zey say zat ze old fool is skveezable,
Melting in his own heat. Py gar, he *look* it.
Ze Teuton yonder find zat he vas teaseable
Out of ze "tip," ze big *pour-boire.* He got him, [too?
He go, he grin! Sall I not take ze hint
I get him too—*I* go. But I no let him
Drive me away, as he did Serpa Pinto.
Gr-r-r-r! Gr-r-r-r! I see zat he no like ze grinding. [money;
Soo mooch ze bettare! He sall give mooch
Ze pour-boire, somevere, he sall soon be finding,
If I keep on. Zeese Eenglish are so funny.
Tutto. Ze money for ze Minstrels! Kvick! So sall you
Get rid of us. Like to ze artful gloser
In Mistare Seymour's sketch, ve "know ze value
Of peace and kvietness." Pay us, ve go, Sir! [*Left tootling.*

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

Am I going to Goodwood? I answer that question by another. Is it likely that a race-meeting of any pretensions can possibly do without one whom even his enemies acknowledge to be the only accurate and high-minded sporting writer in the world? Those who care (and I devoutly hope that Mr. J., whose brains equal those of a newly-born tadpole, will not be amongst the number) can see me at any moment on pronouncing the password, "mealy-mouth," in my old place, *close to the space devoted to Royalty.* Yes, I shall be there. In the meantime, I propose to treat of the horses as only I can treat of them. I have nothing to say against *Pioneer,* except that the name promises very well for one who means to lead the way. *Nous verrons,* as Racine said, on a celebrated occasion. As for *The Imp,* I cannot too strongly lay it down that only blue devils are bad for the digestion, and *Galloping Queen* may gallop farther than or not so far as *Miss Ethel.* A miss must be better than a mile to win. If *Theophilus* were *Formidable,* or if *Imogene* possessed a *Grecian Bend,* it might be necessary to sound *Reveille* in *Rotten Row,* which would certainly be a *Marvel.* Not being a roadster, I sometimes like *The Field.*

The above information ought to be sufficient to guide anybody whose brains are calculated to fill an egg-cup. All others may go to Earlswood, where they will probably meet Mr. J.

France and Portugal (who know the value of Peace and Quiet). "YOU GIVE GERMAN SOMESING,—HE GO WAY! YOU GIVE *US* SOMESING,—WE GO WAY!"

"OUR TURN NOW!"

FRANCE AND PORTUGAL (*who know the value of Peace and Quiet*). "YOU GIVE GERMAN SOMESING,—HE GO VAY! YOU GIVE *US* SOMESING,—*WE* GO VAY!!"

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(*Before* MR. COMMISSIONER PUNCH.)

An Anglo-Indian Gentleman introduced.

The Commissioner. Well, Sir, What can I do for you?

Anglo-Indian. I wish respectfully to call your attention, Sir, to our case, which is now before a Parliamentary Committee. I am an Indian Civil Servant. I am called a member of the Uncovenanted Service, but I contend that such a term is a misnomer. Originally the Uncovenanted Service consisted of Natives of India, who were employed, without covenant, to do subordinate official work, under the direction of the Covenanted Civil Service. The bulk of these persons were overseers and tax-collectors.

The Com. Has there been any alteration of late years? I see you lay a stress upon *originally*.

Anglo-In. At this moment there are in the Service, in one department alone — the Educational — a Senior Classic, a Second Wrangler, several other Wranglers, and many Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge, who took high honours with their degrees. The Service now requires great technical knowledge, as it has to deal with Archæology, Finance, Geological Survey, Public Works, and Telegraphy, and can only be entered by Europeans, who have been selected by nomination, or after competition, either by the Secretary of State for India, or the Government of India. It is not an Uncovenanted Service, as we now enter it with the prospect of a pension; and one of our grievances is, that that prospect has become less favourable through the recent action of our employers.

The Com. Be kind enough to explain.

Anglo-In. Certainly, Sir. When we entered the Service our pension, after serving thirty years, was stated by the Secretary of State to be £500. Naturally this was taken to mean gold, but because years ago the Service consisted of Natives, the Government hit upon the plan of paying us in silver, which at the present rate means a loss of £150 in the £500.

The Com. Are the members of the other Indian Services, Civil and Military, treated in like manner?

Anglo-In. No, they are paid their pensions in gold.

The Com. Well, considering the class of men who now enter your Service, I do not see why you should be put at so great a disadvantage. Have you any other grievances?

Anglo-In. Well, thirty years is a long time to have to serve in a climate as trying as the tropics, especially when we are not allowed to count furlough as service.

The Com. I think so, too. Then I may sum up your grievances thus. You are educated men, and therefore deserve fair treatment. You would consider fair treatment, payment of pensions in gold, and the lessening of the years of service necessary to earn the right of retirement?

Anglo-In. Exactly, Sir; and I cannot thank you sufficiently for putting our case so plainly.

The Com. Not at all. Should you receive no redress within a reasonable time, you may mention the matter to me again.

[*The Witness with a grateful bow then withdrew.*

THE SHADOW OF A CASE!

(*To the Editor of Punch.*)

DEAR SIR,—As the leading forensic journal of this great 'country (your contemporary *Weekly Notes* runs you pretty close occasionally in some of its reports), I address you. It was my painful duty a few days ago (I had to "take a note" for a colleague, an occupation more honourable than lucrative), to be present at a cause that was heard before the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice and a Special Jury. The trial created considerable interest, not only amongst the general public, but amongst that branch of our honourable Profession represented by the Junior Bar, no doubt, because certain points of law, not easily recognisable—I frankly confess, I myself, am unable to recount them—were no doubt in question, and had to be decided by competent authority. The Counsel directly engaged were some of the brightest ornaments of Silk and Stuff. Amongst the rest were my eloquent and learned friend, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, my erudite and learned friend Mr. INDERWICK (whose *Side-lights upon the Stuarts*, is a marvel of antiquarian research), and my mirth-compelling and learned friend Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, whose law is only equalled (if, indeed, it is equalled) by his comic draughtmanship. As the details of the trial have been fully reported, there is no necessity to go into particulars. However, there was a feature in the case that the passing notice of an article in one or more of the leading journals is scarcely sufficient to meet.

It was proved that the detective part of divorce (if I may use the expression) may be conducted in a fashion, to say the least, of not the most entirely satisfactory character. A talented family were called before us, whose performances were, from one point of view, extremely amusing. But, Sir, although (as you will be the first to admit) laughter is a most excellent thing in its proper place, the sound of cachinnation is seldom pleasing in the Divorce Court. Under these circumstances I would propose that, in future, Divorce Shadowing should be put under the protection of the State. There should be a special department, and the Shadowers should be of the distinguished position of Mr. MCDOUGALL of the London County Council, and the like. The office of the rank and file of the Shadowers should be honorary, as the pleasure of following in (possibly) unsavoury steps in the cause of virtue, would be to them, I presume, ample reward for any trouble the labour might entail. I would willingly myself undertake the responsibilities attaching to the post of Director-General, of course on the understanding that a suitable provision were made, not only as compensation for the loss of my practice, but also that I might perform the duties of the office with suitable dignity. But when I say this, I would add, that I should reserve to myself the right of seeking the supplementary services of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and Mr. Sheriff AUGUSTUS HARRIS, as assessors in assisting me to distinguish between innocence and vice, and guilt and virtue.

Believe me, with an expression of all necessary respect for "the Nobility" connected with the case to which I have referred, and admiration for the courage of a certain Militiaman, exhibited by his entering the witness-box, and there facing the cross-examination he so richly deserved, I remain, Yours truly,

(*Signed*) A BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court, July 29, 1890.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

POET and Prophet are nearly allied. Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN is an illustration of this, in his recently published *English Lyrics* (MACMILLAN) all of which he must have written in utter ignorance of the doings of the Chairman of the County Council. Yet, hath the Prophetic Poet these lines:—

"Primrose, why do you pass away?"

And the Primrose's return:

"Nay, rather, why should we longer stay?"

But the Conservative bias of the Poet is shown in the next line:

"We are not needed," &c.

The commencement of the poem, however, as here quoted, is evidently an inspiration for which the Poet was not responsible. It is a charming little volume of charming verse. It is good poetic wine, which needs not the bush provided by Mr. WILLIAM WATSON in the shape of a thickset introduction. What, asks W. W., is the attitude of ALFRED AUSTIN towards Nature? This recalls a well-known scene in *Nicholas Nickleby*—"She's a rum 'un, is Natur'," said *Mr. Squeers*. "She is a holy thing, Sir," remarked *Mr. Snawley*. "Natur'," said *Mr. Squeers*, solemnly, "is more easier conceived than described. Oh, what a blessed thing, Sir, to be in a state of natur'!" And these observations of Messrs. *Snawley* and *Squeers* pretty accurately sum up all that the ingenious WILLIAM WATSON has to say about Natur' and ALFRED AUSTIN. The moral of which lies in the application of it, which is,—skip the preface, and make plunge into the poetry.

A good deal has been written in olden time and of late about the Oberammergau Passion Play. Nothing has been better done than the work by Mr. EDWARD R. RUSSELL, formerly M.P. for Glasgow, who visited Oberammergau this year. His account is instinct with keen criticism, fine feeling, and reasoning reverence. Moreover, whilst other works are padded out into bulky volumes, he says all that need be said in fifteen pages of a pleasantly-printed booklet—price sixpence. It is a reprint from letters which the errant Editor contributed to his journal, the *Liverpool Daily Post*, at the sign of which copies may be had. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

Art's Friends and Foe!

TATE, WALLACE, AGNEW! Here be three good names,
Friends of true Art, and furtherers of her aims;
Munificence but waits to take sound shape;
Say, shall it be frustrated by—Red Tape?

BUZZY TIME FOR THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

[Persons interested should secure the Government paper containing all the information in regard to the Hessian Fly, and other injurious insects and fungi.]

"THE CHURCH-GOING BELL."

SUNDAY MORNING, COAST OF NORWAY.

(By Our Yachting Artist.)

JOHNNY, MAKE ROOM FOR DELONCLE!

(New North African Version of an Old Song.)

"M. DELONCLE, in his conversation with a Belgian reporter, puts in a claim for practically the whole of the northern half of Africa, with the possible exception of Egypt."—*The Times.*

AIR—"*Tommy, make room for your Uncle.*"

Deputy DELONCLE (*addressing* JOHNNY BULL) *sings:*—

NOTHING but deserts now left for France!
Hang it! That *will* not do!
Therefore DELONCLE her claims must advance,
Mighty they are, nor few.
Right from Oubanghi unto Lake Tchad,
Through Wadai and Ba-gir-mi!
JOHNNY, my lad, I shall be glad
If you'll make room for ME!

Chorus.

JOHNNY, make room for DELONCLE,
There's a little dear!
JOHNNY, make room for DELONCLE,
He wants to stay here.
He needs the whole of North Africa!
(The rest he may leave to you),
Do not annoy, there's a good boy!
Make room for DELONCLE, do!

To So-ko-to and the Gan-do,
Your claims you must resign.
If France goes far from Zanzibar,
I'll draw a new boundary line.
To the east of the Niger by latitude ten!
That is our mi-ni-*mum!*
Ours the Sahara! Yes, *che sarà sarà!*
Therefore don't *you* look glum!

Chorus.

JOHNNY, make room for DELONCLE!
The Niger is ours, that 's clear.
JOHNNY, make room for DELONCLE!
He doesn't want *you* here.
France must take up her traditional *rôle*
(Of grabbing all she *can* do.)
So, JOHNNY, my boy, don't you annoy;
Make room for DELONCLE, *do!*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 21.—RITCHIE got another Bill through; not a measure of high imperial policy; nothing to do either with Heligoland or Zanzibar; only proposes to improve in various ways the dwellings of the industrial classes. Still, as JOKIM has shown in connection with one or two of his little Bills, it is quite possible nearly to wreck a Ministry even on matter-of-fact business arrangements. But RITCHIE isn't JOKIM, and so his Bill passes to-night, taking two steps at a time, both sides uniting in congratulation and cheers. WALTER FOSTER, rising, salutes the Minister with a quite touching bless-you-my-child attitude. FOSTER rather hints that the Bill everyone is so pleased with, is really his. True, RITCHIE'S name is on back, and he took charge of it in its passage through Committee and House. But the real man was FOSTER; his Amendments had made the Bill; he had moulded it in Committee, and now here he was to give it his blessing. Rather delicate position; sort of cracking up himself, which FOSTER would not do for the world; blushed a little, as he praised the Bill; otherwise accomplished his task with ease and grace, whilst RITCHIE, listening, twitched his eyebrows, and thought unutterable things.

"I wish," said OLD MORALITY, "we had an embarrassment of RITCHIES, or even two or three more like him."

OLD MORALITY been rather worried to-night; a hail-storm of questions on all sorts of subjects; amongst others, TIM HEALY and WILFRID LAWSON badgering him about the Local Taxation Bill. When is it really intended to take it? LAWSON asks OLD MORALITY back at the table again for twentieth time; literally gasping for breath; looked round House with anguished expression; then happy thought strikes him; "MR. SPEAKER, Sir," he says, "it is really impossible to do more than one thing at a time."

The pathetic earnestness with which this axiom was advanced, the sudden swift spasm of conviction that had flashed it across his

mind, his certainty of the soundness of the assertion (paradoxical though it might appear), and his hasty, anxious glance below the Gangway opposite, apprehensive that that quarter would peradventure furnish a person capable of controverting it, all filled the House with keen delight. Laughed for full sixty seconds by Westminster clock; OLD MORALITY standing at table looking round and wondering what on earth he 'd said now.

Business done.—Census Bills read Second Time.

Tuesday.—Pretty quiet sitting, till DIMSDALE craftily crept upon the scene. Don't often hear from this distinguished member of the Order of Noble Barons; generally content to serve his country by voting for the Government. To-night stirred in sluggish depths by omission of Government in preparing Census Bill to provide for Religious Census; so the Noble Baron moves Amendment designed to authorise Religious Census. Opposition Benches nearly empty; those present listen listlessly; know it 's all right: Government are pledged against Religious Census; no harm in the Noble Baron moving his Amendment and making his speech; the Bill as introduced is safe.

Another Noble Baron.

Then up gets RITCHIE; drops remark, in off-hand manner, as if it did not signify, that Members on Ministerial side are free to vote as they please. Sudden change of attitude in Opposition Benches. Listlessness vanishes; a whisper of treachery goes round; CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN makes hot protest; HARCOURT sent for; comes in gleefully; matters been going so quietly, place unbearable for him; now a row imminent, HARCOURT joyously returns to Front Bench. Seats fill up on both sides; OLD MORALITY hurries in; situation explained to him; dolefully shakes his head; HARCOURT thunders denunciation of a Ministry that plays fast and loose with House; then OLD MORALITY gets up, and publicly abjures DIMSDALE and his Amendment. It was, he explained, only RITCHIE's fun in saying Ministerialists were free to vote as they pleased on this matter. The Government were against the Amendment, and of course good Ministerialists would vote with Ministers. So they did, and DIMSDALE's rising hopes crushed by majority of 288 against 69.

Business done.—English Census Bill passed through Committee.

Wednesday.—Came across NICHOLAS WOOD in remote corner of Corridor; had the depressed look familiar when he has been wrestling with great mental problems and finds himself worsted.

"What's the matter now, NICHOLAS? Thinking over what OLD MORALITY said yesterday about impossibility of doing more than one thing at a time?"

"No, TOBY," he said, wearily; "it 's not that; gave that up at once. OLD MORALITY 's a good fellow, but he 's too subtle for me. It 's this Police Question that bothers me; give up a good deal of time to mastering it. Sort of thing seemed likely to suit me; heard all MATTHEWS' speeches; tried to follow CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM; courted CONYBEARE's company, and pursued PICKERSGILL with inquiries. Thought I 'd got a pretty clear notion of what it all meant; and now it turns out all to have led up to making PULESTON Constable of Carnarvon. Never heard his name before in connection with the Police Question. He took no part in discussions; had nothing to do with it I ever heard of; just when I was comfortably getting on another tack, the whole question centres on PULESTON. It seems *he* was the Police Question, and now he 's Constable of Carnarvon. Why Carnarvon? Why not stationed in the Lobby or the Central Hall where he would be with old friends? Suppose he 'll wear a blue coat, bright buttons, and a belt, and will shadow LOYD-GEORGE who now sits for Carnarvon? If you write to him must you address your letters "P.C. PULESTON"? and shall we have to change refrain of our latest National Hymn? instead of singing '*Ask a Policeman?*' shall we have to chant '*Ask a* PULESTON?' These are the new problems; suddenly rushed in, bothering me to death when I thought I 'd got pretty well through Session, Recess close at hand and no more difficult points coming up. Don't think, TOBY, I was cut out for politics; perhaps I take them too seriously; but like to know things, and there are so many things to know."

Try to cheer up NICHOLAS; suggest to him that he should put his questions down on the paper; might address them to FERGUSON; a little out of the way of Foreign Affairs; but a conversation publicly conducted between NICHOLAS and FERGUSON would be interesting.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Friday.—House in rather strange condition to-night; things all sevens and sixes; Motion is that Anglo-German Agreement Bill be read Second Time. Opinion very mixed on merits of measure; on the whole, no particular objection to it, even though with it goes Heligoland. Still, an Opposition must oppose; but where is the Opposition? Mr. G. came down last night; said he 'd no particular objection to Treaty, but didn't like the process of confirming it; so publicly washed his hands of the business. Since the announcement appeared in papers, HERBERT tells me his illustrious father's life has been a burden to him. Every post brings him letters from rival advertising soap manufacturers, making overtures of business transactions.

"Sir," runs one of these epistles, "alluding to your statement in the House of Commons last night that you publicly washed your hands of participation in the Anglo-German Treaty, would you have any objection to our stating that the substance used was our celebrated Salubrious Savon? Anticipating your favourable reply, we assume that you would have no objection to our publishing a portrait of you using our soap, with its familiar label, 'Does not wash collars.' We have only to add that in the event of your favourably accepting this suggestion, we shall esteem it a favour to be allowed to gratuitously supply you and your family with specimens of our art for the term of your natural lives."

This is merely an incident in the struggle, illustrating one of the embarrassments it has evolved. Only man thoroughly happy is HARCOURT. He invented the line of attack on ground of breach of constitutional usages; put up Mr. G. to make his speech; supplied him with authorities, and in supplementary speech amazed House with his erudition. Made stupendous speech last night; literally gorged the House; to-night picks up fragments and provides another feast; six baskets wouldn't hold it.

The British Constitution.

"Wish, TOBY, dear boy," he said, sinking back in his seat after delivering his second speech, cunningly grafted on an Amendment, "we could carry this over next week. I could easily make a speech a day. Remember when I was once in Ireland, asked a tenant how he liked the new agent, who was reputed to be very able business man. 'Well,' said my acquaintance, 'I don't know about his business daylings, but for blasphaymious language, he 's *au revoir*.' On constitutional questions, TOBY, I may, with all modesty, say I 'm *au revoir*."

Business done.—Anglo-German Treaty agreed to.

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"*With your Lordship's permission, my Junior will settle the minutes;*" *i.e.*, "And so save us both the trouble of apportioning, in the customary perfunctory fashion, the oyster to the solicitors, and the shells to the clients."

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

"*You don't mind my telling you exactly where I think you're wrong?*" *i.e.*, "You obviously want setting down, and I may as well do it."

"*Do you mind just stating that over again?*" *i.e.*, "While I think of something to say in reply."

"*Of course you know more about the subject than I do;*" *i.e.*, "I am pretty sure you never gave it a thought till this minute."

"*If you care for my candid opinion;*" *i.e.*, "I am now about to be annoying, and perhaps rude."

"*All right, I'm not deaf!*" *i.e.*, "Keep your confounded temper."

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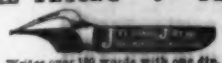

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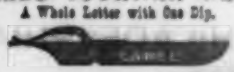
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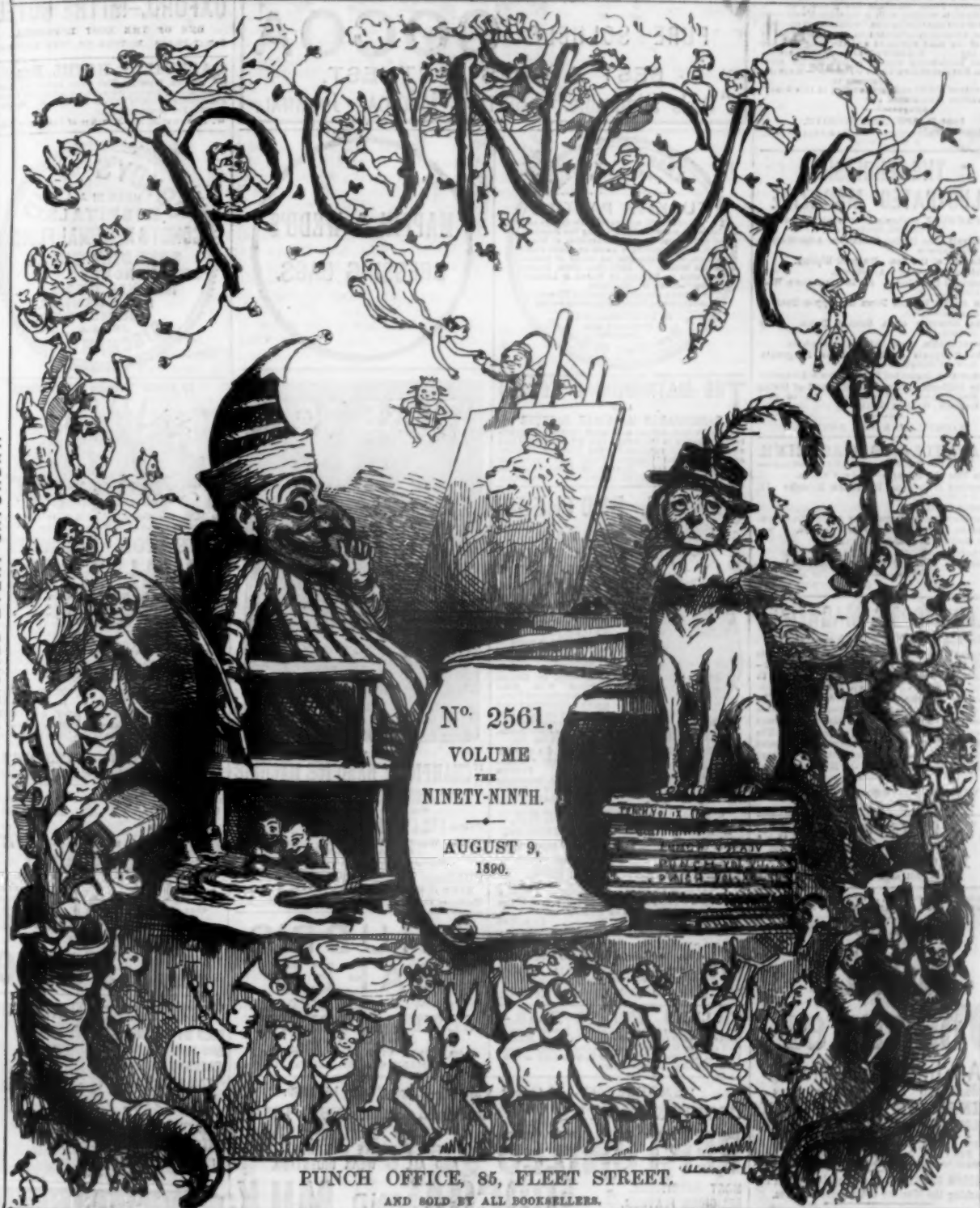

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FIRST AID TO TOMMY ATKINS.

SIR,—I visited the Military Exhibition the other day according to your instructions, my bosom glowing with patriotic ardour. If anything besides your instructions and the general appropriateness of the occasion had been necessary to make my bosom glow thus, it would have been found in the fact that I formerly served my country in a Yeomanry Regiment. I shall never forget the glorious occasions on which I wore a cavalry uniform, and induced some of my best friends to believe I had gone to the dogs and enlisted. However, to relate my Yeomanry adventures, which included a charge by six of us upon a whole army, would be to stray from my point, which is to describe what I saw at the Military Exhibition. I was lame (oh, dear no, not the gout, a mere strain) and took a friend, an amiable young man, with me to lean upon.

"There's one place I really *do* know," he had said to me, "and that's this bally place."

I therefore felt I was safe with him. We arrived. We entered. "Take me," I said, "to the battle-pictures, so that I may study my country's glories."

"Right!" he answered, and with a promptitude that does him immense credit, he brought me out into a huge arena in the open air with seats all round it, a grand stand, and crowds of spectators. The performance in the arena so deeply interested me that I forgot all about the pictures. I saw at once what it was. Detachments of our citizen soldiers were going through ambulance drill. The sight was one which appealed to our common humanity. My daring, dangerous Yeomanry days rose up again before me, and I felt that if ever I had had to bleed for my QUEEN I should not have bled untended. Even my companion, a scoffer, who had never risen above a full privacy in the Eton Volunteers, was strangely moved. There were, I think, ten detachments, each provided with a stretcher and a bag containing simple surgical appliances. All that was wanted to complete the realism of the picture was the boom of the cannon, the bursting of shells, and the rattle of musketry. In imagination I supplied them, as I propose to do, for your benefit, Sir, in the following short account.

It was a sultry afternoon; the battle had been raging for hours; the casualties had been terrible. "Dress up, there, dress up!" said the Sergeant in command, addressing detachment No. 2, "and you, JENKINS, tilt your forage-cap a leetle more over your right ear; BROWN, don't blow your nose, the General's looking; God bless my soul, THOMPSON, you've buckled that strap wrong, undo it and re-buckle it at once." With such words as these he cheered his men, while to right and left the death-dealing missiles sped on their course. "Stand at ease; 'shon! Stand at ease! 'shon!" he next shouted. A Corporal at this point was cut in two by a ball from a forty-pounder, but nobody paid any heed to him. Stiff, solid, and in perfect line, stood the detachments waiting for the word to succour the afflicted. At last it came. In the midst of breathless excitement the ten bent low, placed their folded stretchers on the ground, unbuckled and unfolded them, and then with a simultaneous spring rose up again and resumed their impassive attitude. "Very good," said the Sergeant, "very good. THOMPSON you were just a shade too quick; you must be more careful. Stand at ease!" and at ease they all stood.

But where were the wounded? Aha! here they come, noble, fearless heroes, all in line, marching with a springy step to their doom. One by one they took their places, in line at intervals of about ten yards, and lay down each on his appointed spot to die, or be wounded, and to be bandaged and carried off. But now a terrible question arose. *Would there be enough to go round?* I had only counted nine of them, which was one short of the necessary complement, but at this supreme moment another grievously wounded warrior ran lightly up and lay down opposite the tenth detachment. We breathed again.

And now began some charming manœuvres. Each detachment walked round its stretcher twice, then stood at ease again, then at attention, then dressed up and arranged itself, and brushed itself down. All this while their wounded comrades lay writhing, and appealing for help in vain. It was with difficulty that, lame as I was, I could be restrained from dashing to their aid. But at last everything was in order. Stretchers were solemnly lifted. The detachments marched slowly forward, and deposited their stretchers each beside a wounded man. Then began a scene of busy bandaging. But not until the whole ten had been bound up, legs, arms, heads, feet, fingers &c., was it permissible to lift one of them from the cold cold ground which he had bedewed with his blood.

"Now then," said the Sergeant, "carefully and all together. Lift!" and all together they were lifted and placed in their stretchers. More play with straps and buckles, more rising and stooping, and then the pale and gasping burdens were at last raised and carried in a mournful procession round the ground. But when they arrived at the place where the ambulance was supposed to be, they had all been dead three quarters of an hour. "Dear me," said the Sergeant, "how vexing. ROBINSON, your chin-strap 's gone wrong. Now, all together. Drop 'em!" And so the day ended, and the pitiless sun sated with, &c., &c., &c.

I afterwards visited the Field Hospital to see a number of wax figures in uniform, cheerfully arranged as wounded men in all the stages of pain and misery. How encouraging for TOMMY ATKINS, I thought to myself; but at this moment my supporter informed me that he had remembered where to find the battle-pictures, and thither therefore we proceeded, thankful in the knowledge that if either of us ever happened to be struck down in battle he would be well looked after by an admirably drilled body of men.

I am, Sir, Yours as usual, LE PETIT SHOWS.

THE PROFESSIONAL GUEST
AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

TRUSTING that you take some interest in my fate, after the more or less pleasant (?) week I spent at Henley, I hasten to let you know that I am again visiting friends, though this time on *terra firma*, and that the customary trials of the "Professional Guest" are once more my portion. The very evening of my arrival, I discovered that a man with whom I had not been on speaking terms for years was to be my neighbour at dinner, and that a girl (who really I cannot understand *any one* asking to their house) with the strangest coloured hair, and the most unnaturally dark eyes, was taken in by the host, and called "darling" by the hostess. After dinner, which, by reason of the "range" being out of order, was of a rather limited type, they all played cards. That is a form of amusement I don't like—I can't afford it; and this, coupled with the fact that I was not asked to sing, somewhat damped my ardour as regards visiting strange houses.

A hard bed, and a distant snore, kept me awake till break of day, when, for a brief space, I successfully wooed Morpheus. I think I slept for seven minutes. Then a loud bell rang, and, several doors on an upper floor were heavily banged. I heard the servants chattering as they went down to breakfast. Then there was silence, and once more I composed myself to rest, when the dreadest sound of all broke on my ear. *The baby began to cry.* Then I gave it up as hopeless, but it was with a sensation of being more dead than alive that I crawled down to breakfast—late, of course. One is always late the first morning in a strange house—one can never find one's things. I bore with my best professional smile the hearty chaff of my host (how I hate a hearty man the first thing in the morning) and the audible remarks of the dear children who were seated at intervals round the table. But my patience well-nigh gave way when I found that our hostess had carefully mapped out for her guests a list of amusements (save the mark!) which extended not only over that same day, but several ensuing ones.

I am not of a malice-bearing nature, but I do devoutly pray that she, too, may one day taste the full horror of being tucked into a high dog-cart alongside of a man who you know cannot drive; the tortures, both mental and physical, of a long walk down dusty roads and over clayey fields to see that old Elizabethan house "only a mile off;" or the loathing induced by a pic-nic among mouldering and utterly uninteresting ruins. All this I swallowed with the equanimity and patience born of many seasons of country-house visiting; I even interviewed the old family and old-fashioned cook, on the subject of a few new dishes, and I helped to entertain some of those strange aboriginal creatures called "the county." But the announcement one afternoon, that we were to spend the next in driving ten miles to attend a Primrose League *Fête* in the private grounds of a local magnate, proved too much for me. Shall you be surprised to hear that on the following morning I received an urgent telegram recalling me to town? My hostess was, or affected to be, overwhelmed that by my sudden departure I should miss the *fête*. I knew, however, that the "dyed" girl rejoiced, and in company with the objectionable man metaphorically threw up her hat.

As I passed through the Lodge-gates on my way to the station I almost vowed that I would never pay another visit again. But even as I write, an invitation was brought me. It is from my Aunt. She writes that she has taken charming rooms at Flatsands, and hopes I will go and stay with her there for a few days. She thinks the sea air will do me good. Perhaps it will. I shall write at once and accept.

THE ODD GIRL OUT.

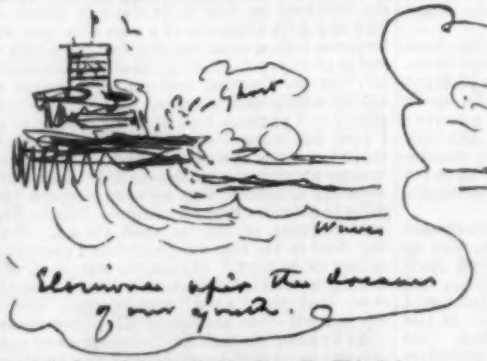
FROM OUR YOTTING YORICK, P.A.

Aboard the Yot "Placid," bound for Copenhagen (I hope).

DEAR EDITOR,

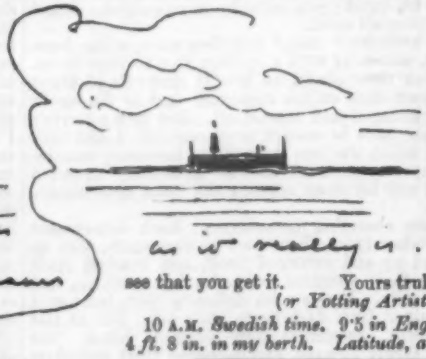
You told me when I set sail (I didn't set sail myself, you nderstand, but the men did it for me, or rather for my friends, Mr and Mrs. SKIPPER, to whose kindness I owe my present position—which is far from a secure one,—but no matter), you said to me, "Send me notes of your voyage to Sweden and Norway, and the land of *Hamlet*. You'll see lots of funny things, and you'll take a humorous view of what isn't funny; send me your humorous views." Well, Sir, I sent you "*Mr. Punch looking at the Midnight Sun*," pretty humorous I think ("more pretty than humorous," you cabled to me at Bergen), and since that I have sent you several beautiful works of Art, in return for which I received another telegram from you saying, "No 'go.' Send something funny." The last I sent ("*The Church-going Bell*," a pretty peasant woman in a boat—"*belle*," you see) struck me as very humorous. The idea of people going to Church in a boat!

What was I to do? Well—here at last I send you something which *must* be humorous. It looks like it. *Mr. Punch* driving in Norway, in a *cariole*. *Mr. Punch* anywhere is humorous; and with TOBY too; though I am perfectly aware that TOBY, M.P., is in his place in the House; but then TOBY is ubarquitous. That's funny, isn't it?—see "bark" substituted for "big," the original word being "ubiquitous." This is the sort of "*vürdtwistren*" at which they roar in Sweden.



It's all *très bien* (very well) but how the deuce can you be funny in the Baltic? Why call it Baltic? For days and nights at sea, sometimes up, more often down, and a sense of inability coming over me in the middle of the boundless deep. Alas, poor YORICK! YORICK Yotting has no buffoonery left in him? I too, who was once the life of all the Lifes and Souls of a party! Where is that party now? Where am *I*? What is my life on board? Life!—say existence. I rise early; I can't help it. I am tubbed on deck: deck'd out in my best towels. So I commence the day by going to Bath. [That's humorous, isn't it? I hope so. I mean it as such.] Then breakfast. Then lunch. Then dinner. No drinking permitted between meals: to which regulation *I am gradually becoming habituated*. It is difficult to acquire new habits. Precious difficult in mid-ocean, where there isn't a tailor. [Humorous again, eh?] I now understand what is the meaning of "a Depression is crossing the Atlantic." There's an awful Depression hanging about the Baltic.

I send you a sketch of Elsinore, as I thought it would be, and Elsinore as it is. Elsinore is like the Pumping Works at Barking Creek. And I've come all this way to see this!! Elsinore! I'd rather go Elsewhere-inore,—say, Margate.



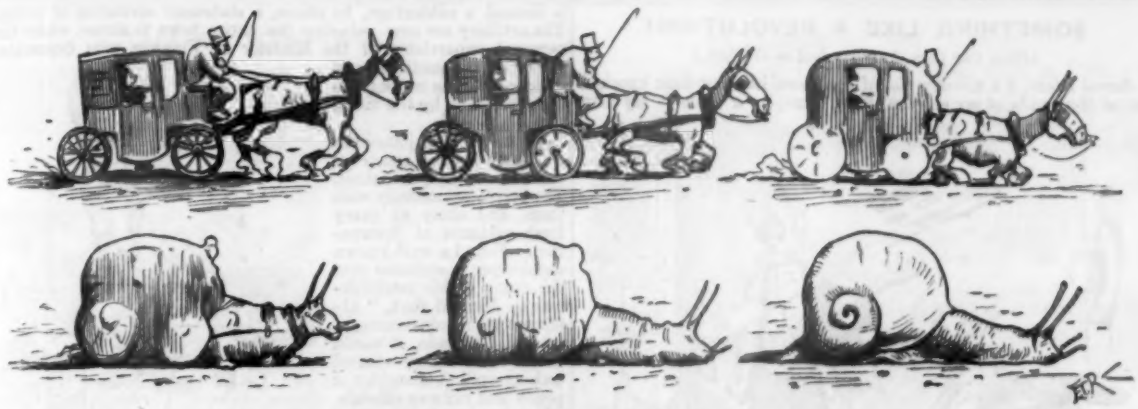
Think I shall put this in a bottle, cork it up, and send it overboard, and you'll get it by Tidal Post. Whether I do this or not depends on circumstances over which I may possibly have no control. Anyhow, at dinner-time, *I shall ask for the bottle*. When you ask for it, see that you get it. Yours truly,

JETSAM

(*or Yotting Artist in Black and White*).

10 A.M. *Swedish time*. 9·5 *in English miles*. *Longitude* 4 *ft*. 8 *in. in my berth*. *Latitude, any amount of*.

AN EXCELLENT RULE.—We are informed that "extreme ugliness" and "male hysteria" are admitted as "adequate disqualifications" for the French Army. If the same rule only applied to the English House of Commons, what a deal of noise and nonsense we should be spared!



A METROPOLITAN METAMORPHOSIS.

The Awful Result of Persistent "Crawling."

THE DYING SWAN.

(*Latest Version, a long way after the Laureate.*)

"Thames 'Swan Upping.'—The Queen's swanherd and the officials of the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies arrived at Windsor yesterday on their annual 'swan-upping' visit, for the purpose of marking or 'nicking' the swans and cygnets belonging to Her Majesty, and the Companies interested in the preservation of the birds that haunt the stream between London and Henley. It is said that the Thames swans are steadily decreasing owing to the traffic on the upper reaches of the river, and other causes detrimental to their breeding."—*The Times.*

I.

July was wet,—a thing not rare—
With sodden ground and chilly air;
The sky presented everywhere
A low-pitched roof of doleful grey;
With a rain-flusht flood the river ran;
Adown it floated a dying Swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day,
The "Swanherd" and his men went on,
"Nicking" the cygnets as they went.

II.

The "Swanherd" showed a blue-peaked nose,
And white against the cold white sky
Shone many a face of those
Who o'er the upper reaches swept,
On swans and cygnets keeping an eye.
Dyers and Vintners, portly, mellow
Chasing the birds of the jetty bill
Through the reed clusters green and still;
And through the osier mazes crept
Many a cap-feathered crook-armed fellow.

III.

The lone Swan's *requiem* smote the soul
With the reverse of joy.
It spake of sorrow, of outfalls queer,
Dyeing the floods once full and clear;
Of launches wildly galumphing by,
Washing the banks into hollow and hole;
Sometimes afar, and sometimes a-near.
All-marring 'Arry's exuberant voice,
With music strange and manifold,
Howling out choruses loud and bold
As when Bank-holidayites rejoice
With concertinas, and the many-holed
Shrill whistle of tin, till the riot is rolled
Through shy backwaters, where swan-nests are;
And greasy scraps of the *Echo* or *Star*,
Waifs from the cads' oleaginous feeds,
Emitting odours reekingly rank,
Drift under the clumps of the water-weeds,
And broken bottles invade the reeds,
And the wavy swell of the many-barged tug
Breaks, and befouls the green Thames' bank.
And the steady decrease of the snow-plumed throng
That sail the upper Thames reaches among,
Was prophesied in that plaintive song.

DOING IT CHEAPLY.

A re-action against the extravagance which marked the entertainments of the London Season of 1890 having set in, the following rules and regulations will be observed in the Metropolis until further notice.

1. Persons invited to dinner parties will be expected to furnish their own plate and linen, and some of the viands and wines to be used at the feast.

2. To carry out the above, a *menu* of the proposed meal will form a part of every card of invitation, which will run as follows:—"Mr. and Mrs. —— request the honour of Mr. and Mrs. ——'s company to dinner, on —— when they will kindly bring with them enough for twelve persons of the dish marked —— on the accompanying *Menu*, P.T.O."

3. Persons invited to a Ball will treat the supper as a pic-nic, to which all the guests are expected to contribute.

4. On taking leave of a hostess every guest will slip into her hand a packet containing a sum of money sufficient to defray his or her share of the evening's expenses.

5. Ladies making calls at or about five o'clock, will bring with them tea, sugar, milk, pound-cake, cucumber sandwiches, and bread and butter.

6. As no bands will be furnished at evening parties, guests who can play will be expected to bring their musical instruments with them. N.B. This does not apply to pianofortes on the premises, for which a small sum will be charged to those who use them.

7. Should a *cotillon* be danced, guests will provide their own presents, which will become the perquisites of the host and hostess.

8, *and lastly*. Should the above rules, compiled in the interest of leaders of Society, be insufficient to keep party-givers from appearing in the Court of Bankruptcy, guests who have partaken of any hospitality will be expected to contribute a gratuity, to enable the Official Receiver to declare a small and final dividend.

Perquisites.—"Nice thing to belong to National Liberal Club," observed Mr., G., who didn't dine at that establishment for nothing, "because, you see, they go in there for 'Perks.'"

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE!"

(*Latest Reading.*)

Noblesse oblige! And what 's the obligation,
Read in the light of recent demonstration?
A member of "our old Nobility"
May be "obliged," at times, to play the spy,
Lay traps for fancied frailty, disenthrall
"Manhood" by "playing for" a woman's fall;
Redeem the wreckage of a "noble" name
By building hope on sin, and joy on shame;
Redress the work of passion's reckless boldness
By craven afterthoughts of cynic coldness;
Purge from low taint "the blood of all the Howards" [cowards!
By borrowings from the code of cads and
Noblesse oblige? Better crass imbecility
Of callow youth—*with* pluck—than such "nobility"!

Home-ing.—Dr. Barnardo's delightfully simple plan of getting a little boy to sign an affidavit to the effect that he was so happy at Dr. Barnardo's Home, Sweet Home, and that, wherever he might wander, there was really no place on earth like Dr. Barnardo's Home, may remind Dickensian students of a somewhat analogous method apparently adopted by *Mr. Squeers*, when, on his welcome return to Dotheboys Hall, he publicly announced that "he had seen the parents of some boys, and they 're so glad to hear how their sons are getting on, that there 's no prospect at all of their going away, which, of course, is a very pleasant thing to reflect upon for all parties." The conduct of such parents or relatives who send children or permit them to be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Home, Sweet Home, where, at all events, they are well fed and cared for, bears some resemblance to that of *Graymarsh's* maternal aunt, who was "short of money, but sends a tract instead, and hopes that *Graymarsh* will put his trust in Providence," and also to that of *Mobb's* mother-in-law," who was so disgusted with her stepson's conduct (for Dickens meant step-mother when he wrote "mother-in-law"—an odd *lapsus calami* never subsequently corrected) that she "stopped his halfpenny a-week pocket-money, and had given a double-bladed knife with a corkscrew in it to the Missionaries, which she had bought on purpose for him." We don't blame Dr. Barnardo—much; but we do blame these weak-knee'd parents and guardians, who apparently don't know their own minds. In the recent case which was sarcastically treated by the Judge, Dr. B. found that he could buy Gould too dear.

SOMETHING LIKE A REVOLUTION!

(From Our Own Correspondent on the Spot.)

Samol Plazo, 8 A.M.—My *plat* of *egsibaconi* has just been knocked out of the hands of my servant, Patpotato, by a bullet. My man

Our Correspondent at Breakfast.

(who is of Irish extraction) thinks that the long-expected revolution must have commenced; "for," as he argues, "when everything is down, something is sure to be up." I think so too. I am now going to Government House. If I don't get this through, make complaint at the Post Office, for it will be their fault not mine.

9 A.M.—Am now at Head Quarters. Not much trouble getting here. Came by a *bussi*, a local conveyance drawn by two horses, and much used by the humbler classes. On our road one of the steeds and the roof of the *bussi* were carried away by a shell, but as I was inside this caused me little annoyance, and I got comfortably to my destination with the remainder. Just seen the President, who says laughingly, that "there has been practically nothing but perfect peace and quiet." I doubt whether this can be quite the case, as he was sitting in front of Government House, which was at that very moment undergoing a vigorous bombardment. When I pointed this out to him, he confessed that he had noticed it himself, but did not think much of it. He was in excellent spirits, and told me a funny story about the narrow escape of his mother-in-law. I am now off to see how the other side are progressing. If the Post Office people tell you they can't send my telegrams to you, refuse to believe them.

Narrow Escape of Our Correspondent.

10 A.M.—As I suspected, from the first, there *has* been a disturbance. I thought it must be so, as I could not otherwise understand why my *cabbi* should have been blown into the air, while passing through a mined street on the road here. I am now at the Head Quarters of the Oniononi, who seem to be in great strength. They appear to be very pleased that the fleet should have joined them, and account for the action by saying that the sailors, as bad shots, would naturally blaze away at the biggest target—Government House. So far, the disturbances have caused little inconvenience. I date this 10 A.M., but I cannot tell you the exact time, as the clock-tower has just been carried away by a new kind of land torpedo.

12, Noon.—I am now once again at the Government Head Quarters. As I could get no better conveyance, I inflated my canvas carpet-bag with gas, and used it as a balloon. I found it most valuable in crossing the battery which now masks the remains of what was once Government House. The President, after having organised a band of *picpocketini* (desperadoes taken from the gaols), has gone into the provinces, declaring that he has a toothache. By some, this declaration is deemed a subterfuge, by others, a statement savouring of levity. The artillery are now reducing the entire town to atoms, under the personal supervision of the Minister of Finance, who deprecates waste in ammunition, and declares that he is bound to the President by the tie of the battle-field.

2 P.M.—Have rejoined the Oniononi, coming hither by ricochet on a spent shell. The people are entirely with them, and cheer at every fresh evidence of destruction. Found a well-known shopkeeper in ecstasies over the ruins of his establishment. He said that, "Although the revolution might be bad for trade, it would do good, as things wanted waking up." A slaughter of police and railway officials, which has just been carried out with infinite spirit, seems to be immensely popular. If you don't get this, make immediate complaint. Don't accept, as an excuse, that the wires have been cut, and the office razed to the ground. They can get it through, if they like.

Our Correspondent in an Elevated Position.

4 P.M.—Just heard a report that I myself have been killed and buried. As I can get no corroboration of this statement, I publish it under reservation. I confine myself to saying that it may be true, although I have my doubts upon the subject.

6 P.M.—It seems (as I imagined) that the report of my death and funeral is a canard. This shows how necessary it is to test the truth of every item of information before hurrying off to the Telegraph Office. Efforts are now being made to bring about a reconciliation between the contending parties.

8 P.M.—The revolution is over. When both sides had exhausted their ammunition, peace naturally became a necessity. The contending parties are now dining together, *al fresco*, as the town is in ruins. Nothing more to add save, All's well that ends well!

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

Workmen's.

"*Merry Christmas to you, Sir, and many on 'em!*" *i.e.*, "Have you got that half-crown handy?"

In the Smoking-Room.

"*Quite so; but then, you see, that's not my point;*" *i.e.*, "It *was*, ten minutes ago."

"*Yes, but allow me one moment;*" *i.e.*, "Kindly give me your close attention for twenty-five minutes."

Social.

"*Not your fault, indeed! Mine for having so long a train;*" *i.e.*, "Awkward toad!"

"*Where did you get that lovely dress, dear?*" *i.e.*, "That I may avoid that dress-maker."

Theatrical.

"*Whose talents have been seen to better advantage;*" *i.e.*, "A cruel bad actor—but can't say so."

"*When the nervousness of a first night has been got over;*" *i.e.*, "Never saw a worse play—but it may catch on."

"*The Author's modesty prevented him from responding to loud calls;*" *i.e.*, "Timid youth, probably. Foresaw brickbats."

"Bravo, Toro!"—M. Constans will not allow Bull-fighting in Paris, even for "the benefit of the Martinique sufferers." Quite right! But if he would only discourage "Bull-fighting" in Egypt—the sort of "Bull-fighting" desired by Chauvinist M. Deloncle—he would do good service to the land of the Pyramids, to the poor fellah, and to civilisation.

Note from Brighton.—The exterior of the recently-opened Hôtel Métropole, is so effective, that the Architect, Mr. Waterhouse, R.A., is likely to receive many commissions for the erection of similar hostelries at our principal marine resorts. He will take out letters patent for change of name, and be known henceforward as Mr. Sea-Waterhouse, R.A. By the way, the Directors of the Gordon Hotels Co. wish it to be generally known that they have not started a juvenile hotel for half-price children, under the name of the Gordon Boys' Hotel.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHO remembers a certain story called, if I remember aright, *The Wheelbarrow of Bordeaux*, that appeared in a Christmas Number of the *Illustrated London News* some years ago? If no one else does, I do, says the Baron; and that sensational story was a sensational sell, wherein the agony was piled up to the "n^th," and just as the secret was about to be disclosed, the only person who knew it, and was on the point of revealing it, died. This is the sort of thing that Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING has just done in this month's *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is told in a plain, rough and ready, blunt style, but so blunt that there's no point in it. And the idea,—that is if the idea be that the likeness of the assassin remains on the retina of the victim's eye, and can be reproduced by photography,—is not a novelty. Perhaps this story in *Lippincott* comes out of one of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING's pigeon-holes, and was just chucked in haphazard, because Editorial *Lippincott* wanted something with the name of the KIPLING, "bright and merry," to it. It's not very "bright," and it certainly isn't "merry."

Black's Guide to Kent for 1890, useful in many respects, but not quite up to date. The Baron cannot find any information about the splendid Golf Grounds, nor the Golf Club at Sandwich; it speaks of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE's place on the East Cliff of Ramsgate as if that benevolent centenarian were still alive; and it retains an old-fashioned description of Ramsgate as "The favourite resort of superior London tradesmen"—"which," says the Baron, "is, to my certain knowledge, very far from being the case." It talks of the "humours of the sands," and alludes to what is merely the cheap-trippers' season, as if this could possibly be the best time for Ramsgate. The *Guide* knows nothing, or at least says nothing, of the Winter attractions; of the excellent pack of harriers; of the delightful climate from mid-September to January; of the southern aspect; of the pure air; of the many excursions to Ash, Deal, Sandwich, Ickham, and so forth; nor can the Baron discover any mention of the Granville Hotel, nor of the Albion Club, nor of the sport for fishers and shooters; nor of the Riviera-like mornings in November and in the early Spring, which are the real attractions of Ramsgate, and make it one of the finest health-resorts in Winter for all "who love life, and would see good days." It reminds me," says the Baron, puffing off his smoke indignantly, "of Mr. IRVING and a certain youthful critic, who, in his presence at supper, had been running down *Macbeth*, finding fault with the Lyceum production of it, and ridiculing SHAKSPEARE for having written it. When he had quite finished, HENRY IRVING, 'laying low' in his chair at the table, adjusted his pince-nez, and, looking straight at the clever young gentleman, asked, in the mildest possible tone, 'My dear Sir, have you ever *read Macbeth*?' So," resumes the Baron, "I am inclined to ask Mr. BLACK's young man, 'Do you *know* Ramsgate?' And of course I mean the Ramsgate of 1890."

From the specimens of *London City* that have been sent for inspection by Messrs. FIELD & TUER, of the Leadenhall Press, who are bringing it out, the Baron augurs a grand result, artistically and financially. It is to be published at forty-two shillings, but subscribers will get it for a guinea, so intending possessors had evidently better become subscribers. The history of the Great City is to be told by Mr. W. J. LOFTIE, so that it starts with an elevated tone and the loftiest principles, and the illustrations will be by Mr. WM. LUKER, a talented draughtsman who, as a Luker-on has seen most of the games in the City. In consequence of some piratical publisher having attempted to bring out a work under the same title, intended to deceive even the elect, Messrs. FIELD & TUER have secured the copyright of the title *London City*, by the ingenious device of publishing, for one farthing each, five hundred copies of a miniature pamphlet bearing this title, and containing the explanation. The value of these eccentric farthing pamphlets may one day be thousands of pounds. *Mem.*—Twopence would be well invested in purchasing four of them.

Salads and Sandwiches is an attractive title, specially at this season. The arrangement of the book is, like the salad, a little mixed. When, however, the knowing Baron finds that abomination known as salad dressing, or "salad mixing," which is sold at the grocer's, recommended by a writer who professes to teach salad-making, then he closes the book, and reads no more that day. This author, who is in his salad days, might bring out a book entitled *How to Suck Eggs; or, Letters to my Grandmother*. It is a suggestion worth considering, says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

TO PYRRHA ON THE THAMES.

O PYRRHA! say what youth in "blazer" drest,
Woos you on pleasant Thames these summer eves;
For whom do you put on that dainty vest,
That sky-blue ribbon and those *gigot* sleeves.

"*Simplex munditiis*," as HORACE wrote,
And yet, poor lad, he'll find that he is rash;
To-morrow you'll adorn some other boat,
And smile as kindly on another "mash."

As for myself—I'm old, and look askance
At flannels and flirtation; not for me
Youth's idiotic rapture at a glance
From maiden eyes: although it comes from thee.

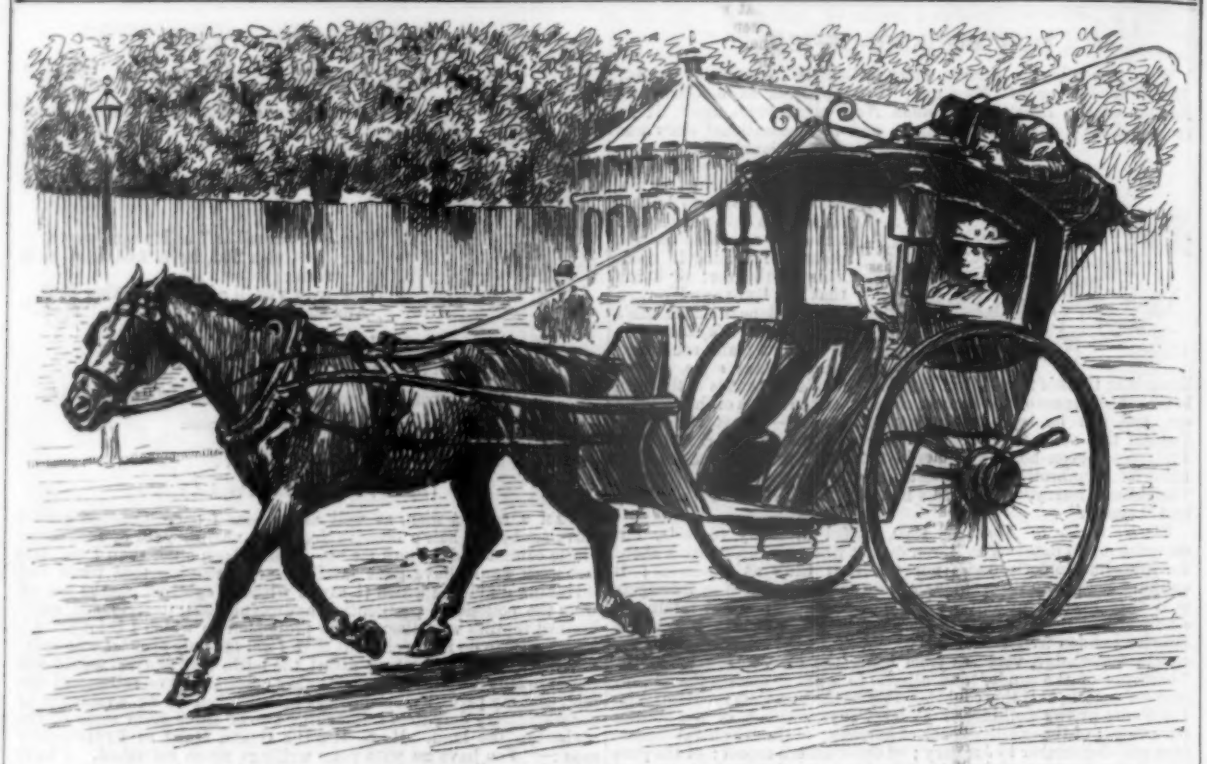
IN THE KNOW.

(*By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.*)

I AM a modest man, as well as an honest one. Censure cannot move me by one hair's breadth from the narrow path of rectitude; praise cannot unduly puff me up. Had I been other than I am, this last week would have gone fatally near to ruining that timid and shrinking diffidence which (I say it without egotism) marks me off from the poisonous, pestilential, hydrocephalous, putty-faced, suet-brained reptiles who disgrace the profession to which I belong. All I wish now to do is to point out that *I am the only prophet* who indicated, without any beating about the bush, that *Marvel* would win the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. My admirers have recognised the fact, and my private residence has been choked by an avalanche of congratulatory despatches, including two or three from some of the highest in the land. H. S. H., the Grand Duke of PFEIFENTOPF says:—"You have me with your writings much refreshed. I have the whole revenues of the Grand Duchy against one thousand *flaschen* of lager bier gebetted, and I have won him on your noble advice on *Marvel*. I make you Commander of the Honigthau Order." I merely cite this to show that my appreciators are not to one country confined—I mean, confined to one country.

What did I say last week, in speaking of the Stewards' Cup horses? By the well-known grammatical figure known as the *hysteroproteron*, I mentioned *Marvel* last, intending, of course, as even a buffalo-headed Bedlamite might have seen, that he should be first. And he was first. But to make assurance doubly sure, and to bring prophecy down to the intellectual level of a bat, I added, in speaking of the winner, that he "would certainly be a *Marvel*." I say no more. As the great Cardinal once observed to his chief of police, "*Je te verrai soufflé d'abord*," so I reply to those who wish me to reveal the secret of my success. Mr. J. knows it not, and no single member of the imbecile, anserous, asinine, cow-hocked, spavin-brained, venomous, hugger-mugger purveyors of puddling balderdash who follow him has the least conception of my glorious system. But I am willing to teach, though I have nothing to learn. For six halfpenny stamps those who desire to *know*, shall receive my pamphlet on "Book-making." Every applicant must send his photograph with his application, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

"SUR LE TAPIS."—It was a carpet that ostensibly parted an eminent firm of composer, author, and theatrical manager. W. S. G. didn't want D'OYLY CARPET—no, beg pardon, should have written D'OYLY CARTE to have *carte blanche*. [Pretty name this. Is there a BLANCHE CARTE? If not, "make it so."]—to do whatever he liked whenever he liked with the decorating and upholstering of the theatre. And recently another carpet, not in connection with the above firm, created a difficulty. What's a thousand-guinea carpet to a man who likes this sort of thing? Nothing. Yet as *amici curiæ*, we would have thought that that Tottenham Road carpet might have been kept out of Court. Wasn't that a Blunder, MAPLE?



THE LOVE LETTER.—A STUDY OF INDISCRETION.

FROM NILE TO NEVA.

["And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour. And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage."—*Exodus.*

"The Russian Government, by the new edicts, legalises persecution, and openly declares war against the Jews of the Empire."—*Times.*]

"BEWARE!" 'Tis a voice from the shades, from the dark of three thousand long years,
But it falls like the red blade of RA, and should echo in Tyranny's ears
With the terror of overhead thunder; from Nile to the Neva it thrills,
And it speaks of the judgment of wrong, of the doom of imperious wills.
When PENTAOUR sang of the PHARAOH, alone by Orontes, at bay,
By the chariots compassed about of the foe who were fierce for the fray,
He sang of the dauntless oppressor, of RAMESES, conquering king;
But were there such voice by the Neva to-day, of what now should he sing?
Of tyranny born out of time, of oppression belated and vain?
Put up the old weapon, O despot, slack hand from the scourge and the chain;
For the days of the PHARAOHS are done, and the laureates of tyranny mute,
And the whistle of falchion and flail are not set to the chords of the lute.
True, the Hebrew, who bowed to the lash of the Pyramid-builders, bows still,
For a time, to the knout of the TSAR, to the Muscovite's merciless will;
But four millions of Israel's children are not to be crushed in the path
Of a TSAR, like the Hittites of old, when great RAMESES flamed in his wrath
Alone through their numberless hosts. No, the days of the Titans of Wrong
Are past, for the Truth is a torch, and the voice of the peoples is strong.
Even PENTAOUR, the poet of Might, spake in pity that rings down the years
Of the life of "the peasant that tills" of his terrible toil and his tears;
Of the rats and the locusts that ravaged, and, worse, the tax-gathering horde
Who tithed all his pitiful tilth with the aid of the stick and the cord;
And the splendour of RAMESES pales in the text of the old Coptic Muse,
And—one hears the mad rush of the wheels that the fierce Red Sea billow pursues!

O Muscovite, blind in your wrath, with your heel on the Israelite's neck,
And your hand on that baleful old blade, Persecution, 'twere wisdom to reck
The PHARAOH 's calm warning. Beware! Lo, the Pyramids pierce the grey gloom
Of a desert that is but a waste, by a river that is but a tomb,
Yet the Hebrew abides and is strong. AMENEMAN is gone to the ghosts,
He the prince of the Coptic police who so harried the Israelite hosts
When their lives with hard-bondage were bitter. And now bitter bondage you 'd try.
Proscription, and exile, and stern deprivation. Beware, Sire! Put by
That blade in its blood-rusted scabbard. The PHARAOHS, the CESARS have found
That it wounds him who wields it; and you, though your victim there, prone on the ground,
Look helpless and hopeless, you also shall find Persecution a bane
Which shall lead to a Red Sea of blood to o'erwhelm selfish Tyranny's train.

"Beware!" Tis the shade of MENEPTHA that whispers the warning from far.
Concerning *that* sword there's a lesson the PHARAOH may teach to the TSAR!

"REWARDS FOR GALLANTRY."—Among the numerous rewards mentioned in the *Times* of last Thursday, the magnificent gold watch, with monogram in diamonds, presented by the Royal Italian Opera Company to AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS at the close of the present exceptionally successful season, was not mentioned. Most appropriate present from the persons up to tune to one who is always up to time. The umble individual who writes this paragraph only wishes some company—Italian, French, no matter which—would present *him* with a golden and diamonded watch. "O my prophetic soul! My Uncle!!"

The Price of It.

GLADSTONE's latest Benedicite'
Is bestowed on "free publicity."
'Tis the thing that we all strive at,
Praise in speech, and hate—in private!
Where are pride, reserve, simplicity?
Fled for ever—from Publicity!

"MORE LIGHT!"—The Berners Hotel Co., with Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA as Chairman, should at once be advertised as "The G. A. S.-Berners Hotel Co.," and, of course, no electric lighting would be used. Mr. SIMS REEVES is also a Director of this Hotel Company. So it starts with a tenner.

SOCIALISTIC Military Novel. By JAMES ODD SUMMER. *One Iron Soldier, and the Led Captain.*

FROM THE NILE TO THE NEVA.

Shade of Pharaoh. "FORBEAR! THAT WEAPON ALWAYS WOUNDS THE HAND THAT WIELDS IT."

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL DRAMAS.

No. XII.—CONRAD; OR, THE THUMBSUCKER.

(Adapted freely from a well-known Poem in the "Struwwelpeter.")

CHARACTERS.

Conrad (aged 6). ***Conrad's Mother*** *(47).* ***The Scissorman*** *(age immaterial).*

SCENE—*An Apartment in the house of* CONRAD'S *Mother, window in centre at back, opening upon a quiet thoroughfare. It is dusk, and the room is lighted only by the reflected gleam from the street lamps.* CONRAD *discovered half-hidden by left window-curtain.*

Conrad (watching street). Still there! For full an hour he has not budged beyond the circle of yon lamp-post's rays! The gaslight falls upon his crimson hose, and makes a steely glitter at his thigh, while from the shadow peers a hatchet-face and fixes sinister malignant eyes—on whom? (*Shuddering.*) I dare not trust myself to guess! And yet—ah, no—it cannot be myself! I am so young—one is still young at six!—What man can say that I have injured him? Since, in my Mother's absence all the day engaged upon Municipal affairs, I peacefully beguile the weary hours by suction of consolatory thumbs. (*Here he inserts his thumb in his mouth, but almost instantly removes it with a start.*) Again I meet those eyes! I'll look no more—but draw the blind and shut my terror out. (*Draws blind and lights candle; Stage lightens.*) Heigho, I wish my Mother were at home! (*Listening.*) At last. I hear her latch-key in the door!

Enter CONRAD'S Mother, *a lady of strong-minded appearance, rationally attired. She carries a large reticule full of documents.*

Conrad's M. Would, CONRAD, that you were of riper years, so you might share your Mother's joy to-day, the day that crowns her long and arduous toil as one of London's County Councillors!

Conrad. Nay, speak; for though my mind be immature, one topic still can charm my infant ear, that ever craves the oft-repeated tale. I love to hear of that august Assembly (*his Mother lifts her bonnet solemnly*) in which my Mother's honoured voice is raised!

C's. M. (*gratified*). Learn, CONRAD, then, that, after many months of patient "lobbying" (you've heard the term?) the measure by my foresight introduced has triumphed by a bare majority!

Con. My bosom thrills with dutiful delight—although I yet for information wait as to the scope and purpose of the statute.

C's. M. You show an interest so intelligent that well deserves it should be satisfied. Be seated, CONRAD, at your Mother's knee, and you shall hear the full particulars. You know how zealously I advocate the sacred cause of Nursery Reform? How through my efforts every infant's toys are carefully inspected once a month——?

Con. (*wearily*). Nay, Mother, you forget—I *have* no toys.

C's. M. Which brings you under the exemption clause. But—to resume; how Nursery Songs and Tales must now be duly licensed by our Censor, and any deviation from the text forbidden under heavy penalties? All that you know. Well; with concern of late, I have remarked among our infancy the rapid increase of a baneful habit on which I scarce can bring my tongue to dwell. (*The Stage darker; blind at back illuminated.*) Oh, CONRAD, there are children—think of it!—so lost to every sense of decency that, in mere wantonness or brainless sloth, they obstinately suck forbidden thumbs! (CONRAD *starts with irrepressible emotion.*) Forgive me if I shock your innocence! (*Sadly.*) Such things exist—but soon shall cease to be, thanks to the measure we have passed to-day!

Con. (*with growing uneasiness*). But how can statutes check such practices?

C.'s M. (*patting his head*). Right shrewdly questioned, boy! I come to that. Some timid sentimentalists advised compulsory restraint in woollen gloves, or the deterrent aid of bitter aloes. I saw the evil had too deep a seat to yield to such half-hearted remedies. No; we must cut, ere we could hope to cure! Nay, interrupt me not; my Bill appoints a new official, by the style and title of "London County Council Scissorman," for the detection of young "suck-a-thumbs."

[*Here the shadow of a huge hand brandishing a gigantic pair of shears appears upon the blind.*

Con. (*hiding his face in his Mother's lap*). Ah, Mother, see! . . the scissors! . . On the blind!

C's. M. Why, how you tremble! You've no cause to fear. The shadow of his grim insignia should have no terror—save for thumb-suckers.

Con. And what for *them?*

C's. M. (*complacently*). A doom devised by me—the confiscation of the culprit thumbs. Thus shall our statute cure while it corrects, for those who have no thumbs can err no more.

[*The Shadow slowly passes on the blind,* CONRAD *appearing relieved at its departure. Loud knocking without. Both start to their feet.*

C.'s M. Who knocks so loud at such an hour as this?

A Voice. Open, I charge ye. In the Council's name!

C.'s M. 'Tis the Official Red-legged Scissorman, who doubtless calls to thank me for the post.

Con. (*with a gloomy determination*). More like his business, Madam, is with—Me!

C's. M. (*suddenly enlightened*). A Suck-a-thumb? . . . *you,* CONRAD?

C. (*desperately*). Ay,—from birth!

[*Profound silence, as Mother and Son face one another. The knocking is renewed.*

C's. M. Oh, this is horrible—it must not be! I'll shoot the bolt and barricade the door.

[CONRAD *places himself before it, and addresses his Mother in a tone of incisive irony.*

Con. Why, where is all the zeal you showed of late? is 't thus that you the Roman Matron play? Trick not a statute of your own devising. Come, your official's waiting—let him in! (C's. M. *shrinks back appalled.*) So? you refuse!—(*throwing open door*)—then—enter, Scissorman!

[*Enter the* Scissorman, *masked and in red tights, with his hand upon the hilt of his shears.*

The S. (*in a passionless tone*). Though sorry to create unpleasantness, I claim the thumbs of this young gentleman, which my own eyes have marked between his lips.

C's. M. (*frantically*). Thou minion of a meddling tyranny, go exercise thy loathsome trade elsewhere!

The S. (*civilly*). I've duties here that must be first performed.

C's. M. (*wildly*). Take my thumbs for his!

The S. 'Tis not the law—which is a model of lucidity.

Con. (*calmly*). Sir, you speak well. My thumbs are forfeited, and they alone must pay the penalty.

The S. (*with approval*). Right! Step with me into the outer hall, and have the business done without delay.

C's. M. (*throwing herself between them*). Stay! I'm a Councillor—this law was *mine!* Hereby I do suspend the clause I drew.

The S. You should have drawn it milder.

Con. Must I teach a parent laws were meant to be obeyed? [*To* So.] Lead on, Sir. (*To his* Mother *with cold courtesy.*) Madam,—may I trouble you?

[*He thrusts her gently aside and passes out with the S.; the door is shut and fastened from without.* C's. M. *rushes to door which she attempts to force without success.*

C's. M. In vain I batter at a senseless door, I'll to the keyhole train my tortured ear. (*Listening.*) Dead silence! . . . is it over—or, to come? Hark! was not that the click of meeting shears? . . . Again! and followed by the sullen thud of thumbs that drop upon linoleum! . . .

[*The door is opened and* CONRAD *appears, pale but erect.—N.B. The whole of this scene has been compared to one in "La Tosca"—which, however, it exceeds in horror and intensity.*

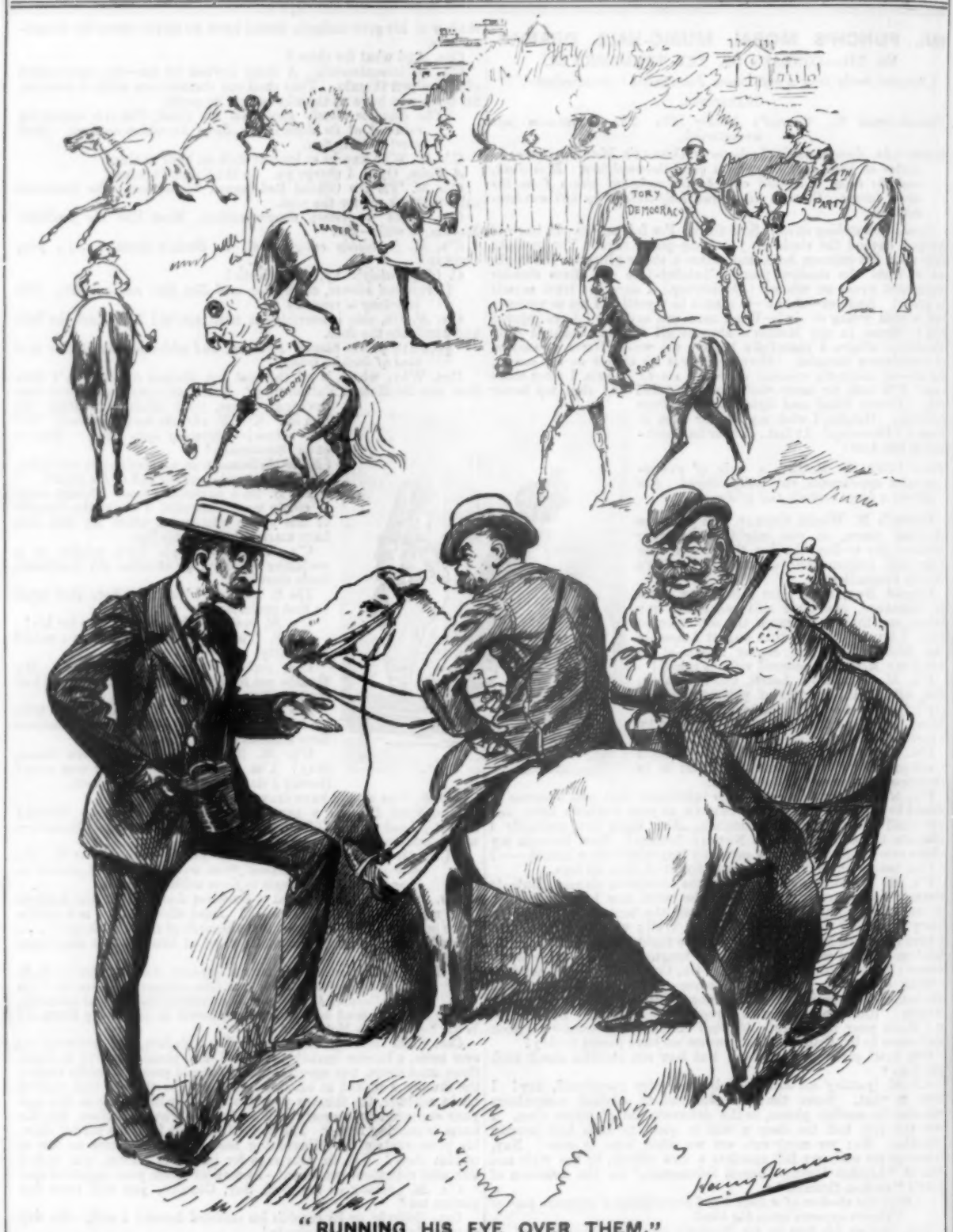
C's. M. They send him back to me, bereft of both! My CONRAD! What?—repulse a Mother's Arms!

Con. (*with chilling composure*). Yes, Madam, for between us ever more, a barrier invisible is raised, and should I strive to reach those arms again, two spectral thumbs would press me coldly back—the thumbs I sucked in blissful ignorance, the thumbs that solaced me in solitude, the thumbs your County Council took from me, and your endearments scarcely will replace! Where, Madam, lay the harm in sucking them? The dog will lick his foot, the cat her claw, his paws sustain the hibernating bear—and you decree no law to punish *them!* Yet, in your rage for infantine reform, you rushed this most ridiculous enactment—its earliest victim your neglected son!

C's. M. (*falling at his feet*). Say, CONRAD, you will some day pardon me?

Con. (*bitterly, as he regards his maimed hands.*) I will,—the day these pollards send forth shoots!

[*His* Mother *turns aside with a heartbroken wail;* CONRAD *standing apart in gloomy estrangement as the Curtain descends.*



"RUNNING HIS EYE OVER THEM."

Colonel North and Lord Dunraven. "Come along with us, Grandolph. We've got a better Lot than that."

"RUNNING HIS EYE OVER THEM."

GRANDOLPH *muses:*—

"MY KINGDOM for a horse!"
Ah, well!
The question is,—which *is* my Kingdom?
I'm bound to own there *is* a spell
In Turfdom, Stabledom, and Ringdom,
The spell that Lord GEORGE BENTINCK knew,
As DIZZY tells, *I* feel it too.

He won brief leadership, who might
Have won the Derby! Which was better?
There's rapture in a racer's flight,
There's rust on the official fetter.
Of me the Press tells taradiddles!
Well, I do set the fools strange riddles!

"Fourth Party!" He was no bad start
For a new stable, but he's done with.
"Tory Democracy!" No heart!
But 'tis a mount I've had good fun with.
"Leader!" "Economy!" "Sobriety!"
My Stable has not lacked variety.

What does NORTH say? A ragged lot?
Try a new string? And you, DUNRAVEN?
Humph! Fancy does blow cold and hot.
Audacious now, and now half craven.
Well, freak's an unexhausted fount.
Mentor, can *you* guess my next mount?

A CAREFUL MAN.

Host. "HULLO! WATERING MY CHAMPAGNE! AFRAID OF ITS GETTING INTO YOUR *HEAD*, I SUPPOSE?"
Guest. "NO! IT'S NOT MY *HEAD* I'M AFRAID OF WITH *YOUR* CHAMPAGNE!"

MY PITHY JAYNE.

[DR. JAYNE, Bishop of Chester, at a Conference of the Girl's Friendly Society, at Chester, said that until they were prepared to introduce basket-making into London Society as a substitute for quadrilles and waltzes, he was not disposed to accept it as an equivalent for balls and dances among girls of other classes.]

AIR.—"*My Pretty Jane.*"

My pithy JAYNE, my plucky JAYNE,
Punch fancies you looked sly
When you met them, met them down at Chester,
And gave them "one in the eye."
Bigotry's waning fast, my boy,
But Cant we sometimes hear,
And Chester cant is pestilent cant,
My Lord, that's pretty clear.
Then pithy JAYNE, my plucky JAYNE,
Of smiting don't be shy;
But meet them, meet the moon-struck Puritans
And tell them it's all my eye.

'Tis only play, and harmless play,
Like kissing in the ring,
When lads and lasses of spirits gay
Dance like young lambs in Spring.
That Spring will wane too fast, alas!
But while it yet is here,
Let youth enjoy, or girl or boy,
The dance to youth so dear.
Then pithy JAYNE, my plucky JAYNE,
Don't heed the bigot's cry,
But meet them, meet them down at Chester
And teach them Charity!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 28.—STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL are amongst the most regular visitors to our lobby from House of Lords. RAVENSWORTH and UMBRELLA run them pretty close, but come in only a good second. Moreover, whilst RAVENSWORTH and UMBRELLA rarely go beyond the lobby, STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL press forward into Gallery reserved for Peers, and there sweetly go to sleep. "Like Babes in the Wood," says Colonel MALCOLM, turning over leaves of Orders as if he would like to complete the simile by acting the part of the birds. To-night STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL leave us forlorn. They have business in their own House; been long concerned for interests of State as affected by the MARKISS's persistence in combining office of Premier with that of Foreign Secretary.

"It would be too much even for us," said STRATHEDEN, in conversation we had before House met; "and," he continued, "though I say it what shouldn't, I don't know any arrangement that would be happier or more complete than if we undertook the job. What do you say, CAMPBELL? Would you be Premier, or would you take the Foreign Seals?"

"The Premier place is yours," said CAMPBELL, gallantly; "at least, it is now. When we first started in life we used to call ourselves CAMPBELL and STRATHEDEN. You'll find it so in the *Peerages* of earlier date; now it's the other way about, and STRATHEDEN takes the *pas*."

"That was entirely your doing, CAMPBELL, said STRATHEDEN; "so modest, so retiring, so thoughtful! After we'd been known as CAMPBELL and STRATHEDEN for good many years, you came to me and said it was my turn now. I objected; you insisted; and here we are, a power in the State, an object of interest in the Commons, STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL in the Lords."

Turning over fresh Leaves.

"A little awkward, don't you think," I ventured to say, edging in a word, "for you two fellows to take this strong stand against duality?"

"Not at all," said STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL, both together; "we are authorities on the subject, and we say that the MARKISS cannot in his single person adequately perform the dual duties pertaining to his high offices; therefore we shall go and move our resolution protesting against arrangement."

Pretty to see them marching off. Always walk on tip-toe; ROSEBERY says it is a practice adopted so as not to disturb each other when engaged in thinking out deep problems; two of the best and the happiest old fellows in the world; their only trouble is that on divisions their vote should count as only one. CAMPBELL, in whom hot Cupar blood flows, once proposed to raise question of privilege, but soothed by STRATHEDEN, who has in him a strong strain of the diplomatic character of his grandfather, ABINGER.

Business done.—In the Lords, STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL raised question of MARKISS as Premier and Foreign Secretary. In Commons, Anglo-German Agreement sanctioned.

Tuesday.—Scotch Members had their innings to-night; played a pretty stiff game till, at twelve o'clock, stumps drawn. All about what used to be called the Compensation Bill. Got a new

name now; Compensation Clauses dropped; but JOKIM finds it dreary work dragging the wreck along.

"Seems to me, TOBY," he said, with a sob in his voice, "that whatever I do is wrong. This Bill has gone through various transmogrifications since, with a light heart, I brought it in as part of Budget scheme. But it's all the same. Hit high or hit low, I can't please 'em. Begin to think if there were any other business open for me, should chuck this up."

"Ever been in the carpet-cleaning line?" said MAPLE-BLUNDELL, in harsh voice, and with curiously soured face. Generally beams through life as if it were all sunshine. Now cloud seems to have fallen over his expansive person, and he is as gloomy as JOKIM.

Floored by the Carpet.

"It's all very well for you," he continues, glowering at JOKIM, "to complain of your lot; but till you go into the carpet-cleaning line you never know what vicissitudes mean. One day, alighting from your four-in-hand, and happily able to spare to Tottenham Court Road a few moments from direction of national affairs, you look in at your shop; enter a lady who says she wants a carpet cleaned. 'Very well,' you say rubbing your hands, and smiling blandly; 'and what will be 'the next article.' Nothing 'more. Only this blooming carpet, out of which, when the job is finished and it is sent home you make a modest five bob. Your keen insight into figures, JOKIM, will convince you that the coin colloquially known as five bob won't go far to enable you to cut a figure in Society, drive four-in-hand, give pic-nics in your park to the Primrose League, and subscribe to the Carlton Fund. However, there it is; carpet comes; you send it out in usual way, and what happens? Why it blows itself up, kills two boys, lames a man, and then you discover that you've been entertaining unawares a carpet worth £1000 which you have to pay. Did that ever happen to you at the Treasury?" MAPLE-BLUNDELL fiercely demanded. JOKIM forced to admit that his infinite sorrows had never taken that particular turn.

"Very well, then," snapped MAPLE-BLUNDELL, "don't talk to me about your troubles. As far as I know this is the only carpet in the world valued at £1000; it is certainly the only one that ever went off by spontaneous combustion; and *I* had this particular carpet in charge, at the very moment when it was ready to combust spontaneously."

"Yes," said JOKIM, softly, as MAPLE-BLUNDELL went off, viciously stamping on the carpet that covers the Library floor, "we all have our troubles, and when I think of MAPLE-BLUNDELL and his combustible carpet I am able the better to bear the woes I have."

P P P

Business done.—In Committee on Local TAXATION Bill.

Thursday.—"True, TOBY," OLD MORALITY said, in reply to an observation, "I am a little tired, and naturally; things haven't been going so well as they did; but I could get along well enough if it wasn't for SUMMERS. CONYBEARE'S cantankerous; STOREY is strenuous; TANNER tedious; and DILLON denunciatory. But there's something about SUMMERS that is peculiarly aggravating. In the first place, he is, as far as appearances go, such a quiet, amiable, inoffensive young man. Looking at him, one would think that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, much less that Mixed Marriages in Malta should keep him awake at night, and the question of International Arbitration should lower his appetite. Yet you know how it is. He seems to have some leisure on his hands; uses it to formulate conundrums; comes down here, and propounds them to me. Just look at his list for to-night. LINTORN SIMMONDS'S Mission to the POPE; Customs' Duty in Algeria; International Arbitration; Walfish Bay, and Damara Land, together with the view the Cape Colonies may take of the Anglo-German Agreement. That pretty well for one night; but he's gone off now, to look up a fresh batch, which he'll unfold to-morrow. Now is the winter of our discontent, which is chilly enough; but, for my part, I often think that life would be endurable only for its SUMMERS."

Haven't often heard OLD MORALITY speak so bitterly; generally, even at worst time, overflowing with geniality; ready to take kindest view of circumstances, and hope for the best. But SUMMERS, surveying mankind from China to Peru in search of material for fresh conundrum, too much for mildest-mannered man. OLD MORALITY, goaded to verge of madness, jumps up; hotly declines to reply to SUMMERS; begs him to address his questions to Ministers to whose Department they belonged.

Business done.—Local Taxation Bill through Committee.

Friday.—Still in our ashes live our wonted fires. Dwelling just now amid ashes of expiring Session; everything dull and deadly; pounding away at Local Taxation Bill; Scotch Members to the fore, for the fortieth time urging that the £40,000 allotted them in relief of school fees shall be made £90,000. House divides, and also for fortieth time says "No;" expect to go on with next Amendment; when suddenly HARCOURT springs on OLD MORALITY'S back, digs his knuckles into his eyes, bites his ear, and observes that he "has never seen a piece of more unexampled insolence." OLD MORALITY, when he recovers breath, goes and tells the Master—I mean the SPEAKER. SPEAKER says HARCOURT shouldn't use language like that; so HARCOURT subsides, and incident closes as rapidly and suddenly as it opened.

A little later COMPTON goes for RAIKES; hints that he sub-edited for *Hansard* portions of a speech delivered in House on Post Office affairs. RAIKES says "Noble Lord charged me with having deliberately falsified my speech." COMPTON says he didn't. "Then," said RAIKES, with pleading voice that went to every heart, "I wish the Noble Lord had the manliness to charge me with deliberate falsification." COMPTON refused to oblige; RAIKES really depressed.

"Don't know what we're coming to, TOBY," he said, "when one almost goes on his knees to ask a man to charge him with deliberate falsification, and he won't do it. Thought better of COMPTON; see him in his true light now." *Business done.*—A good deal.

A SPORTING STYLE.

OUR next example of a true sporting style will be constructed on the basis of Nos. 11, 12, and 13 of the Rules. These, it will be remembered, require the writer to refer to "the good old days;" to be haughty and contemptuous, with a parade of rugged honesty; to be vain and offensive, and to set himself up as an infallible judge of every branch of sport and athletics. This particular variety of style is always immensely effective. All the pot-boys of the Metropolis, most of the shady bookmakers, and a considerable proportion of the patrons of sport swear by it, and even the most thoughtful who read it cannot fail to be impressed by its splendour. This style deals in paragraphs. *Second Example.*—Event to be commented on: A Regatta.

I am led to believe by column upon column of wishy-washy twaddle in the morning papers, that Henley Regatta has actually taken place. The effete parasites of a decayed aristocracy who direct this gathering endeavour year after year to make the world believe that theirs is the only meeting at which honour has the least chance of bursting into flower. I have my own opinions on this point. Really, these tenth transmitters of foolish faces become more and more brazen in their attempts to palm off their miserable two-penny-halfpenny, tin-pot, one-horse Regatta as the combination of all the cardinal virtues.

These gentry presume to dictate to rowing men what shall constitute the status of the Amateur. For my own part (and the world will acknowledge that I have done some rowing in my time) I prefer the straight-forward conduct of any passing rag-and-bone merchant to the tricks of the high and mighty champions of the amateur qualification in whose nostrils the mere name of professional oarsman seems to stink. These pampered denizens of the amateur hothouse would, doubtless, wear a kid-glove before they ventured to shake hands with one who, like myself, despises them and their absurd pretensions.

As for the rowing, it was fantastic. I wasn't there. Indeed, those who know me, would never think so meanly of me as to suppose that I would attend this Regatta *pour rire*. But I know enough to be sure that the Eights were slow, the Fours deficient in pace, the pairs on the minus side of nothing, and the scullers preposterous. Rowing must be in a bad way when it can boast no better champions (save the mark!) than those who last week aired their incompetence, and impeded the traffic of the people upon the Thames. Time was when an oarsman was an oarsman, but now he is a miserable cross between a Belgravian flunkey and a riverside tout. Which is all I care to say on an unsavoury matter.

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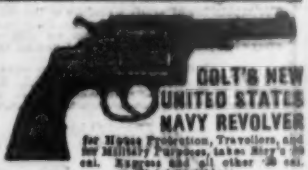

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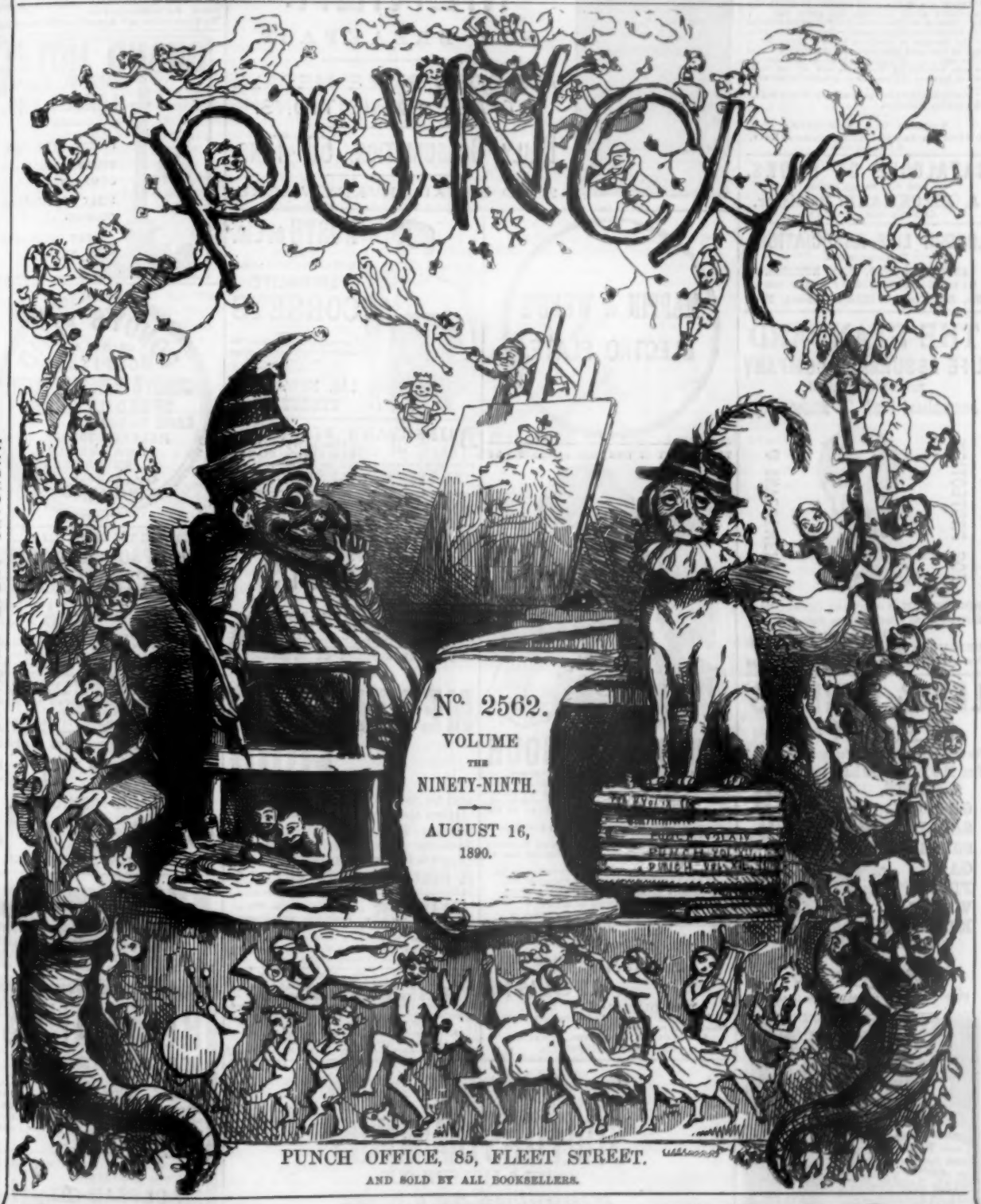

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Imparts a Sweet Fragrance to the Breath.
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MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's own Type Writer.)

No. XVII.—THE SPURIOUS SPORTSMAN.

THERE is in sport, as in Society, a class of men who aspire perpetually towards something as perpetually elusive, which appears to them, rightly or wrongly, to be higher and nobler than their actual selves. But whereas a man may be of and in Society, without effort, by the mere accident of birth or wealth, in sport, properly understood, achievement of some kind is necessary before admission can be had to the sacred circle of the elect. What the snob is to Society, the Spurious Sportsman is to sport; and thus where the former seeks to persuade the world that he is familiar with the manners, and accustomed to the intimate friendship of the great and highly placed, the latter will hold himself out as one who, in every branch of sport has achieved many notable feats on innumerable occasions.

Such a man, of course, is not without knowledge on the matters of which he speaks. He has probably hunted several times without pleasure, or fished or shot here and there without success. But upon these slender foundations he could not rear the stupendous fabric of his deeds unless he had read much, and listened carefully to the narrations of others. By the aid of a lively and unscrupulous imagination, he gradually transmutes their experiences into his own. What he has read becomes, in the end, what he has done, and thus, in time, the Spurious Sportsman is sent forth into the world equipped in a dazzling armour of sporting mendacity. And yet mendacity is, perhaps, too harsh a word; for it is of the essence of true falsehood that it should hope to be believed, in order that it may deceive. But, in the Spurious Sportsman's ventures into the marvellous, there is generally something that gives ground for the exercise of charity, and the appalled listener may hope that even the narrator is not so thoroughly convinced of the reality of his exploits as he would, apparently, desire others to be. And there is this also to be said in excuse, that sport, which calls for the exercise of some of the noblest attributes of man's nature, not infrequently leads him into mean traps and pitfalls. For there are few men who can aver, with perfect accuracy, that they have never added a foot or two to their longest shot, or to the highest jump of their favourite horse, and have never, in short, exaggerated a difficulty in order to increase the triumph of overcoming it. But the modesty that confines most men within reasonable limits of untruthfulness has no restraining power over the Spurious Sportsman, to whom somewhat, therefore, may be forgiven for the sake of the warning he affords.

He is, as a rule, a dweller in London, for it is there that he finds the largest stock of credulity and tolerance. To walk with him in the streets, or to travel with him in a train, is to receive for nothing a liberal education in sport. No man has ever shot a greater number of rocketing pheasants with a more unerring accuracy than he has—in Pall Mall, St. James's Street, or Piccadilly. He will point out to you the exact spot where he would post himself if the birds were being driven from St. James's Square over the Junior Carlton Club. He will then expatiate learnedly on angle, and swing, and line of flight, and having raised his stick suddenly to his shoulder, by way of an example, will knock off the hat of an inoffensive passer-by. This incident will remind him of an adventure he had while shooting with Lord X.—"A deuced good chap at bottom; a bit stiff at first, but the best fellow going when you really know him"—through the well-known coverts of his lordship's estate. When travelling safely in a railway-carriage, he is the boldest cross-country rider in existence. He will indicate to you a fence full of dangers, and having taught you how it may best be cleared, will add, that it is nothing to one that he jumped last season with the Quytchley. "My dear Sir," he will say, "a man who was riding behind me was so astounded that he measured it then and there with a tape he happened to have with him; Six foot of post and rail as stiff as an iron-clad, and twenty foot of gravel-pit beyond." He will also speak with infinite contempt of those who "crane" or stick to the roads. It will sometimes happen to him to get invited—really invited—to an actual country house where genuine sport is carried on. Here, however, he will generally have brought with him his wrong gun, or his "idiot of a man" will have packed the wrong kind of cartridges, or his horse will have suddenly developed an unaccountable trick of refusing, which results in a crushed hat and a mud-stained coat for his rider. These little accidents will by no means dash his spirits, or impair his volubility in the smoking-room, where he may be heard conducting a dull discussion on sporting records, or carrying on an animated controversy about powder, size of shot or bore, choke, the proper kind of gaiter, or the right stamp of horse for the country. Having shot with indifferent results on a very big day through coverts, he will afterwards aver that such sport is very poor fun, and that what he really cares about is a tramp over heather or turnips, and a small bag at the end of the day; but if he should ever be found on a grouse moor, or a partridge shooting, he will sneer at the inferior quality of a sport which requires that a man should exhaust himself with useless walking exercise before he gets near his birds. "Covert-shooting is the game, my boy;" he will say, "most difficult thing in the world when the pheasants are tall, and the finest test of a real sportsman," and with that he will miss his twentieth grouse, and call down imprecations on the dogs, the light, the keeper, and his own companions.

The Spurious Sportsman is often an officer of the auxiliary forces. He knows by heart every button of the British Army, talks much upon questions of discipline, and has a more sharply defined and more permanent mark of sunburn across his forehead than any regular officer. He is also a great stickler for etiquette, and prefers to be addressed as Major or Colonel, as the case may be. He bears his rank upon his visiting-cards, and frequents a military Club. In the society of other Spurious Sportsmen he is at his best and noblest. They gather together at their resorts, each with the sincere conviction that every other member of the little coterie is a confirmed humbug. Yet they never fail to bring their store of goods, their anecdotes, their experiences, their adventures, and their feats, to a market where admiration and applause are paid down with a liberal hand; for though all know their fellows to be impostors, they are content to sink this knowledge in the desire to gain acceptance and credence for themselves, and thus there never comes a whisper of doubt, hesitation, or disbelief to mar the perfect harmony in which the Spurious Sportsmen live amongst themselves. Yet, when they have separated, they never fail to hold one another up to ridicule and contempt.

The Spurious Sportsman thus spends the greater part of his life in building up a reputation out of nothing. As time goes on, he becomes more and more anecdotically experienced, and, if possible, even less actual. He will have lost his nerve for riding, and a sight which gets daily weaker will have caused him to abandon even the pretence of handling his gun; but he will seek a recompense by becoming a sporting authority, and will pass a doddering old age in lamenting over the decay of all those qualities which formerly made a sportsman a sportsman, and a man a man.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

PARLIAMENTARY.

"*My right honourable and learned friend;*" *i.e.*, "A professional politician, devoid alike of principle and capacity."

"*I pass from that matter;*" *i.e.*, "Find it somewhat embarrassing."

"*I don't know where my honourable friend gets his facts from;*" *i.e.*, "He should try and get out of his inveterate habit of lying."

"*A monument of antiquated Norman tyranny,*" or, "*A relic of early English fraud and ignorance;*" *i.e.*, "A statute which I and my Party wish to repeal."

"*The most precious constitutional legacy of those who fought and bled,*" *&c., &c.; i.e.*, Ditto ditto impugned by the opposite Party.

LEGAL.

"*I am instructed, my Lord, that this is, in fact, the case;*" *i.e.*, "I see that, as usual, you have got upon a false scent; but as this suits the book of my client, the solicitor (whose nod at this moment may mean anything, and, therefore, why not approval?), I encourage the mistake."

LECTURER AT A BATTLE PANORAMA.

"*It is a well-known historical fact that——;*" *i.e.*, "You needn't believe a word of it."

"*A bank of heavy clouds lowers in the horizon;*" *i.e.*, "The black paint has been laid on thick."

"*The plain stretches far away;*" *i.e.*, "About five yards."

'ARRY ON THE 'OLIDAY SEASON.

DEAR CHARLIE,—'Ow are yer, my pippin? 'Ere 's 'oliday season come round,
And I 'm off on the galoot somewheres, and that pooty soon, you be bound;
But afore I make tracks for dear Parry, or slope for the Scheldt or the Rhine,
My 'art turns to turmuts and you, and I feel I *must* drop yer a line.

You gave me a invite this season, I know, my dear boy. Well, yer see
It 's *this* way. The green tooral-looral 's all right, but it 'ardly suits Me!
When you 're well in the swim, my dear CHARLIE, along o' the reglar *elect*,
You must do as they do, for a swell, like a Bobby, must stick to his beat.

It 's expected, old man, it 's expected. Jest fancy me slinging my 'ook
For old Turmutshire, going out nuttin', or bobbing for fish in a brook!
Not *der wriggle*, dear boy, I assure you. Could stars of Mayfair be content
To round upon Rome or the Riggi, and smug up in Surrey or Kent?

No fear! Cherry orchards is pooty, and 'ops 'as admirers, no doubt;
But it 's only when sport is afoot as the country 's worth fussin' about.
Your toff likes the turmuts or stubbles when poultry is there to be shot,
But corn-fields and cabbage-beds, CHARLIE?
Way oh! that 's all middle-class rot.

There was a time, CHARLIE, I own it, when Richmond 'ud do me to rights,
And a fortnight at Margit meant yum-yum to look for and dream on o' nights;
I was innercent then, a young geeser, too modest for this world, dear boy;
Didn't know you 'd to do wot was proper, and not what you think you 'd enjoy.

Ah! *Nobbles obliges*, old pardner, and great is the power of "form";
Rads may rail at "the classes" like ginger, but all on us likes to be "warm,"
And rub shoulders with suckles more shiny. Wy, life's greatest pulls, dont cherknow,
Are to look up to sparklers above us, and down on poor duffers below.

'Ardly know wich is lummiest, swelp me! It 's nuts to 'ook on to a swell,
Like I did at a Primrose meet lately with sweet Lady CLARE CARAMEL.
When her sunshade shone red on my face, mate, me givin' my arm through the crush,
Wy I felt like Mong Blong in the mornin', and looked like a bride, one big blush.

NODDY SPRIGGINS, *he* spotted me, CHARLIE,—him being left out in the cold,—
And to see him sit down on his topper, and turn off as yaller as gold,
Wos as good as a pantermime. Oh! if there 's one thing more nicer than pie,
It 's to soar like a bird in the sight of the flats as can't git on the fly.

But I 'm wandering, CHARLIE, I 'm wandering. 'Oliday form is my text.
Last year it was Parry and Switzerland; 'ardly know where to go next.
I should much like to try Monty Carlo, and 'ave a fair flutter for once,
But I fear it won't run to it, pardner; my boss is the dashdest old dunce.

Won't raise me to three quid a week, the old skinflint. Though travelling 's cheap,
It do scatter the stamps jest a few, if you don't care to go on the creep.
Roolette might jest set me up proper, but then, dontcherknow, it might *not*,
And I fear I should come back cleared out, if my luck didn't land me a pot.

'ARRY ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Oh, dash them spondulicks! The pieces is all as I wants for *my* 'elth.
And then them darned Sosherlist jugginses 'owl till all 's blue agin Wealth.
It gives me the ditherums, CHARLIE; it do, dear old man, and no kid.
Wy, they 'd queer the best pitches in life, if they kiboshed the Power of the Quid!

There 's Venice again! I could start this next week with a couple o' pals;
But yer gondoler 's 'ardly my form, and I never wos nuts on canals.
WAGGLES says *they* 're not like the Grand Junction, as creeps sewer-like through our parks;
Well, WAGGLES may sniff; I 'm not sure, up to now, mate, as Venice means larks.

'Arf a mind to try Parry once more. It 's a place as you soon git to love;
There is always some fun afoot there, as will keep a chap fair on the shove.
Pooty scenery 's all very proper, but glaciers and snow-peaks do pall,
And as to yer bloomin' Black Forests, the *Bor der Boolong* beats 'em all.

After all, there is something quite 'ome-like in Parry—so leastways I think;
It 's a place where you don't seem afraid to larf 'arty, or tip gals the wink;
Sort o' *san janey* feeling about it, my pippin'—you know wot I mean.
You don't feel *too* fur from old Fleet Street, steaks, "bitter," and "*God Save the Queen!*"

When your Britisher travels, he travels, but likes to be Britisher still;
With his *Times* and his "tub" he is 'appy; without 'em he 's apt to feel ill.
Wy, when I was last year in Parry, I went for a Bullyvard crawl
One night arter supper, when who should I spot but my pal BOBBY BALL.

He wos doin' the gay at a Caffy, was BOB, *petty vair*, and all that,
Togged up to the nines with his claw-hammer, cuff-shooters, gloves, and crush-hat.
"Wot cheer, BOBBY, old buster!" I bellered; and up from his paper he looks.
Ah! and didn't we 'ave a rare night on it, CHARLIE! We both know *our* books.

But wot do you think Bob was reading? *The Times!* I could twig it at once.
He might 'ave 'ung on to *Gil Blas*, or the *Figgero*,—Bob ain't a dunce—
But lor! not a bit on it, Charlie; the Britisher stuck out to rights;
'Twas John Bull's big, well-printed old broad-sheet! Jest one of the pootiest sights!

Tortoni's is all very spiffing, the Bullyvard life is A 1,
And the smart little journals of Parry, though tea-paper rags, is good fun;
But a Briton abroad *is* a Briton; *chic*, spice, azure pictures, rum crimes,
Is all very good biz in their way, but they do not make up for our *Times!*

Well, I'm not on for Turmutshire, Charlie, not this time; and now you know why.
Can't yer jest turn the tables, old hoyster, and come for a bit of a fly?
Cut the chawbacons, run up to London, jine *me*, and we'll pal off to Parry;
And if yer don't find it a 'Oliday Skylark, wy, never trust 'Arry.

Vice Versâ.—The French Ministers are away from Paris for their vacation. M. Develle, it is said, has gone to La Bourboule. This is better for the place than La Bourboule going to the Develle.

HER FIRST WASP.

Poor Effie (who has been stung). "First it walked about all over my hand, and it *was* so nice! But oh!—*when it sat down!*"

THE GERMAN HINTERLAND.

(*New Song to an old Tune.*)

Where is the German *Hinterland?*
Wherever on a foreign strand
There lies a handy sea-coast track, [back,
With fertile country at its
On which to lay a Teuton hand;
There is the German *Hinterland!*

Where is the German *Hinterland?*
Wherever commerce can expand, [pense,
Without much danger or ex-
O'er someone's "sphere of influence,"—
That "someone" failing to withstand—
There is the German *Hinterland!*

A Puzzle.—The Dunlo case came to an end. Miss Belle Bilton remains Lady Dunlo—and quite right too. Yet, if she is still the wife of Lord Dunlo, how is it that she is engaged to Augustus Druriolanus? Yet such is the fact. Is she to be the Belle of the Beauty and the Beast (Pantomime)? If so, her Ladyship will look splendid, as she is a Belle Built 'un.

Proverbial Parliamentary Philosophy. — "The course of business never did run smooth."—W. H. Smith.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The paper on "Old Q.," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, by Edward Walford, M.A., is interesting up to a certain point, but after that disappointing. "*Oliver*," says the Baron, impersonating *Oliver* for the time being, "asks for more." And much the same observation have I to make on another paper about *Irish Characters in English Dramatic Literature*, by W. J. Lawrence. Although the writer ranges from Shakspeare to Boucicault, and mentions authors, plays, and actors, yet he has omitted Hudson who, after Power and, before Boucicault, was, in his own particular line, one of the best delineators of Irish character on the stage. He played chivalrous parts that Boucicault would not have attempted. There are historical Irish types still to be represented; and when Irish melodrama, with its secret plots, murders, wicked land-agents, jovial muscular-christian priests, comic male peasants, and pretty and virtuous female ditto, shall have taken a rest for a while, Irish Comedy may yet have its day.

"*Scin Læca.*" The very best letter I have ever seen on this important subject appeared August 9th, written by that eminent author, who makes a vain attempt at concealing his identity under the signature of "Archimillion," and addressed to the Great Journalistic Twin Brethren, the Editorial Proprietors and Proprietorial Editors of *The Whirlwind*, whose Court Circular reporter (this by the way) might appropriately adopt the historic name of "Blastus, the King's Chamberlain." The argument in Archimillion's remarkable letter is decidedly sound. But surely he is wrong in supposing that the *astral reverberation of the podsma* (one in six) *could possibly be ratiocinated on the coleoptic intensity!* Perhaps he will deny that he ever said so. *But did he mean it?* To me this has been the sweet familiar study of a lifetime, and, without boastful egoism, I may say I am considered, by all who know anything about the matter, a first-rate authority on this subject, or on any other, says

The Baron de Book-Worms.

TIT FOR TAT!

(*From a History of England, to be written in the Twentieth Century.*)

The Intelligent Foreigner carefully picked his way amongst the ruins to Downing Street, and was soon in consultation with the Premier.

"This merely is a call of courtesy," he observed; "of course I am not in the least bound to give you notice, but think it civil to do so."

The British Premier bowed, as if inviting further particulars.

"Well, O-Hang-Hit and I have settled everything," continued the Visitor; "he takes the Isle of Wight, while I assume the Protectorate of Scotland, India, and the Channel Islands."

"What!" exclaimed the British Premier, aghast at the information. "And what if we resist?"

"Resist!" laughed the New Zealander, "Why that would cost a halfpenny in the pound more Income Tax, and your rate-payers would never submit to that! Besides, our disease-spreading torpedoes (to which our own people are acclimatised) would soon silence opposition!"

"Very true," returned the British Premier, sorrowfully, "very true, indeed. Well, and what next?"

"Then O-Hang-Hit has a monopoly of English Beer, and we consent to the cession of Gibraltar to Dunt-Kar-Acusser. The simplest thing in the world!"

"But where do I come in?" asked the Briton.

"Oh, *you* don't come in at all. But don't be alarmed, we are only contributing our quota to the glorious cause of Peace!" And the Intelligent Foreigner showed the British Premier a report of a speech made by Lord Salisbury, at the Mansion House, on August 6, 1890.

Transcendental Neophyte.—Mr. John Burns has joined the Kabbylists.

OUR YOTTING YORICK.

DEAR EDITOR,

How can I send you "a sketch of anything I see," when I haven't seen anything for the last twenty-four hours. Impossible! utterly impossible! You simply want me to do impossibilities, and I am only mortal. *Voilà!* I don't complain; I only say I can't draw what I don't see; and as to sending funny sketches when it 's raining in torrents, and been doing so for the last forty-eight hours three minutes and twenty-one and a-half seconds, I 'm—well, I can't *—simplement.* Torrents of rain. Anyone can draw water—but draw rain! Yes, when on horseback, I can draw rein. Good that, "when you come to think of it,"—considering that I 'm 1900 miles from an English joke, so that this you may say is far-fetched, only 'tisn't fetched at all, as I send it. Think I 've left out an "0," and it 's 19,000. *It seems like it.* Here we are in Petersburg. Mist 's cleared off. We 're anchored close to Winter Palace, and I 've just seen a droschki-driver, whom I sketch. Not unlike old toy Noah's-Ark man, eh? Something humorous at last, thank Heaven! But did I come 1900 miles to see this? Well, "Neva no more!"

Droschki-Driver.

Mister Skipper says I ought to go to the *Petershoff*. All very well to say so, but where is *Peter*, and how far is he "hoff"? That 's humorous, I think, eh? You told me to go and "pick up bits of Russian life," and so I 'm going to do it at the risk of my own, I feel sure, for I never saw such chaps as these soldiers, six feet three at the least, every man Jackski of 'em, and broad out of all proportion. However, I 'll go on shore, and try to get some fun out of the Russians, if there 's any *in* them. If I 'm caught making fun of these soldiers, *I shouldn't have a word to say for myself!* The Skipper says that he 's heard that the persecution of the Jews has just begun again. Cruel shame, but I daren't say this aloud, *in case* anyone should understand just that amount of English, and *then*—whoopski!—the knout and Siberia! So I 'll say "*nowt.*" Really humorous *that*, I 'm sure, and 19,000 miles from England.

To-day—I don't know what to-day is, having lost all count of time—is a great day with the Russians. I don't understand one word they say, and as to reading their letters—I mean the letters of their alphabet—that is if they 've got one, which I very much doubt,—why I might as well be a blind man for all I can make out. Somehow I rather think that it 's the Emperor's birthday. Guns and bells all over the place. Guns going off, bells going on. Tremendous crowds everywhere. "I am never so lonely," as somebody said, "as when I 'm in a crowd." That 's just what I feel, especially when the crowd doesn't talk a single word of English. The Russians are not ill-favoured but ill-flavoured, that is, in a crowd. I cheered with them, "Hiphiphurrahski! Hipski! Hurrah-ski!" What I was cheering at I don't know, but I like to be in it, and when at Petersburg do as the Petersburgians do.

Having strayed away from our yachting party, or yachting party having strayed away from me, I found myself (*they* didn't find me though; they *have* been finding me in wittles and drink during the whole of the voyage,—humorous again, eh? It 's *in* me, only there 's a depression in the Baltic. Why call it Baltic? Nobody on board knows) outside the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. I daresay there 's some legend about their having built it, but, as I remarked before, my knowledge of the Russian tongue is limited to what I get *dried for breakfast*, and that doesn't go far when there are many more than myself alongside the festive board—and so I couldn't get any explanation. But I managed to sneak inside the fortress—and then,—*lost my way!!!* Couldn't get out. "If you want to know your way, ask a Policeman" in London, and, in St. Petersburg, ask a Bobbiski. Here 's one with a sword—at least, I think he 's one. I said, "Please, Sir, which way?" Then I tried him with French—"*Où est,*" says I, "*le chemin pour aller* out of (I couldn't remember the French for 'out of') *cette* confounded fortress?" He wouldn't understand me. I tipped him a wink—I tipped him a two-shilling piece. It wasn't enough I suppose, as he called another fellow. The other chap came up,—what *he* was I don't know—but suddenly, from their awful manner, their frowns, and violent expressions, it occurred to me, "Hang it all! they take me for a Jew!" Never was so alarmed. With great presence of mind I pointed to my nose—they saw the point at once. Then the pair of them marched me off ("to Siberia," thinks I! and I wondered how far we should have to walk!) to the courtyard, where I had entered, and then passed me through the gate on to the road again. Then I fled to the yacht!! Away! Away!

"Suddenly from their awful manner, their frowns, and violent expressions, it occurred to me, 'Hang it all! They take me for a Jew!'"—*Extract from Letter from Our Yotting Yorick.*

Never will I venture out of the yacht again, until I can do so safely. Expect me back soon. Ah, what an escape!—to think I might have languished for the best of my days in irons or in the mines out in Siberia, like *Rip Van Winkle*, or the Prisoner of Chillon, who dug himself out with his nails (when I was a boy I remember it, and tried to do it in the garden), and came up with a long beard when everyone was dead and gone. I may return as a stowaway, but anyhow expect me, and prepare the fatted outlet. That 's humorous, isn't it, eh?

Yours, JETSAM, THE Y. Y.

19,000 miles away too! Just imagine!

AUTOMATIC PROGRESS.

THE Proprietors of the "Automatic Chair" having had reason to think their invention such a success that they have turned it into a Company, a stimulus has been given to ingenuity in this direction, with the result that the following prospective advertisement, or something very much like it, may shortly be expected to see the light:—

THE AUTOMATIC FURNITURE SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, started for the purpose of meeting the daily-increasing demand for self-acting and trouble-saving appliances in the domestic arrangements of the modern household, beg to inform their patrons that they are now able to supply them with

THE AUTOMATIC FOUR-POSTER.—This ingeniously constructed piece of furniture will tuck up the occupant, rock him to sleep, and pitch him out on to the floor at a given hour in the morning, thoroughly waking him by the operation, when it will of its own accord fold itself up into a conveniently-shaped parcel, not bigger than an ordinary carriage umbrella. The Association further desire to inform their patrons that they have also invented a

PATENT AUTOMATIC SHOWER-BATH AND WASH-HAND-STAND, that will forcibly seize the user, thoroughly souse him from head to foot, scrub, wash, and dry him. Finally folding itself up into a convenient lounge, on which he can complete his toilette at leisure. They also are prepared to supply their

AUTOMATIC DINNER-TABLE AND APPETITE COMBINED, upon taking a seat at which, the diner will be immediately served with a course consisting of soup, fish, joint, and vegetables, choice of *entrées*, sweets, cheese, and celery, with an appetite to enable him to relish the repast as it proceeds. After-dinner speeches, phonographically introduced, can be supplied at a slight additional charge. They, moreover, have in hand an

AUTOMATIC BUTLER-DETECTING SIDEBOARD, which, by an ingenious contrivance, on the Butler opening it for the purpose of helping himself to a glass of wine, instantly blows up with a loud explosion, that obliges him to desist in his design. But their chief triumph is their

AUTOMATIC AND MECHANICAL SHAREHOLDER, who, immediately on being shown the Prospectus, puts his name down for the required number of Shares as indicated to him. This last the Association regard as a great success, but they have several other startling novelties in active preparation.

STARS IN THE STRAND; OR, THE HORSE AND THE LADY.

My Dear Mr. Punch,

One of the greatest attractions in Town to the Country Cousin I need scarcely say is the Theatre. Speaking for myself, it is the place I earliest visit when I get to London, and consequently I was not surprised to find myself the other evening in the Adelphi, on the first night of a new play. As an Irishman might guess, from its name (*The English Rose*), the piece is all about Ireland. Both State and Church are represented therein—the former by a comic sergeant of

Rising to the Situation!

(*Scene from a well-mounted Drama.*)

the Royal Constabulary, and the latter by a priest, who wears a hat in the first Act that would have entirely justified his being Boycotted. The plot is not very strong, and suggests recollections of the *Flying Scud*, *Arrah Na Pogue*, and *The Silver King*. The acting is fairly satisfactory, the cast including a star, supported by an efficient company. The star is a horse that pranced about the stage in the most natural manner possible, carefully avoiding the orchestra. In spite, however, of his anxiety to keep out of the stalls, suggestive as they were (but only in name) of the stable, some little alarm was created in the neighbourhood of the Conductor, which did not entirely subside until the fall of the curtain. But the sagacious steed knew its business thoroughly well, and was indeed an admirable histrion. Only once, at the initial performance, did this intelligent creature remember its personality, and drop the public actor in the private individual. The occasion was when it had to put its head out of a loose-box to listen to the singing of a serio-comic song by a lady, dressed as a "gossoon." For a few minutes the talented brute made a pretence of eating some property foliage, and then, catching sight of the audience, it deliberately *counted the house!* I regret to add that, in spite of the valuable support afforded by this useful member of the Messrs. Gatti's Company, its name did not appear in the playbill.

A few evenings later I had a second time the advantage of being present at a first night's performance. The occasion was, the production of *The Great Unknown*, by Augustin Daly's Company of Comedians. I found the piece described as a "new eccentric Comedy," but, beyond a certain oddness in the distribution of the characters of the cast, did not notice much novelty or eccentricity. The life and soul of the evening's entertainment was Miss Ada Rehan, a talented lady, who (so I was told) has made her mark in *Rosalind*, in *As You Like It*, and *Katharina*, in the *Taming of the Shrew*. I can quite believe that Miss Rehan is a great success in parts of the calibre of the Shakspearian heroines I have mentioned; nay, more, I fancy she would do something with *Lady Macbeth*, and be quite in her element as *Emilia*, in *Othello*. But, as she had to play an *ingénue*, aged eighteen, in *The Great Unknown*, she was not quite convincing. It was a very good part. In the First Act she had to coax her papa, and flirt with her cousin; in the second, to respond to a declaration of love with a burst of womanly feeling; and, in the third, to play the hoyden, and dance a breakdown. All this was done to perfection, but not by a young lady of eighteen. Miss Ada Rehan was charming, but looked, and I fancy felt, many years older than her legal majority. I question whether she was an *ingénue* at all, but, if she were, she was an *ingénue* of great and varied experience. When Mrs. Bancroft appeared as the girl-pupil in *School*, she was the character to the life; but when Miss Rehan calls herself *Etna*, throws herself on sofas, and hugs a man with less inches than herself, we cannot but feel that it is very superior play-acting, but still play-acting. Take it all round, I was delighted with the lady at the Lyceum, and the horse at the Adelphi, and nearly regret that, having to leave town, I shall not have the opportunity of seeing either of them again.

A Breakdown at the Lyceum!

(*Imported from the Gaiety.*)

Yours faithfully, A Critic from the Country.

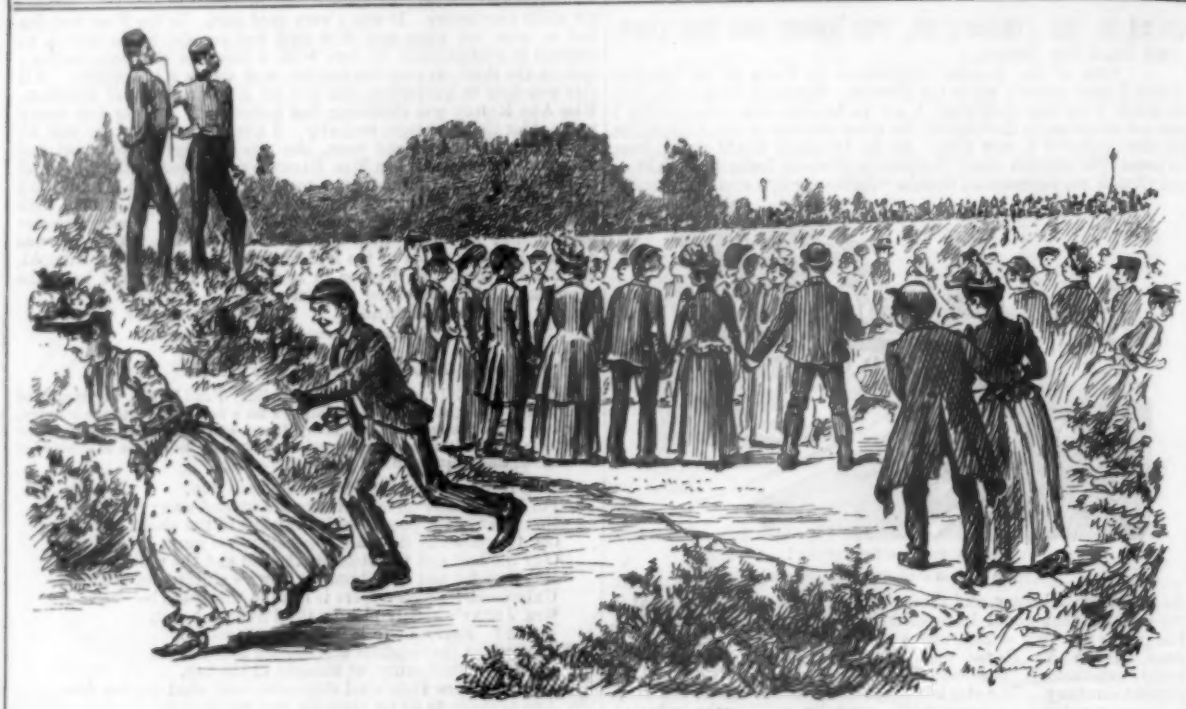
A HOLIDAY APPEAL.

[Last year Mrs. Jeune's "Country Holiday Fund" was the means of sending 1,075 poor, sickly, London children for a few weeks into the country, averting many illnesses saving many lives, and imparting incalculable happiness. Mrs. Jeune makes appeal for pecuniary assistance to enable her to continue this unquestionably excellent work.]

It is Holiday Time, and all such as can *pay*,
For the Summer-green country are up and away;
But what of the poor pale-faced waifs of the slums?
Oh, the butterfly flits, and the honey-bee hums
O'er the holt and the heather, the hill and the plain,
But they flit and they hum for Town's children in vain;
Unless—ah! *unless*—there is hope in that word!—
Mrs. Jeune's kindly plea by the Public is heard.
Heard? Everyone feels 'tis a duty to listen.
The eyes of the children will sparkle and glisten,
In hope of the beauty, at thought of the fun,
For they know their kind champion, and what she has done,
And is ready to do for them all once again,
If folks heed her appeal. Shall she make it in vain?
Three weeks in the country for poor Bob and Bess!
Do you know what *that* means, wealthy cit? Can you guess,
Dainty lady of fashion, with "dots" of your own,
Bright-eyed and trim-vestured, well-fed and well-grown?
Well, Bobby's a cripple, and Bess has a cough,
Which, untended, next winter may "carry her off,"
As her folks in their unrefined diction declare;
They are dying, these children, for food and fresh air,
And their slum is much more like a sewer than a street,
Whilst their food is—not such as your servants would eat;
Were they housed like your horses, or fed like your dogs,
They would think themselves lucky; *that's* how the world jogs!
But three weeks in the country! Why, that would mean joy,
And new life for the girl, and fresh strength for the boy.
The meadow would heal them, the mountain might save,
Won't you give them a chance on the moor, by the wave?
Why, of course! *You* have only to know, *Punch* to ask,
And you 'll jump at the job as a joy, not a task!
Come, delicate dame, City Crœsus rotund,
And assist Mrs. Jeune's "Country Holiday Fund!"
Mr. Punch asks, *for her*, your spare cash, and will trouble you
To send it to Thirty-seven, Wimpole Street, W.!

THE EMPIRE IS PIECE, OR, RATHER, BALLET.

Now that the weather is so uncertain, that one day it may be as sultry as the tropics, and the next suggestive of Siberia, it is as well to know where to go, especially when *al fresco* entertainments are impossible. To those who are fond of glitter tempered with good taste, something suitable to their requirements is sure to be found at the Empire. At this moment (or, rather, every evening at 10·30 and 9) there are two excellent ballets being played there, called respectively *Cecile* and the *Dream of Wealth*. The first is dramatic in the extreme, and the last, with its precious metals and harmonious setting, is worth its weight in notes—musical notes. There is plenty of poetry in both spectacles—the poetry of motion. Further, as containing an excellent moral, it may be said that this pair of spectacles is suitable to the sight of everyone, from Materfamilias up from the country to Master Jacky home for his Midsummer holidays.



BANK HOLIDAY SPORTS. "KISS-IN-THE-RING."

"None but the Fair deserve the Brave."

THE CLOSE OF THE INNINGS.

Bowler. Over at last!
Wicket-keeper. Humph! Yes, but not "all out!"
Time's up! All glad to leave the field, no doubt;
But *I*'m not satisfied.
Bowler. You never are!
Wicket-keeper. Some thought you, when you joined the team, a star,
Equal, at least, to Stoffforth, Ferris, Turner,
Yet sometimes you have bowled like a school-learner.
Bowler. That's most discouraging! Come now, I say,
You know that every Cricketer has "his day,"
Whilst the best bat or trundler may be stuck.
And, though he try his best, be "out of luck."
Ask W. G. himself! Early this season
He couldn't score, for no apparent reason.
Now look at him! Almost as good as ever!
Wicket-keeper. Well, ye-e-s! But you were thought so jolly clever.
To me it seems 'tis your idea of Cricket
To smash the wicket-keeper—not the wicket.
Look at my hands! They're mostly good to cover me;
With *you*, by Jingo, I need pads all over me!
Bowler. Oh, well, you know, fast bowling, with a break,
Not every wicket-keeper's game to take.
You are not quite a Sherwin or a Wood,
Or even a McGregor. You're no good
At bowling that has real "devil" in it.
Wicket-keeper. The—dickens I am not! Just wait a minute!
I have stood up to Grandolph at his wildest,
You know *his* pitch and pace; not quite the mildest,
Scarce equal, certainly, to "demon" Dizzy,
But when he's on the spot he keeps one busy.
It's not your "devil," Joxim, that I dread;
That's easy, when you're "bowling with your head,"
But when you sling them in, as you've done lately,
Swift but *not* straight, why, then you vex me greatly.
Your pet fast bumpy ones, wide of the wicket,
Perhaps look showy, but they are not Cricket.
Bowler. Oh, bother! You're the crossest of old frumps.
Why, bless you, Smith, I stood behind the stumps
Long before you put gloves on!
Wicket-keeper. I dare say,
But when we took you in our team to play
'Twas for your bowling. I don't want to scoff
At chance bad luck, but you have not come off!
Now, Balfour doesn't give "no balls" and "wides,"
Or make it hot for knuckles, shins, and sides,
As you've been doing lately. "Extras" mount
When you are bowling, and your blunders count
To our opponents,—not to mention *me*,
Although two broken fingers, a bruised knee,
A chin knocked out of shape, and one lost tooth
Are trying little items, to tell truth.
Bowler. Hang it! If you're so sweet on Arthur B.,
Try him next Season, but don't chivvy *me!*
[*Goes off huffily.*
Wicket-keeper (to Umpire). I take them without flinching. Umpire, [don't I?
I'll do my duty to my Team and County
As long as I've a knuckle in its place;
I have not many—look! And see my face!
No, when the game's renewed, Joxim must try
To keep the wicket clearly in his eye,
Not the poor wicket-keeper, or you'll see
"Retired, hurt" will be the end of Me!

AN OLD RAILWAY AND A NEW LINE.

At the last General Meeting of the L. C. & D., their Chairman made one of his best speeches. Prospects were bright, and hearts were light, just to drop into poetry. Sir E. Watkin, *alias* S. Eastern Watkin, had some time ago been assured judicially of the fact that Folkestone meant Folkestone as clearly as Brighton means Brighton, or Ramsgate means Ramsgate, and the two great Companies were, it was hoped, soon to come to an agreement and live happily ever afterwards. Among other plans for the future, the popular and astute Chairman more than hinted that the day was not far distant when, in consequence of the increasing patronage bestowed on the improved third-class carriages, the trains of the L. C. & D. Company would be made up of first and third, and the middle class would be out of it altogether. This will be a blow to those whose travelling motto has hitherto been "*In medio tutissimus ibis.*" But, on the other hand, if the second-class be dropped, the L. C. & D. can adopt the proud motto, "*Nulli Secundus.*" *Mr. Punch*, Universal Managing Director, in charge of thousands of lines, wishes them the benefit of the omen.

THE CLOSE OF THE INNINGS.

W. H. S. (*Wicket-keeper*). "TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, UMPIRE;—IF THE BOWLING'S GOING TO BE AS WILD—NEXT INNINGS—AS THIS, I SHALL '*RETIRE HURT*'!"

"LEBE WOHL! HELGOLAND!"

(An Incident of the Cession—hitherto unreported.)

The Representative of Britannia's Might had departed in appropriate state, and the German Emperor had reached his destination. The new landlord was most anxious to take possession. He was all impatience to appear before his recently-acquired subjects, to show to them the Military Uniform he had assumed after discarding that garb he loved so well—the *grande tenue* of an Honorary Admiral of the Fleet in the service of Victoria, Queen, Empress, and Grandmother. There was a consultation on board the *Hohenzollern*, and then a subdued German cheer. The Chief Naval Officer approached His Majesty, cocked-hat in hand.

"Sire," he said, falling on one knee; "all is now ready."

"But why has there been this delay?" asked William the Second, in a tone of imperial command.

"Sire, we could not find the island. Unhappily we had mislaid——" and then the naval officer paused——

"Your charts and field-glasses?" queried His Majesty.

"No, Sire," was the reply. Then, after some hesitation, the chief of the German sailors continued, "The fact is, Your Majesty, I had lost my microscope, and——" But further explanation was drowned in the sound of saluting artillery. And the remainder of the day was devoted (by those who could find room on the island) in equal proportions to smoke and enthusiasm.

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

Last week I published a dispatch conveying to me the exalted approval of H.S.H. the Grand Duke of Pfeifentopff. The closing words of His Serene Highness's gracious letter informed me that I had been appointed a Knight of the Honigthau Order, one of the most ancient and splendid orders known to chivalry.

When Hundsvetter von Vogelang, of whom the ancient Minnesingers relate that in his anger he was wont to breathe forth fire from his mouth and smoke from his nostrils, when, as I say, the valiant and gigantic Hundsvetter, with his band of faithful retainers (amongst whom one of our own Cavendishes—*der Zerschnittene* as they called him, found a place), was assailed in his ancestral Castle of Meerschaum by the wild hordes of the Turkish Zig-'arets, it is said that, with one aged attendant, he mounted the topmost tower, prepared, if no sign of succour showed itself, to cast himself to the ground or perish in the attempt. But just as he had hurled his seneschal over the battlements, in order, as he playfully observed, to make the falling softer, his eye was arrested by a wreath of smoke in the middle distance. "May I perish," said the gallant but sorely-reduced Teuton warrior, "if that be not the war-sign of my uncle Pfeifentopff." Hastening downstairs, he apprised his followers that succour was at hand. Armed with *klehs*, they made a desperate sally, and, having taken the Zig-'arets between two fires, utterly extinguished them. That night Hundsvetter's only daughter, the lovely and accomplished Breia, was solemnly married by the Archbishop of Tändstickor, assisted by the Rev. Wilhelm Schwanzpudel and the Rev. Conrad Rattenzahn, cousin of the bride, to the K. K. Oberpotztausender von Thutweh, the leader of Pfeifentopff's advance-guard. The bride's going-away dress was composed of a simple bodice of best Sheffield steel, with a gown of Bessemer composite to match, and, in honour of the event, the Honigthau Order was ceremoniously founded.

I have cited this tale at length, because some carping, malevolent scribes have dared to insinuate, actually to insinuate in print, that the Grand Duke and his Order have no existence. To these jelly-faced purveyors of balderdash I only say this:—*How, if His Serene Highness be a myth, could I receive from him the letter I published last week?* But, to make assurance doubly sure, I sent the following dispatch to the Grand Duke:—"Mooncalves cast anserous doubts on your serene existence, and on that of Order. Kindly make me Grand Cross, and send decoration in diamonds." To this I have received the following reply:—"You are Grand Cross made. Order *mit diamenten und perlen* now is being at the post-office by my Grand Chamberlain for transmission abroad registered."

This should strike detraction dumb. I propose also to publish a selection of congratulations from other Continental potentates, but of this, as Shakspeare says, Anon, anon!

Permit me, in the meantime, to go half-way towards revealing my identity by adopting a pseudonym drawn from an immortal work, and subscribing myself prophetically yours (and the public's),

Tiffoo Tip.

A NEW PLAGUE.

Sir,—I understand that those who suffer oppression are permitted to turn to you for relief, and I am told further, that there is no wrong which you are unable to remedy. Listen for a few moments to my tale of woe, and then say if you can strike a blow on my behalf. I am an author, that is to say, I have written a book, and have lately published it at my own expense. I was told by a friend of mine, who has some experience in these matters (he is the Sporting Correspondent of the *Fortnightly Glass of Fashion*), that it would be well for me to make some arrangement with my publishers as to Royalty. I therefore gave orders that presentation copies, suitably bound, were to be forwarded to Her Gracious Majesty and the rest of the Royal Family, including, of course, the Duke of Clarence. My publisher seemed surprised, but offered no objection, and I was therefore able to congratulate myself on having successfully smoothed over a difficulty which, if I am to believe Mr. Walter Besant, too often troubles the young author. This, however, is neither here nor there. I merely mention the incident to show that I am not altogether lacking in *savoir faire*.

As I said, I am an author. My book is a romance entitled, *The Foundling's Farewell*. Of course you have heard of it. It is blood-curdling but sympathetic, romantic but realistic, pathetic and sublime. The passage, for instance, in which the Duke of Bartlemy repels the advances of the orphan charwoman is——but you have read it, and I need not therefore enlarge further upon it. After it had been published two days, I began to look eagerly into all the daily and weekly papers for critical notices of my *magnum opus*. I persisted for a fortnight, and failing to see any, wrote an angry letter to my publishers. On that very day the last post brought me three letters in unknown hands. I opened the first listlessly, I read what it contained, and (may an author confess his weakness?) gave a wild shout of triumph when I found that one of the enclosures was a newspaper extract referring to my work. Here it is, as it appeared on the form enclosed:—

The United Association of Combined Paragraphists.

MR. WILLIAM WHORBOYS.

(From the Pimlico Potterer. July 6th.)

"Amongst the books of the month we may notice *The Foundling's Farewell*, by Mr. William Whorboys, an author whose name we have not hitherto met with. It is a romance of surpassing interest, the subject being treated with all the convincing power of a master-hand. We shall look forward eagerly to Mr. Whorboy's next work."

With this there came a polite letter from the U. A. C. P., asking me to allow them to supply me with all newspaper cuttings referring to me or to my book from "the entire English, American, and Continental Press." Another leaflet stated the terms on which they were prepared to take this immense trouble on my behalf.

Here, at last, thought I to myself, is Fame. The other two letters contained the same extract, and similar requests from "The Universal Notice-Mongers," and "The British Cutting Company (Limited)." I decided in favour of the U. A. C. P., sent them two guineas, and waited. Three days afterwards there came a scrubby little roll of paper, with a halfpenny stamp on it. I saw the magic letters U. A. C. P. upon it, and tore it open. It contained a newspaper cutting, which nothing but my desire to be truthful would force me to publish. But here it is:—"The stuff that is palmed off upon a hapless public by aspiring idiots, who are vain enough to imagine that they are novelists, is astounding. The latest of these is a certain William Whorboys, whose book, *The Foundling's Farewell*, is remarkable only for its ungrammatical dulness, *&c., &c.*" The next post brought me the same cutting, sent gratuitously, out of spite, I suppose, by the two Extract Companies to whom I had preferred the U. A. C. P., and from four others who desired my custom. During the following week not a day passed without the receipt of that accursed cutting from some new extract company. Since then I have waited some months, but nothing more has appeared. My subscription, I find, has only a year to run. The question is, what can I do? My life has been blighted by the U. A. C. P., poisoned by "The Universal Notice-Mongers," and the cup of happiness has been dashed from my lips by "The British Cutting Company (Limited)."

I know I am not alone in this. My friend Hartvig, who is an actor, has been similarly treated. He gets all the insulting notices of his great performances with extraordinary regularity, but never a favourable one. Buncombe, who is standing for Parliament, receives bushels of extracts from the local Radical paper, he being a Tory Democrat. We intend to combine and do something desperate. Is there not some method of winding up Companies, or putting them into liquidation, or appointing receivers? Pray let me know, and oblige yours in misery,

William Whorboys,

Author of "The Foundling's Farewell."

"HAD ENOUGH OF IT."

Miss Parliamentina putting away her Puppets.

RUMOURS FOR THE RECESS.

Monday.—We hear, from a source which cannot possibly be mistaken, that a *thorough reconstruction of the Cabinet* is imminent. Mr. Sm-th goes at once to the Upper House. Mr. B-lf-r becomes First Lord, and Leader of the Commons. A position will be found for Mr. G-sch-n somewhere on the Gold Coast, and thus room will be made for Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll, whose popularity in official Conservative circles is undiminished. Lord H-rt-ngt-n will probably not become Prime Minister just yet.

Tuesday.—Since yesterday, some slight modifications in Ministerial arrangements have been made. Mr. Sm-th, for example, does not go to the House of Lords, nor Mr. G-sch-n to the Gold Coast. Moreover, no attempt has been made to induce Lord R-nd-lph to enter the Cabinet, and Mr. B-lf-r is not to be Leader of the House. Otherwise, the rumoured reconstruction was quite correct. Lord H-rt-ngt-n's acceptance of the post of Prime Minister is considered to be merely a matter of time.

Wednesday.—No fresh reconstruction is announced to-day, as Ministers are mostly out of Town. Lord H-rt-ngt-n declines to be interviewed on the subject of the Premiership.

Thursday.—An entirely fresh readjustment of Ministerial forces is on the *tapis*. Great excitement prevails at Westminster. Nobody exactly knows why, but it is expected that substitutes will be found for Mr. G-sch-n, Mr. Sm-th, Mr. B-lf-r, Mr. M-tth-ws, Mr. R-tch-e, and Lord H-lsb-ry. Lord H-rt-ngt-n is said to have referred all persons who questioned him about his acceptance of the Premiership, to Lord S-l-sb-ry.

Friday.—Mr. M-tth-ws has been offered the Governorship of Madras, and has declined. He has been sounded as to whether he would accept the High Commissionership of the unexplored parts of Central Africa, and has replied evasively. Two prominent Members of the Cabinet are said not to be on speaking terms, and are practising the dumb alphabet in consequence. It is positively asserted, that the Lord Advocate will be the next Leader of the House of Commons. Lord H-rt-ngt-n's chances of the Premiership have not improved.

Saturday.—A total and absolutely fresh reconstruction of the Cabinet, giving everybody a new place, and every place a new holder, is expected immediately. Details will follow shortly. For the present Lord H-rt-ngt-n remains outside the Cabinet, and has gone to Newmarket.

WEEK BY WEEK.

We have often been asked how we contrive to put together every week the delightful paragraphs which appear in this column. The system is really wonderfully easy, and, with proper instruction, a child could do it. The first point is to select an item of intelligence about which few people care to hear. This must be spun out very thin and long, and adorned with easy extracts from Tupper, the copy-books, or Mr. W. H. Smith's speeches. Then wrap it up in a blanket of humour, sprinkle with fatuousness, and serve cold.

For instance, you hear that grey frock-coats are very much worn. On the system indicated above you proceed as follows:—It is curious to observe how from year to year the customs and fashions of men with regard to their wearing apparel change. Last year black frock coats were *de rigueur*. This year, we are informed by a Correspondent who has special opportunities of knowing what he is writing about, various shades of grey have driven out the black. No doubt it is every man's duty to himself and his neighbours to array himself becomingly, according to the fashion of the hour, but we are inclined to doubt the wisdom of this latest move. It is often said, that the grey mare is the better horse, but when the horse itself has a grey coat, the proverb seems inapplicable.

The rest of the space allotted can be filled with political gossip and personal items, with here and there some inspired twaddle about foreign personages, of whom no one has ever heard before or desires to hear again.

We beg to state that we offer this information gratis to all intending journalists. If they follow our system they *must* succeed.

"Say!"—Speaking of the relations between England and France in Africa, and of the proposed Bill for a Sahara railway, connecting Algeria with Lake Tchad, the *Times'* Paris Correspondent says:—"England, it is explained, agrees not to go beyond Say, on the Niger." This sounds ominous. It was Lord Granville's indisposition to go beyond "Say" (and to shrink when it came to "Do") which got us into hot water in Africa before. *Mr. Punch* hopes, despite this disquieting sentence, that Lord Salisbury, after his excellent speech at the Mansion House, is unlikely to fall into the same fatal error.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 4.—George Campbell been with us many Sessions; heard and seen a good deal of him, but really seems only now to be coming out. Has taken up the Police Bill. "and I wish," says Henry Matthews, *sotto voce*, "the Police would in return take *him* up."

George literally overwhelms the place, breaks out everywhere; began at earliest moment with question of precedence. Cardinal Manning been granted precedence on certain Royal Commissions. "Why should the Cardinal be thus honoured?" George wants to know. "There is the Moderator of the Scotch Free Church. Why shouldn't he, too, have princely rank?"

Lord Advocate snubs Campbell, and he momentarily resumes his seat. Ten minutes later shrill cry of pibroch heard again. Everyone knows that Campbell is coming, and here he is, tall, gaunt, keen-faced, shrill-voiced, wanting to know at the top of it which of Her Majesty's Ministers advises Her Majesty on questions of precedence?

"There is," said Gorst, reflectively gazing on his manly form, "one precedence we would all concede to Campbell. We would gladly write on the bench where he usually sits—

'Not lost, but gone before.'"

But which *is* his seat? Usually the lank form and the shrill voice simultaneously uprise from the middle of the second Bench behind Mr. G.; but George has a little way of pleasantly surprising the House. Members looking across see this Bench empty.

The Campbell is speaking, oh dear, oh dear!
The Campbell is speaking, oh dear, oh dear!
And nobody ever cries, "Hear, hear, hear!"
When the Campbell is speaking! Oh dear, oh dear!

"Ah! ah!" they say to themselves, "the Campbells are gone. Now we'll have a few minutes' peace and get on with business." Suddenly, *à propos* of anything that may be going on, or of nothing at all, the unmistakeable voice breaks on the ear from under the shadow of the Gallery, from the corner of the Bench, sometimes from below the Gangway, and a deep low groan makes answer. Again a little while and this seat is vacated; the Minister in charge of Bill, looking hastily round, flatters himself that Campbell really has gone, when lo! from some other remote and unfrequented spot the terrible

Fancy Portrait of Algernon Charles Swinburne.
On reading the Parliamentary report in Wednesday's *Times*.

"*Mr. W. H. Smith.* I asked my colleagues near me whether they had seen or read the publication—(Mr. A. C. Swinburne's poem about Russia) and none of them had."

"And this," exclaimed Algernon Charles Swinburne, the poet, "*this* is fame!"

cry is uplifted, and, without looking up, men know Campbell is making his fifteenth speech.

"On the whole," says Plunket, "I'm not sure that the habits of Poe's raven were not less irritating. It is true that on its first arrival it hopped about the floor, wherein it resembles our honourable friend; but afterwards, having once perched upon the pallid bust of Pallas, it was good enough to remain there. Bad enough, I admit; but surely that situation preferable to ours, not knowing from moment to moment from what particular quarter Campbell may next present himself."

Business done.—Police Bill obstructed.

Tuesday.—Hanbury came down to-day full of virtuous resolution and stern resolve. Privileges of House of Commons have been struck at, and through him; Dartmouth, Lord-Lieutenant of Staffordshire, has been writing things in the papers; rebukes Hanbury, "as a Magistrate for Staffordshire," for having made certain speech in Commons about Grenadier Guards. Hanbury hitherto said nothing in public on the matter; has been in communication with Dartmouth by post and telegram; has boldly vindicated privileges of Commons; has brought the insolent Lord-Lieutenant to his knees; but till this moment has made no public reference to the part he played. Has borne, unsoothed by companionship, the sorrow of the House of Commons.

Now hour has struck; he may come to the front, and, with habitual modesty of mien, indicate rather than describe the imperishable service he has done the Commons. House, all unconscious of what is in store for it, wantons at play. Innumerable questions on paper. Summers coming up fresh with batch of new conundrums. Patrick O'Brien "having had his attention called" to some verses by Swinburne, proposes to read them. House wickedly delighted at prospect of Swinburne being haltingly declaimed with North Tipperary accent localised by companionship with the Town Commissioners of Nenagh; Speaker thinks it might be funny, but wouldn't be business; so Patrick having begun, "Night brings but one red star—Tyrannicide," is sternly pulled up. Old Morality says he's never seen "the publication;" has asked friends near him, and everyone says he has neither seen, heard, nor read of it. "The House," says the Speaker, by way of crushing ignominy, "has no control over the poet Swinburne."

So House deprived of its anticipated lark; all the while Hanbury, with hands in pockets, sits staring gloomily forth, rather pitying than resentful. House of course does not know what is in store for it; still this trifling at the very moment when, though all unconsciously, the Commons have been saved from contumelious outrage, racks the soul that carries with it the momentous secret.

W. H. SMITH AS "THE ROVER OF THE SEAS."

"Once more on board the Lugger, and I am Free!"

At last Hanbury's opportunity comes! Rises slowly, solemnly, to full height; in deep base tones, asks permission to make personal statement. House instantly alert, and attentive; baulked of its fun with Patrick, here is promise of fresh larks. Hanbury, his profound base notes sometimes trembling with emotion, proceeds to unfold his story; reads long letter from Dartmouth; Members, discovering that the portentous business relates to some trumpery correspondence in the newspapers, begin to cough, shuffle their feet, and even cry "Agreed!" Hanbury stops aghast. Can it be possible? When he has been vindicating privileges of Commons, can Members thus lightly treat incident? But he will read them another letter, one he wrote to Lord Dartmouth. Anguished roar burst forth from House; louder cries of "Agreed! Agreed!" Hanbury, gasping for breath, looks round from side to side. They cannot understand; will read them another letter; begins; storm increases; Hanbury persists. Surely House will be delighted to hear his final rejoinder to Dartmouth? On the contrary, House will have no more; and Hanbury, pained and panting, resumes his seat, and business goes forward as if he had not interposed.

Business done.—A sudden rush. All contentious Bills through final stage.

Saturday.—Session suddenly collapsed. "Like over-ripe tree," says Prince Arthur, dropping into poetry, "the fruit has fallen in a night." Benches nearly empty; Votes passing in basketful; prorogue next week; to-day, practically, last working time. Old Morality just come in, in serge suit; left his straw hat in his room; off shortly on cruise in *Pandora*; already shipped store of nautical phrases. Putting his open hand to the side of his mouth, he (when George Campbell was making one of his last speeches), shouted out, "Belay there!" Speaker pointed out that this was not Parliamentary phrase. If Right Hon. Gentleman wanted to move the Closure, he should do so in the form provided. Old Morality, standing up, hitching his trowsers at the belt, scraping his right foot behind him, and pulling his forelock, retorted——

"I ask your honour's pardon; but these lubbers are so long-winded." "Order! Order!" said Speaker.

Said good-bye, wishing him luck on the voyage; at parting pressed on my acceptance a little book; found it a copy of the Golden Treasury Edition of Sir Thomas Brown's *Religio Medici*; page 167 turned down; passage marked; read these words:—

"Though vicious times invert the opinions of things and set up a new ethics against virtue, *yet hold thou fast to* Old Morality."

"I will," I said; and pressing his hand sheered off.

Business done.—All.

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IF IT BE POSSIBLE, AS MUCH AS IN YOU LIES, STUDY TO LIVE AT PEACE WITH ALL MEN.

O world!
O men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?—*Byron*

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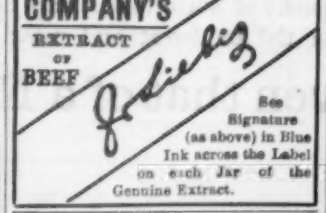

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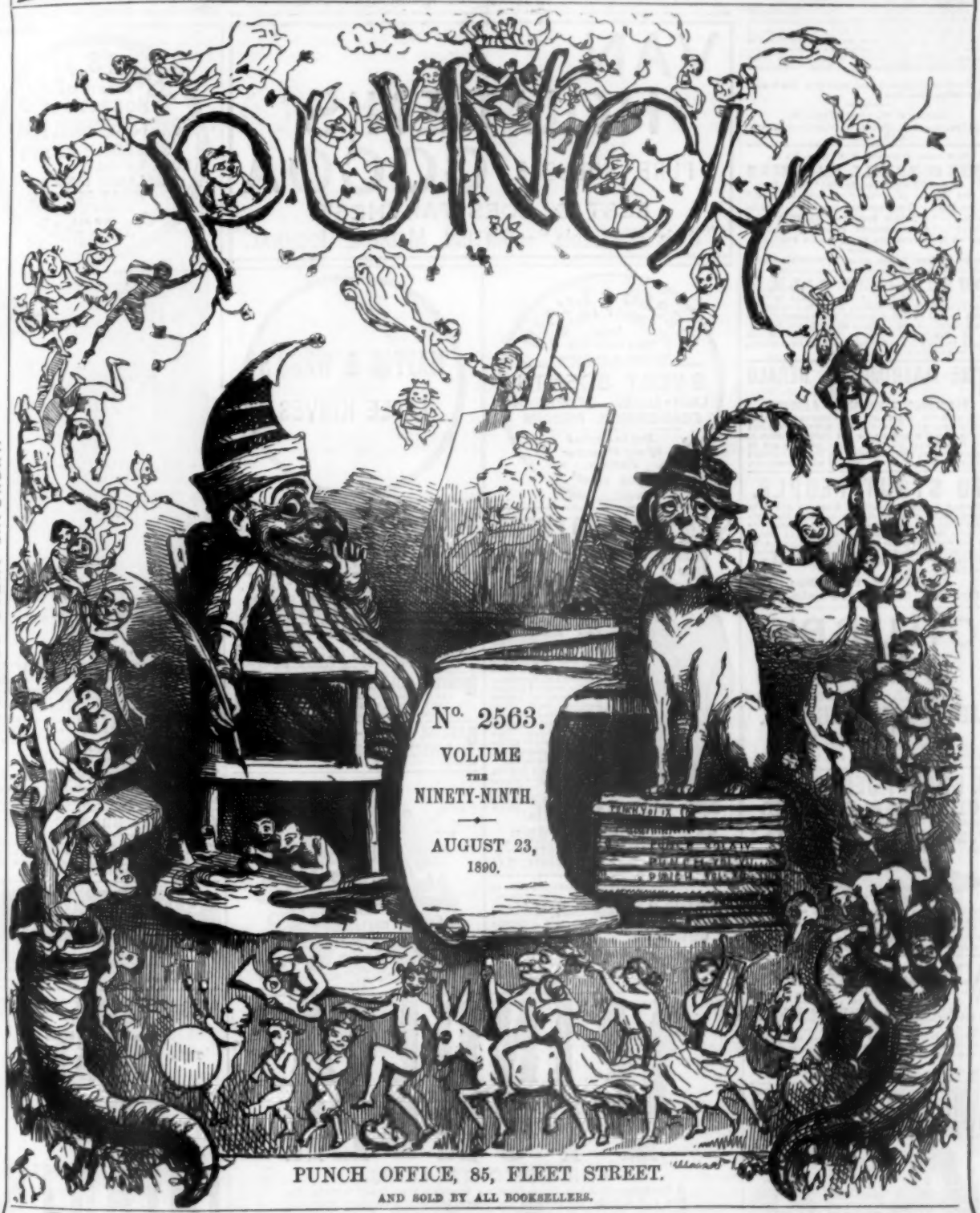

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or any part of the dialogue, will kindly remember that treatment is everything, and the imputation of plagiarism is the feeblest of all charges. The piece is called *Telmah*, and is written in Three Acts, sufficiently concise to be given in full:—

ACT I.

The Horse Guards Parade, Elsinore, near Edinburgh.

Enter MACCLAUDIUS, MACGERTRUDE, *Brilliant Staff, and Scotch Guards. The Colours are trooped.*

Then enter TELMAH, *who returns salute of Sentries.*

MacClaudius. I am just glad you have joined us, TELMAH.

Telmah. Really! I fancied some function was going on, but thought it was a parade, in honour of my father's funeral.

MacGertrude (*with a forced laugh*). Don't be so absurd! Your poor father—the very best of men—died months ago.

Telmah (*bitterly*). So long!

MacClaudius (*aside*). Ma gracious! He's in one of his nasty tempers, MACGERTRUDE. Come away! (*Aloud.*) Believe me, I shall drink your health to-night in Perrier Jouet of '74. Come!

[*Exeunt with* Queen *and* Guards.

Telmah. Oh! that this too solid flesh would melt! (*Enter* Ghost.) Hallo! Who are you?

Ghost (*impressively*). I am thy father's spirit! List, TELMAH, oh, list!

Telmah. Would, with pleasure, were I not already a Major in the Army, and an Hon. Colonel in the Militia.

Ghost (*severely*). None of your nonsense! (*More mildly.*) Don't be frivolous! (*Confidentially.*) I was murdered by a serpent, who now wears my crown.

Telmah (*in a tone of surprise*). O my prophetic soul! Mine uncle?

Ghost. Right you are! Swear to avenge me!

Telmah (*after an internal struggle*). I swear!

[*Solo for the big drum. Re-enter troops, spectral effect, and tableau.*

ACT II.—*Interior of the Palace of Elsinore, near Edinburgh, arranged for Private Theatricals.* MACCLAUDIUS, MACGERTRUDE *and Court seated, with* TELMAH *acting as Prompter.*

MacClaudius (*aside to* MACPOLONIUS). Lord Chamberlain, have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

MacPolonius. Well, Sire, as I understand it is not intended for public representation, I have not done more than glance at it. I am told it is very clever, and called "*The Mouse-trap.*"

MacGertrude. Rather an idiotic title! (*Contemptuously.*) "*The Mouse-trap!*"

[*Business. A King on the mimic stage goes to sleep, and a shrouded figure pours poison into his ear.* MACCLAUDIUS *rises abruptly.*

Telmah (*excitedly*). He poisons him for his estate. His name's MACGONZAGO. The story is extant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of MACGONZAGO's wife!

MacClaudius (*angrily to* MACPOLONIUS). Chamberlain, we part this day month! Ma gracious! [*Exit, followed by* Queen *and* Court.

Telmah (*exultantly*). Now could I drink hot blood, and do such bitter business as the day would quake to look on!

Ghost (*entering abruptly*). Well, do it! What's the good of all this play-acting? Cut the ranting, and come to the slaughtering! (*Seizes* TELMAH *by the arm.*) If you are an avenger, behave as such!

[TELMAH *greatly alarmed, sinks on his knees before* Ghost, *and the Curtain falls on the tableau.*

ACT III.—*The Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, Elsinore, near Edinburgh,* TELMAH, *and* MACLAERTES, *discovered fencing.*

Captain MacOsric, R.A. (*Superintendent of the Circus*). A hit, a palpable hit! (TELMAH *and* MACLAERTES *engage a second time, and* MACLAERTES *wounds his opponent.*) One to white! (*Points out* MACLAERTES *with a small flag. Another round, when* TELMAH *wounds* MACLAERTES.) One to black!

[*Touches* TELMAH *with his flag.*

MacClaudius (*pouring out a glass of cheap champagne*). Here, TELMAH, you are heated, have a drink!

Telmah. I'll play this bout first. Set it by awhile. (*Aside to* MAC-HORATIO, *who smiles.*) I know his cellar!

MacGertrude. I will take it for you, dear! (*Impatiently.*) Give me the cup? (*Seizes it.*) The Queen carouses to thy fortunes, TELMAH! [*Drinks eagerly and with gusto.*

MacClaudius (*aside*). The poisoned cup at eighteen shillings the dozen! It is too late! Ma gracious! [QUEEN *dies in agonies.*

MacLaertes. TELMAH, I am slain, and so are you—the foils are tipped with poison! (*Speaking with difficulty.*) Prod the old 'un!

[*Dies.*

Telmah. The point envenomed, too! Then venom do thy work!

[*Stabs King and dies.*

Ghost (*entering in blue fire, triumphantly to* MACCLAUDIUS). Now, you 'll remember me! [MACCLAUDIUS *dies.*

[*Soft music. Scene sinks, discovering magnificent funeral ceremony at the Abbey, Elsinore, near Edinburgh. A solemn dirge* (*specially composed for this new and original piece*) *is sung. Slow Curtain.*

PROS AND CONS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

(*By a Hesitating Trippist.*)

Antwerp.—Lots of Rubens, *but* the Harwich route is objectionable in "dusty" weather.

Boulogne.—Great attraction this year—EX-QUEEN of NAPLES installed—*but* the port, at low tide, requires all the perfumes of Araby, and more.

Cologne.—Cathedral finished, *but* local scent is accurately expressed by "Oh!"

Dieppe.—Casino cheery, *but* the passage from Newhaven to French coast at times too terrible for words.

Etretat.—Amusing society, *but* the sanitary arrangements are rather shady.

Florence.—The Capital of Art, *but* at its worst in the dog days.

Geneva.—Within reach of Mont Blanc, *but* hotels indifferent, even when under "Royal Patronage."

Heidelberg.—Magnificent view from the Castle, *but* too many Cooks spoil the prospect.

Interlaken.—Jungfrau splendid, *but* not free from 'ARRIES and 'ARRIETTS.

Jerusalem.—Interesting associations, *but* travelling on mule-back is a trial to born pedestrians.

Kissingen.—Out of the beaten track, *but* query rather too much so.

Lucerne.—Lovely; *but* comfort takes a back seat if the Schweitzerhoff is full.

Madrid.—Plenty of pictures, *but* cholera in the neighbourhood.

Naples.—Famous Bay never off, *but* scarcely the place to face an epidemic.

Ouchy.—Beau Rivage beyond all praise, *but* environs uninteresting.

Paris.—Always pleasant—*save* in August.

Quebec.—Possibly attractive to the wildly adventurous, *but* scarcely worthy of a jaunt across the Atlantic.

Rome.—The City of the Popes and the Cæsars, *but* not to be thought of before the early winter.

St. Malo.—Quaint old Breton port, *but* journey from Southampton frequently dangerous, and always disagreeable.

Turin.—Typical Italian town; *but* why go here when other places are equally accessible?

Utrecht.—Suggestive of cheap velvet, *but* suggestive of nothing else.

Vevey.—Pleasantly situated, *but triste* to the last degree.

Wiesbaden.—Kept its popularity, in spite of its loss of *roulette* and *trente et quarante*; *but* Baden-Baden is preferable.

X les Bains.—Beautiful scenery, *but* population chiefly invalids.

Zurich.—Might do worse than go there; *but*, on the other hand, why not stay at home?

VOCES POPULI.

COCKNEY COQUETRY: A STUDY IN REGENT'S PARK.

SCENE—*Near the Band-Stand.* TIME—7 P.M. *on a Sunday in August.*

CHARACTERS.

Polly (*about 22; a tall brunette, of the respectable lower middle-class, with a flow of light badinage, and a taste for tormenting*).

Flo (18; *her friend; shorter, somewhat less pronounced in manner; rather pretty, simply and tastefully dressed; milliner or bonnet-maker's apprentice*).

Mr. Ernest Hawkins (*otherwise known as* "ERNIE 'ORKINS"; 19 *or* 20; *short, sallow, spectacled; draper's assistant; a respectable and industrious young fellow, who chooses to pass in his hours of ease as a blasé misogynist*).

Alfred (*his friend; shorter and sallower; a person with a talent for silence, which he cultivates assiduously*).

POLLY *and* FLO *are seated upon chairs by the path, watching the crowd promenading around the enclosure where the Band is playing.*

Polly (*to* FLO). There's ERNIE 'ORKINS; — he doesn't see us yet. 'Ullo, ERNIE, come 'ere and talk to us, won't you?

Flo. Don't, POLLY. I'm sure *I* don't want to talk to him!

Polly. Now you know you *do*, FLO,—more than I do, if the truth was known. It's all on your account I called out to him.

Mr. Hawkins (*coming up*). 'Ullo! so you're 'ere, are you?

[*Stands in front of their chairs in an easy attitude. His friend looks on with an admiring grin in the background, unintroduced, but quite happy and contented.*

Polly. Ah, *we're* 'ere all right enough. 'Ow did *you* get out?

Mr. H. (*his dignity slightly ruffled*). 'Ow did I get out? I'm not in the 'abit of working Sundays if *I* know it.

Polly. Oh, I thought p'raps *she* wouldn't let you come out without 'er. (Mr. H. *disdains to notice this insinuation.*) Why, how you are blushing up, FLO! She looks quite nice when she blushes, don't she?

Mr. H. (*who is of the same opinion, but considers it beneath him to betray his sentiments*). Can't say, I'm sure; I ain't a judge of blushing myself. I've forgotten how it's done.

Polly. Ah! I dessay you found it convenient to forget. (*A pause.* Mr. H. *smiles in well-pleased acknowledgment of this tribute to his brazen demeanour.*) Did ARTHUR send you a telegraph?—he sent FLO one. [*This is added with a significance intended to excite* Mr. H.'s *jealousy.*

Mr. H. (*unperturbed*). No; he telegraphed to father, though. He's gettin' on well over at Melbun, ain't he? They think a lot of him out there. And now gettin' his name in the paper, too, like that, why——

Flo. That 'll do him a lot of good, 'aving his name in the paper, won't it?

Mr. H. Oh, ARTHUR's gettin' on fine. Have you read the letters he's sent over? No? Well, you come in to-morrow evening and have a look at 'em. Look sharp, or they 'll be lent out again; they've been the reg'lar round, I can tell you. I shall write and blow 'im up, though, for not sending me a telegraft, too.

Polly. You! 'Oo are *you?* You're on'y his brother, you are. It's different, his sending one to FLO.

Mr. H. (*not altogether relishing this last suggestion*). Ah, well, I dessay I shall go out there myself, some day.

[*Looks at* Miss FLO, *to see how she likes that.*

Flo. Yes, you'd better. It would make you quite a man, wouldn't it?

[*Both girls titter.*

Mr. H. (*nettled*). 'Ere, I say, I'm off. Good-bye! Come on, ALF!

[*Fausse sortie.*

Polly. No, don't go away yet. Shall you take '*er* out with you, ERNIE, eh?

Mr. H. What 'er? I don't know any 'er.

Polly (*archly*). Oh, you think we 'aven't 'eard. 'Er where you live now. *We* know all about it!

Mr. H. Then you know more than what *I* do. There's nothing between me and anybody where *I* live. But I'm going out to Ostralia, though. I've saved up 'alf of what I want already.

Polly (*banteringly*). You *are* a good boy. Save up enough for *me* too!

Mr. H. (*surveying her with frank disparagement*). *You?* Oh, lor! Not if I know it!

Flo (*with an exaggerated sigh*). Oh dear, I wish I was over there. They say they're advertising for maidservants—fifteen shillings a week, and the washing put out. I'd marry a prince or a lord duke, perhaps, when I got there. ARTHUR sent me a fashion-book.

Mr. H. So he sent me one, too. It was the Autumn fashions. They get their Autumn in the Spring out there, you know, and their Christmas Day comes in the middle of July. Seems rum, doesn't it?

Flo. He sent me his photo, too. He *has* improved.

Polly. You go out there, ERNIE, and p'raps *you* 'll improve. [FLO *giggles.*

Mr. H. (*hurt*). There, that's enough—good-bye.

[*Fausse sortie No.* 2.

Polly (*persuasively*). 'Ere, stop! I want to speak to you. Is your girl here?

Mr. H. (*glad of this opportunity*). My girl? I ain't got no girl. I don't believe in 'em—a lot of——

Polly (*interrupting*). A lot of what? Go on—don't mind *us.*

Mr. H. It don't matter. *I* know what they are.

Polly. But you like Miss PINKNEY, though,—at the shop in Queen's Road,—*you* know.

Mr. H. (*by way of proclaiming his indifference*). Miss PINKNEY? She ought to be MRS. SOMEBODY by this time,—she's getting on for thirty.

Polly. Ah, but she don't look it, does she; not with that lovely coloured 'air and complexion? You knew she painted, I dessay? She don't look—well, not more than thirty-two, at the outside. She spends a lot on her 'air, I know. She sent our GEORGY one day to the 'air-dresser's for a bottle of the stuff she puts on, and the barber sez: "What, do *you* dye your 'air?" To little *GEORGY!* fancy!

Mr. H. Well, she may dye herself magenter for all I care. (*Changing the subject.*) ARTHUR's found a lot of old friends at Melbun,—first person he come upon was a policeman as used to be at King Street; and you remember that Miss LAVENDER he used to go out with? (*Speaking at* FLO.) Well, her brother was on board the steamer he went in.

Polly. It's all right, FLO, ain't it? so long as it wasn't Miss LAVENDER herself! (*To* Mr. H.) I say, ain't you got a moustarsh comin'!

Mr. H. (*wounded for the third time*). That 'll do. I'm off this time! [*The devoted* ALF *once more prepares for departure.*

Polly. All right! Tell us where you 'll be, and we may come and meet you. I daresay we shall find you by the Outer Circle,—where the children go when they get lost. I say, ERNIE, look what a short frock that girl's got on.

Mr. H. (*lingering undecidedly*). I don't want to look at no girls, I tell you.

AN OBJECT OF COMPASSION.

PITY AN UNFORTUNATE MAN, DETAINED IN LONDON BY UNINTERESTING CIRCUMSTANCES OVER WHICH HE HAS NO CONTROL, WHOSE FAMILY ARE ALL OUT OF TOWN, WHOSE ESTABLISHMENT IS REPRESENTED BY A CARETAKER, AND WHOSE CLUB IS CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS.

Polly. What, can't you see *one* you like,—not out of all this lot?

Mr. H. Not one. Plenty of 'ARRIETS! [*Scornfully.*

Flo. Ah! and 'ARRIES too. There's a girl looking at you, ERNIE; do turn round.

Mr. H. (*loftily*). I'm sure I shan't look at *her*, then. I expected a cousin of mine would ha' turned up here by now.

Polly. I wish he'd come. P'raps I might fall in love with him,—who knows?—or else FLO might.

Mr. H. Ah! he's a reg'lar devil, I can tell you, my cousin is. Why, I'm a saint to *'im!*

Polly. Oh, I daresay! "Self-praise," you know!

Mr. H. (*with a feeling that he is doing himself an injustice*). Not but what I taught him one or two things he didn't know, when he was with me at Wandsworth. (*Thinks he won't go until he has dropped one more hint about Australia.*) As to Ostralia, you know, I've quite made up my mind to go out there as soon as I can. I ain't *said* nothing, but I've been meaning it all along. They won't mind my going at home, like they did ARTHUR'S, eh?

Flo (*in a tone of cordial assent*). Oh no, of *course* not. It isn't as if you were 'im, *is* it?

Mr. H. (*disappointed, but still bent on asserting his own value*). You see, I'm independent. I can always find a berth, *I* can. I don't believe in keeping on anywhere longer than I'm comfortable. Not but what I shall stick to where I am a bit longer, because I've a chance of a rise soon. The Guv'nor don't like the man in the Manchester department, so I expect I shall get his berth. I get on well with the Guv'nor, you know, and he treats us very fair;—we've a setting-room to ourselves, and we can come and set in the droring-room of a Sunday afternoon, like the family; and I often have to go into the City, and, when I get up there, I can tell yer, I——

Flo (*suddenly*). Oh! there's Mother! I must go and speak to her a minute. Come, POLLY!

[*Both girls rise, and rush after a stout lady who is disappearing in the crowd.*

Alfred (*speaking for the first time*). I say, we'll 'ook it now, eh?

Mr. H. (*gloomily accepting the situation*). Yes, we'd better 'ook it.

[*They "'ook it" accordingly, and* Miss FLO *and* Miss POLLY, *returning later, find, rather to their surprise, that their victim has departed, and their chairs are filled by blandly unconscious strangers. However, both young ladies declare that it is "a good riddance," and they thought "that* ERNIE 'ORKINS *never meant to go,"—which seems amply to console them for having slightly overrated their powers of fascination.*

THE GROAN OF THE "GROWLER."

[*The British "Cabby," hearing of the new Parisian plan of regulating Cab-fares by distance, which is to be shown by an automatic apparatus, venteth his feelings of dismay and disgust in anticipation of the application of the new-fangled System nearer home.*]

A AUTUMN-ATTIC happaratus
For measuring off our blooming fares!
Oh, hang it all! They slang and slate us;
They say we crawls, and cheats, and swears.
And we surwives the sneering slaters,
Wot tries our games to circumwent,
But treating us like Try-yer-weighters,
Or chockerlate, or stamps, or scent!
Upon my soul the stingy dodgers
Did ought to be shut up. They're wuss
Than Mrs. JACKERMETTY PRODGERS,
Who earned the 'onest Cabman's cuss.
It's sickening! Ah, I tell yer wot, Sir,
Next they'll stick hup—oh, you may smile—
This:—"Drop a shilling in the slot, Sir,
And the Cab goes for just two mile!"
Beastly! I ain't no blessed babby,
Thus to be measured off like tape.
Yah! Make a autumn-attic Cabby,
With clock-work whip and a tin cape.
May as well, while you're on the job, Sir.
And then—may rust upset yer works!
The poor man of his beer they'd rob, Sir,
Who'd rob poor Cabby of his perks!"

A CONTENTED MIND.

Angelina. "INCOMES UNDER £150 A YEAR ARE EXEMPT FROM INCOME-TAX. ISN'T IT LUCKY, DARLING? WE JUST MISS IT BY FIVE POUNDS!"

TO A FEATHER-HEADED POET.

OH, mountainous mouther of molehills, weak wielder of terrors outworn,
Discharger of sulphurous salvoes, effetely ferocious in scorn,
Shrill shrieker and sesquipedalian, befoamed and befumed and immense
With the words that are wind on an ocean, whose depth is unfathomed of sense,
Red fury that smitest at shadows, black shadows of blood that is red
In the face of a soulless putrescence, doomed, damned, deflowered and dead;
Oh, robed in the rags of thy raging, like tempests that thunder afar,
In a night that is fashioned of Chaos discerned in the light of a star,
For the verse that is venom and vapour, discrowned and disowned of the free,
Take thou from the shape that is Murder, none other will thank thee, thy fee.
Yea, Freedom is throned on the Mountains; the cry of her children seems vain
When they fall and are ground into dust by the heel of the lords of the plain.
Calm-browed from her crags she beholdeth the strife and the struggle beneath,
And her hand clasps the hilt, but it draws not the sword of her might from its sheath.
And we chide her aloud in our anguish, "Cold mother, and careless of wrong,
How long shall the victims be torn unavenged, unavenging? How long?"
And the laugh of oppressors is scornful, they reck not of ruth as they urge
The hosts that are tireless in torture, the fiends with the chain and the scourge.
But at last—for she knoweth the season—serene she descends from the height,
And the tyrants who flout her grow pale in her sunrise, and pray for the night.
And they tremble and dwindle before her amazed, and, behold, with a breath,
Unhasting, unangered advancing, she dooms them to terror and death.
But she the great mother of heroes, the shield and the sword of the weak,
What lot or what part has her glory in madmen who gibber and shriek?
Her eye is as death to assassins, the brood of miasma and gloom,
Foul shapes that grow sleek upon slaughter, as worms that are bid in a tomb.
In the dawn she has marshalled her armies, the millions go marching as one,
With a tramp that is fearless as joy, and a joy that is bright as the sun.
But the minions of Murder move softly; unseen they have crept from their lair,
In a night that is darker than doom on the famishing face of despair.
And they lurk and they tremble and cower, and stab as they lurk from behind,
Like shapes from a pit Acherontic by hatred and horror made blind.
These are not the soldiers of Freedom; the hearts of her lovers grow faint
When the name of assassin is chanted as one with the name of a saint.
And thou the pale poet of Passion, who art wanton to strike and to kill, [still.
Lest her wrath and her splendour abash thee and scorch thee and crush thee, be

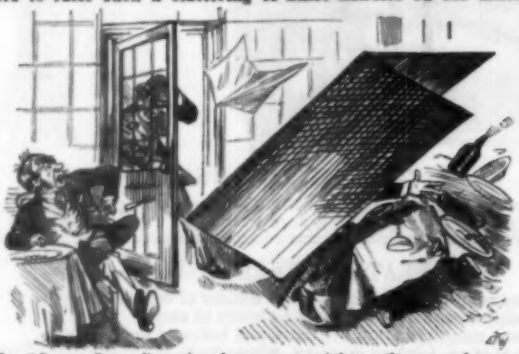
A VERY SHORT HOLIDAY.

(By One who enjoyed it.)

It having occurred to me that within a few days I might get an entire change by visiting some thoroughly French seaside places on the coast of Normandy, I started *viâ* Southampton for Havre.

I started mysteriously at midnight. Lights down. We glided out, almost sneaked out, as if ashamed of ourselves. I had pictured to myself sitting out on deck, enjoying the lovely air and the picturesque view. *L'homme propose, la mer dispose.* I retired early, and enjoyed neither the lovely air nor the picturesque view. "The rest is——silence," or as much silence as possible, and as much rest as possible.

8·30 A.M.—Le Havre. Consul's chief attendant,—*Lictor*, I suppose, the master being a consul,—sees me and my baggage through the customs—"customs more honoured in the breach than the observance,"—and in five minutes I am—that is, *we* are, the pair of us—at the Hôtel Frascati, which, whether it be the best or not I cannot say, is certainly the liveliest, and the only one with a covered terrace facing the sea where you can breakfast, dine, and generally enjoy a life which, for the time being, is worth living. *A propos* of this terrace, I merely give the proprietor of Frascati a hint,—the one drawback to the comfort of dining or breakfasting in this upper terrace is the door which communicates with the lower terrace, and through which everyone is constantly passing. We know that *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée.* But this is opened and shut, or not shut, and, if shut, more or less banged, every three minutes. If it isn't banged, it bursts open of its own accord, and whacks the nearest person violently on the back, or hits a table, and scatters the bottles, or, if not misbehaving itself in this way (which is only when rude Boreas is at his rudest), it admits such a draught as causes bald-headed men to rage, ladies to shiver, delicate persons to sneeze, and, finally, impels the diners to raise such a clattering of knife-handles on the different



The "Screen Scene," as played on a gusty night on the covered terrace at Frascati's, Le Havre.

tables, as if they were applauding a speech or a comic song. Then the *maître-d'hôtel* rushes at the door and closes it violently,—only for it to be re-opened a minute afterwards by a waiter or visitor entering from the terrace below! A mechanical contrivance and a light screen would do away with the nuisance, for a nuisance it most undoubtedly is. The perpetual banging causes headache, irritation, and indigestion, and those who have suffered *n'y reviendront pas*, like several *Marlbrooks*. Let the proprietor look to this, and, where most things are done so well, and not unreasonably, don't let there be a Havre-and-Havre policy of hotel management. *Allons!*

I am writing this paper for the sake of those who have only a very few days for a holiday, and like to make the most of it in the way of thorough change. If you select Havre as your head-quarters for Trouville, Cabourg, and Dives, *you must be a good sailor*, as you can only reach these places by sea; and three-quarters of an hour bad passage there, with the prospect of three-quarters of an hour worse passage back at some inconvenient hour of the evening, destroys all chance of enjoyment. If you're not a good sailor, remain on the Havre side of the Seine, and there's plenty to be seen there to occupy you from Saturday afternoon till Wednesday evening, when *The Wolf* (what a name!) makes its return voyage to Southampton.

If the sea at Dives, in 1066 A.D., had been anything like what it was at Havre the other day, when I wanted to cross over to Dives, WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR would never have sailed from that place for the invasion of England. Dull as he might have found Dives, yet I am sure the Conquering Hero would have preferred returning to Paris, to risking the discomfort of the crossing. By the way, the appropriate station in Paris for Dives would be Saint-Lazaire.

Then there are Honfleur, and Harfleur, and most people know Ste. Adresse and Etretat. The views and the drives are not equal to those about Ilfracombe and Lynton, and Etretat itself is only a rather inferior kind of Lynmouth. Those who want bracing won't select either Ste. Adresse or Etretat or Havre for a prolonged stay. Taking for granted the short-holiday-maker will visit all these places, let me give him a hint for one day's enjoyment, for which, I fancy, I shall earn his eternal gratitude. Order a carriage with two horses at Havre, start at nine or 9·30, and drive to Etretat by way of Montivilliers. Stop at the Hôtel de Vieux Plats at Gonneville for breakfast. Never will you have seen a house so full of curiosities of all sorts; the walls are covered with clever sketches and paintings by more or less well-known artists, and the service of the house is carried on by M. and Mme. AUBOURG, their son and daughter, who, with the assistance of a few neat-handed Phyllises, do everything themselves for their customers, and are at once the best of cooks, *sommeliers*, and waiters. So cheery, so full of life and fun, so quick, so attentive, serving you as if you were the only visitor in the place, though the little inn is as full as it can be crammed, and there are fifty persons breakfasting there at the same moment.

Mademoiselle qui sait attendre.

Every room being occupied, and every nook in the garden too, we are accommodated with a rustic table in the "Grand Salon," part of which is screened off as a kind of bar. The "Grand Salon" is also full of quaint pictures and eccentric curiosities; it is cool and airy, bright flowers are in the windows, and the floor is sanded. We had stopped here to refresh the horses, intending to breakfast at Etretat. But so delighted were we, a party of "*deux couverts*," with this good hotel, and still more with the *famille Aubourg*, that, though we had driven away, and were a mile further on our road to Etretat, we decided—and Counsellor Hunger was our adviser too—on returning to this house where we had noticed a breakfast-table tastefully laid out for some expected visitors, and had been in the kitchen, and with our own eyes had seen, and with our own noses had smelt the appetising preparation for the parties already in possession. So we drove back again rapidly, much to the delight of our coachman, who had become very melancholy, and was evidently forming a very poor opinion of persons who could lose the chance of a breakfast *chez Aubourg*.

"Le vrai dernier!"

How pleased Mlle AUBOURG, the waitress, appeared to be when we returned! All the family prepared to kill the fatted calf figuratively, as it took the shape of the sweetest and freshest shrimps as *hors d'œuvre*, and then it became an omelette *au lard* ("O La!") absolutely unsurpassable, and a *poulet sauté*, which was about the best that ever we tasted. A good bottle of the ordinary generous, fruit, and then a cup of recently roasted and freshly ground coffee with a thimbleful of some special Normandy cognac,—in which our cheery host joined us, and we all drank one another's healths,—completed as good a *déjeuner* as any man or woman of simple tastes could possibly desire.

M. Aubourg fils comes out for a blow. The Son and Air.

Then the cheery son of the house, dressed in a cook's cap and apron, pauses in his work to join in our conversation. He tells us how he has been in London, and can speak English, and is enthusiastic about the satiric journal which *Mr. Punch* publishes weekly. M. AUBOURG *fils* who is a truthful likeness, on a large scale, of M. DAUBRAY, of the Palais Royal, informs me that he can play the horn after the manner of the guards on the coaches starting from the

"White Horse," Piccadilly; and so, when we start for Etretat, he produces a big *cor de chasse*, and, while he sounds the farewell upon it, a maid rushes out and rings the parting bell, and M. Aubourg *père* waves his cap, and Madame her hand, and Mlle. her *serviette*, and we respond with hat and handkerchief until we turn the corner, and hear the last flourish of the French "horn of the hunter," and see the last flourish of pretty Mademoiselle's snow-white *serviette*. Then we go on our way to Etretat, rejoicing. But, after this excitement, Etretat palls upon us. After a couple of hours of Etretat, we are glad to drive up, and up, and up, and get far away and above Etretat, where we can breathe again.

Far better is Fécamp which we tried two days after, and Fécamp is just a trifle livelier than Westward Ho! Of course its Abbaye is an attraction in itself. It is a place whose inhabitants show considerable public spirit, as it is here that "Bénédictine" is made. When at Le Havre drive over to St. Jouin, and breakfast *chez Ernestine*. Another day you can spend at Rouen, returning in the evening to dinner. This is not intended as a chapter in a guide-book, but simply as a hint at any time to those who need a thorough change in a short time, and who do not care to go too far off to get it. When they've quite finished building and paving Havre, I'll return there and take a few walks. Now the authorities responsible for the paving are simply the best friends of the boot-making interest, just as in London the Hansoms collectively ought to receive a handsome Christmas hat-box from the hatters. But mind this, when at Havre drive to Gonneville, and breakfast *chez* M. Aubourg.

IN THE KNOW.

(*By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.*)

I have had a communication from Mr. Jeremy, written in the execrable English of which this calico-livered scoundrel is a consummate master, and informing me that, if I care to join the staff of the journal which Mr. J. directs, a princely salary shall be at my disposal. Mr. J. inquires what special branch of fiction it would suit me to undertake, as he proposes to publish a serial novel by an author of undoubted imaginative power. Here is my answer to Mr. J. I will do nothing for him. His compliments I despise. Flattery has never yet caused me to falter. And if he desires to prop the tottering fortunes of his chowder-headed rag, let him obtain support from the pasty-faced pack of cacklers who surround him. I would stretch no finger to help him, no, not if I saw him up to his chin in the oleo-margarine of which his brains and those of his bottle-nosed, flounder-eared friends seem to be composed. So much then for Mr. J. *Du reste*, as Talleyrand once said, my important duties to the readers of this journal fully absorb my time.

Last week I offered to the public some interesting details of the family history of an exalted German prince, whose friendship and good-will it has been my fortune to acquire by means of the dazzling accuracy of my forecasts of racing events in this country. I may state at once that the Grand Cross of the Honigthau Order, "*mit Diamanten und Perlen*," which his Serene Highness was good enough to confer upon me, has come to hand, and even now sparkles on a breast as incapable of deceit as it is ardent in the pursuit of truth. Let this be an incitement to the deserving, and a warning to scoffers who presume to doubt me. Many other gratifying testimonies of foreign approval have reached me. From the immense heap of them stored in my front drawing-room, I select the following specimens:—

(I.) *Buenos Ayres, Monday.*

Revolution crushed entirely by your aid. At the crisis, General Pompanilla read *all* your published writings aloud to insurgent chiefs. Effect was magical. They thought your prophecies *better than ammunition*. Ha, ha! Their widows have fled the country. A pension of a million *pesetas* awarded to you. Rumours about my resignation a mere blind. (*Signed*) Dr. Celman, *President.*

(II.) *Buenos Ayres, Monday.*

The traitor Celman has been vanquished, thanks to you. When ammunition failed, we loaded with sporting prophecies. Very deadly. Treasury cleared directly. One of your adjectives annihilated a brigade of infantry.

(*Here follow the signatures of the Leaders of the Union Civica, to the number of* 5,000.)

(III.) *Guatemala, Sunday.*

Victorious army of Guatemala sends thanks to its brave champion. Your inspired writings have been set to music, and are sung as national hymns. Effect on San Salvadorians terrible. Only two deaf sergeants left alive. *Guerra, Vittoria Matador, Mantilla.*

(*Signed*) Barillas, *President.*

(IV.) *San Salvador, Sunday.*

Land pirates from Guatemala foiled, owing to valiant English *Punch*-Prophet. Army when reduced to last biscuit, fed on racing intelligence. Captain-General sustained nature on white native plant called *Tehp*, much used by Indian tribe of *Estar-ting-prisahs*. My body-guard performed prodigies on *Thenod*, the well-known root of the *Cuff* plant. Have adopted you as my grandson.

(*Signed*) Ezeta, *President.*

That is sufficient for one week. Those who wish for more in the meantime, must call at my residence.

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(*Before* Mr. Commissioner Punch.)

An Engineer Officer, R.N., introduced.

The Commissioner. Sorry to see you here, Sir, as your presence argues that you have a right to demand redress.

Engineer Officer, R.N. I think, Sir, that we have a genuine grievance is almost universally conceded. But, as our labours and responsibilities have increased enormously of late years, perhaps you will kindly allow me to describe our duties.

The Com. By all means.

En. Of., R.N. As the matter is of the greatest importance to fourteen hundred officers, commanding ten thousand men, I hope you will not consider me tedious in making the following statement. The success of every function of the modern battle-ship depends upon machinery for which the Engineer officers are directly responsible. By its means the anchor is lifted, boats are hoisted, the ship is steered, ventilated, and electrically lighted. Pure drinking water is supplied for its hundreds of inhabitants. The efficiency of all the elaborate arrangements of the hull for safety in collision, fire, or battle, depends upon the Engineers. Their machinery trains and elevates, loads and controls the heavy guns. The use of the Whitehead torpedo and all its appliances would be an impossibility without the Engineers. In addition to this there is the propulsion of the ship, and the control and supervision of a large staff of artificers and men. And yet the Engineer officers are the lowest paid class of commissioned officers in the Royal Navy—this when, without exaggeration, they may be described as the hardest-worked.

The Com. It certainly seems unfair that officers of your importance should not receive ampler remuneration. When was the rate established?

En. Of., R.N. It has seen little change since 1870; and you may judge of its justice when I tell you that a young Surgeon of twenty-three, appointed to his first ship, receives more pay than many Engineer officers who have seen fourteen years' service, and have reached the age of thirty-five.

The Com. I am decidedly of opinion that your pay should be increased, and I suppose (as evidently there has been "class feeling" in the matter) you have had to suffer annoyance anent relative rank?

En. Of., R.N. (*with a smile*). Well, yes, we have. But if the Engineer-in-Chief at the Admiralty (who, by the way, receives £1000 a-year, and yet is held responsible for the design and manufacture of machinery costing £12,000,000 per annum) is admitted to be superior to all other Engineer officers, we shall be satisfied. Still I cannot help saying that the Chief Engineer of a ship is snubbed when all is right, and only has his importance and responsibility allowed (when indeed it is recognised and paraded) when anything is wrong! But let that pass.

The Com. I am afraid it is too late to do anything further this Session, as the House is just up. However, if matters are not more satisfactory at the end of the recess, let me know, and——but you shall see!

[*The Witness, after suitable acknowledgment, then withdrew.*

"A Little More than Gay but Less than Grave."—Not very long ago, an act of sacrilege was committed at Canterbury by a man, who robbed an alms-box in the Cathedral. However, disregarding the precedent set by the Dean and Chapter (who, it will be remembered, dug up and removed the bones of the honoured dead), the intruder abstained from touching the vaults of those buried in consecrated ground.

DIGNITY IN DISTRESS.

Small Boys (to Volunteer Major in temporary command). "I SAY, GUV'NOR—HI! JUST WIPE THE BLOOD OFF THAT 'ERE SWORD!!"

MIGHT BE BETTER!

SMALL game and scant! The Season's show
Of Birds, in bunches big, adjacent,
Will hardly take JOHN'S eye, although
The Poulterer appears complacent,
Seeing, good easy man, quite clearly
That rival shops show yet more queerly.

It can't be said the Birds look young,
Or plump of breast, or fine of feather.
A skinnier lot than SOL has hung
Ne'er skimmed the moor or thronged the heather;
But for dull plumage, shrivelled crop,
Look at the Opposition shop!

Amongst the blind the one-eyed king
Is, not unnaturally, bumptious.
That Poulterer with a swaggering swing
Strides to his door, the stock looks "scrumptious"
In *his* eyes; but thrasonic diction
To BULL will hardly bring conviction.

"Humph!" mutters JOHN. "A poorish lot!
Scarce tempting to the would-be diner;
This year, SOL,—or may I be shot!—
Your foreign birds appear the finer.
The Home moors have not yielded? Well, Sir,
Let 's hope your stock, though scant, may sell, Sir!

"Eh? What? Do better later on?
Give a look in about November?
Well, for the time I must be gone,
Off to the Sea! But I 'll remember.
My judgment best or haste shan't fetter,
But, up to now—things *might* look better!"

LITTERÆ INHUMANIORES.

(Selected from the Projected International Schoolboy Correspondence.)

From TOMMY, *Eton, to* JULES, *Lycée Henri IV.*

MON CHER "CHAP,"—Je connais pas votre surnom et c'est pourquoi je vous appelle "chap,"—vous pouvez comprendre, je crois, que c'est difficile de commencer un correspondence dans une langue qui n'est pas le votre, et surtout avec un chap que vous ne connais pas, mais il faut faire un commencement de quelque sorte, et malgré qu'on m'a dit que vous "fellows," êtes des *duffers* (expression Anglaise. Un *duffer* c'est une personne qui n'est pas dans le "swim"), qui ne comprenderaient pas un seul mot que je dirai sur le sujet, jamais le plus petit, j'essayerai à expliquer bref ment qu'est-ce que c'est que Le "Cricket."

Eh bien, le *cricket* est un "stunning" jeu. "Stunning" est une autre expression Anglaise qui veut dire qu'une chose est regulairement "a, un," ou de me servir d'argot, "parfaitement de première côtelette," et qui "prend le gâteau." Pour faire un coté de cricket, il faut onze. Je ne suis pas encore dans notre onze, mais j'espère d'être là un de ces jours. Mais pour continuer. Il y a le "wicket," une chose fait de trois morceaux de bois, a qui le "bowler" jette la balle, dur comme une pierre, et si ça vous attrappe sur le jambe, je vous promis, ça vous fera sauter. Et bien, avant le wicket se place l'homme qui est dedans et qui tient dans ces mains le "bat" avec lequel il frappe la balle et fait des courses. L'autre jour dans un "allumette" entre deux "counties," un professional qui s'appelle *Fusil* a fait plus que deux cents des courses.

Mais pour continuer encore. Si l'homme qui est dedans ne frappe pas la balle, et la balle au contraire frappe les "wicketa," on tourne a un personage qui s'appelle le "Umpire," et lui dit, "*Comment ça, Monsieur l'Umpire?*" et il dit, "Dehors!" ou, "Pas dehors!"—et quand tous les onze sont "dehors" le innings est fini, et l'autre côté commence. Et voilà le cricket. N'est-ce pas qu'il est, comme j'ai dis, un *stunning* jeu? Eh bien, je crois que, pour une première lettre, j'ai fait le chose en style. Ecrivez vous maintenant en réponse, et donnez moi une description d'un de votre jeux, pour me montrer que vous Français ne sont pas, comme nous pensons en Angleterre, tous des "duffers." Le votre sincerement, TOMMY.

From JULES, *Lycée Henri IV., to* TOMMY, *Eton.*

MY EXCELLENT COMERADE,—I have just been in receipt of your epistle, profound, interesting, but antagonistic concerning your JOHN BULL'S prizefighting, high life, sportsman's game, your *Jeu de Cricquette*, about which I will reply to you in my next. Accept the assurance of my most distinguished consideration, JULES.

A DANGEROUS CORNER.—A ring in Chemicals is proposed, which, if formed, will cost the public about ten millions sterling. Whether the said public will see any return for its money is problematical. However, it may be hinted that the end of Chemicals is frequently smoke, and sometimes an explosion which blows up the company!

MIGHT BE BETTER!

John Bull. "HUMPH! SEEMS TO ME, MR. SALISBURY, YOUR *FOREIGN* BIRDS ARE THE FINEST THIS SEASON!"

TO CANADA.

"We beseech your MAJESTY to accept our assurances of the contentment of your MAJESTY'S Canadian subjects with the political connection between Canada and the rest of the British Empire, and of their fixed resolve to aid in maintaining the same."
—*Loyal Address to the Queen from Canada.*

ACCEPT them? *Punch* believes you, boys,
And store them 'midst our choicest treasures!
In these fierce days of factious noise
The Sage experiences few pleasures
So genuine as this outburst frank
Of "true Canadian opinion."
He hastens heartily to thank
The loyal hearts of the Dominion!

Mother and daughter should be tied
By trustful faith and free affection.
If ours be mutual love and pride,
Who's going to "sever the connection"?
Let plotters scheme, and pedants prate,
They will not pick our true love's true lock
Whilst truth and justice arm the State
With friends like AMYOT and MULOCH!

Mother and daughter! Love-linked like
Persephone and fond Demeter.
Fleet to advance, and strong to strike,
And yearly growing stronger, fleeter,
Miss CANADA need not depend
On Dame BRITANNIA altogether,
But she may trust her as a friend,
Faithful in fair or threatening weather.

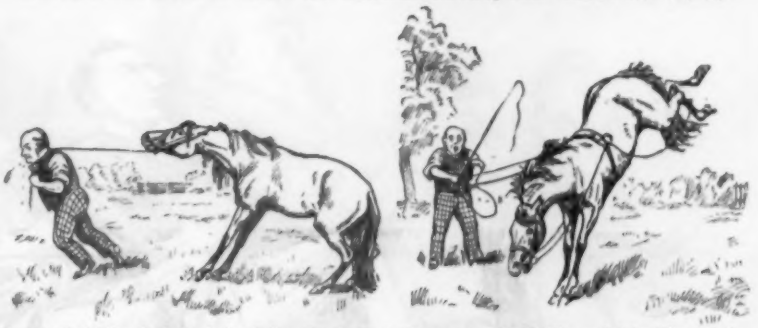
Your hand, Miss, with your heart in it,
You to the Mother Country proffer.
Beshrew the cynic would-be wit,
Who coldly chuckles at the offer!
BRITANNIA takes it, with a grip
That on the sword, at need, can clench too,
She will not that warm grasp let slip. [too!
Health, boys of British blood,—and French

A NATIONAL APPEAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Cannot you do something to help us, and save us from a permanent consignment to that wretched hole-in-a-corner back street site thrust upon us at the rear of the National Gallery? We do not know how far matters may have gone, but somebody wrote the other day to *The Times* to protest against the job, and we conclude, therefore, it may not yet, perhaps, be too late to agitate for a stay of execution. We are not difficult to please, and would be contented with a modest but suitable home in any convenient locality. That such can be found when really sought for, witness the happy facility with which a fitting residence has been discovered in the east and west galleries surrounding the Imperial Institute for the promised new National Collection. At South Kensington *we* had a narrow escape of a conflagration, from too close a proximity to the kitchen of a shilling *restaurant*. At Bethnal Green we have been having a prolonged merry time of it, with damp walls behind us and leaking roofs above our heads. At one time we were packed away in dusty obscurity, in the cupboards of a temporary Government office; and looking back on the past, fruitful as it is in recollections of official slights and snubs, you may gather that we can have no very ambitious designs for the future. We do, however, protest against being tacked on as a sort of outside back-stair appendage to the National Gallery, that will soon want the space we shall be forced to occupy for its own natural and legitimate expansion. Suggest a site for us—anywhere else. There is still room on the Embankment. Kensington Palace—is still in the market. Why not be welcome there? As representative for all of us, I subscribe my name hereunder, and remain

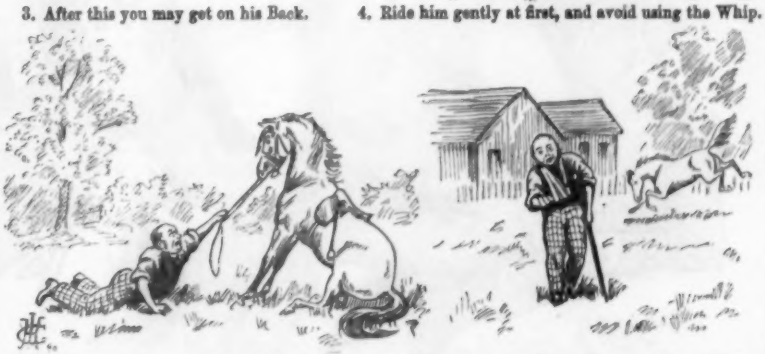
Your obedient servant,
JOSHUA REYNOLDS (late P.R.A.)

MR. JOSKINS BUYS A BOOK ON HORSEBREAKING, AND TRIES HIS HAND.



1. The first thing is to teach the Colt to Lead. 2. Next put on the Bridle, and drive him quietly.

3. After this you may get on his Back. 4. Ride him gently at first, and avoid using the Whip.



5. Make the Pupil understand, firmly but quietly, that you are his Master. 6. Then, after a few Lessons, you will have broken the Colt (or he will have broken you).

THE LESSON OF THE SEASON.

THE Season's over; for relief
You're off to scale the Alps;
Say, do you, like some Indian Chief,
Look back and count your scalps?
Does someone rue your broken vows,
And sigh he has to doubt you;
Yet felt withal the week at Cowes
Was quite a blank without you?

Are hearts still broken, as of old,
In this prosaic time,
When love is only given for gold,
And poverty's a crime.
Say, are you conscious of a heart,
And can you feel it beating;
And is it ever sad to part,
And finds a joy in meeting?

The Seasons come, the Seasons go,
With store of good and ill;
Do all men find you cold as snow,
And unresponsive still?
O beautiful enigma, say,
Will love's sublime persistence
Solve for you, in the usual way,
The riddle of existence?

Alas! love is not love to-day,
But just a bargain made,
In cold and calculating way;
And if the price be paid,
A man may win the fairest face,
A maiden tall and queenly,
The daughter of some ancient race,
Who sells herself serenely.

What wonder that the cynic sneers
At such a rule of life;
That, after but a few short years,
Dissension should be rife.
Ah! Lady, you'll avoid heart-ache,
And scorn of bard satiric,
If haply you should deign to take
A lesson from our lyric.

IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

(Effects of a Long Session in the House.)

John Henry Newman.

BORN, FEBRUARY 21, 1801. DIED AUGUST 11, 1890.

"LEAD, kindly Light!" From lips serene as strong,
Chaste as melodious, on world-weary ears
Fall, 'midst earth's chaos wild of hopes and fears,
The accents calm of spiritual song,
Striking across the tumult of the throng
Like the still line of lustre, soft, severe,
From the high-riding, ocean-swaying sphere,
Athwart the wandering wilderness of waves.
Is there not human soul-light which so laves
Earth's lesser spirits with its chastening beam,
That passion's bale-fire and the lurid gleam
Of sordid selfishness know strange eclipse?
Such purging lustre his, whose eloquent lips
Lie silent now. Great soul, great Englishman!
Whom narrowing bounds of creed, or caste, or clan,
Exclude not from world-praise and all men's love.
Fine spirit, which the strain of ardent strife
Warped not from its firm poise, or made to move
From the pure pathways of the Saintly Life!

NEWMAN, farewell! Myriads whose spirits spurn
The limitations thou didst love so well,
Who never knew the shades of Oriel,
Or felt their quickened spirits pulse and burn
Beneath that eye's regard, that voice's spell,—
Myriads, world-scattered and creed-sundered, turn
In thought to that hushed chamber's chastened gloom.
In all great hearts there is abundant room
For memories of greatness, and high pride
In what sects cannot kill nor seas divide.
The Light hath led thee, on through honoured days
And lengthened, through wild gusts of blame and praise,
Through doubt, and severing change, and poignant pain,
Warfare that strains the breast and racks the brain,
At last to haven! Now no English heart
Will willingly forego unfeigned part
In honouring thee, true master of our tongue,
On whose word, writ or spoken, ever hung
All English ears which knew that tongue's best charm.
Not as great Cardinal such hearts most warm
To one above all office and all state,
Serenely wise, magnanimously great;
Not as the pride of Oriel, or the star
Of this host or of that in creed's hot war,
But as the noble spirit, stately, sweet,
Ardent for good without fanatic heat,
Gentle of soul, though greatly militant,
Saintly, yet with no touch of cloistral cant;
Him England honours, and so bends to-day
In reverent grief o'er NEWMAN'S glorious clay.

FEE VERY SIMPLE.

"In a recent case of brigandage, people of all sorts and classes were implicated, while one of the leading barristers was imprisoned on suspicion."—*Report of Consul Stigano, of Palermo.*

SCENE—*Chambers of* Mr. E. S. TOPPEL, Q.C., *in the Inner Temple.* Mr. TOPPEL *discovered in consultation with a* Chancery Barrister, *two* Starving Juniors, *and sixteen Masked Ruffians armed to the teeth.*

Mr. Toppel. Now that we have the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and the President of the Divorce Division, securely locked up together in the attic, *and gagged*, we may, I think, congratulate ourselves on the success of our proceedings so far! We are, I am sure, quite agreed as to there having been no other course open to us than to imitate our Sicilian brethren of the robe, and take to a little mild brigandage, considering the awful decay of legal business and our own destitute condition. (*Sympathetic cries of Hear, hear! from the* Chancery Barrister, *and the two* Starving Juniors.) I have no doubt that a few hours spent in our attic will induce the High Legal Dignitaries I have mentioned (*laughter*) to pay up the modest ransom we demand, and to take the additional pledge of secresy. Meanwhile, I propose that these sixteen excellent gentlemen should re-enter the private Pirate Bus' which is waiting down-stairs, and see whether the Master of the Rolls could not be—er—"detained *in transitu*" (*more laughter*) while proceeding to his Court. It would be best, perhaps, as Lord ESHER belongs to the Equity side, for our friend here of the Chancery Bar to accommodate him in *his* Chambers.

Chancery Barrister (*alarmed*). But I have only a basement!

Mr. Toppel (*calmly*). A basement will do very well. (*To the sixteen Masked Men*). You will probably find Lord ESHER somewhere about Chancery Lane. Impress on him that our fee in his case is a thousand guineas; *or*—both ears lopped off! [*Exeunt the Sixteen.*

First Junior. I went upstairs just now, in order to see how our distinguished prisoners were getting on. The CHANCELLOR, I regret to say, seemed dissatisfied with the bread and water supplied to him, and asked for "necessaries suitable to his status." He appeared inclined to argue the point, so I had to gag him again.

Mr. Toppel. Quite right. You might have told him that he is now governed by the *lex loci*, and that we shall reluctantly have to send little pieces of him to his friends—I believe that is the "common form" in brigand circles—if he persists in refusing the ransom. How does the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE bear it?

Second Junior. Not well. The attic window is, fortunately, barred, but I found him trying to—in fact, to *disbar* it—(*laughter*)—and to attract the attention of a passer-by. He is now secured by a chain to a strong staple.

Mr. Toppel. I suppose he is not disposed to make the assignment to us of half his yearly salary, which we suggested?

Second Junior. Not yet. He even threatens, when liberated, to bring our conduct under the notice of the Benchers.

Mr. Toppel (*grimly*). Then he must never be liberated! It's no good beginning this method of what I may call, in technical language, 'seisin,' unless we go the whole hog. Well, if you two Juniors will attend to our—em—*clients* upstairs—(*laughter*)—I and our Chancery friend will superintend the temporary removal of Lord ESHER from the Court that he so much adorns. (*Noise heard.*) Ah, that sounds like Sir JAMES HANNEN banging on the ceiling! He must be stopped, as it would be so very awkward if a Solicitor were to call. Not that there's much chance of *that* nowadays. (*To* Chancery Barrister.) Come—shall we try a "set-off"? [*Exeunt. Curtain.*

A PLEASANT PROSPECT!

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY PROCEED TO INSPECT THE FLEET AT THE CLOSE OF THE MANŒUVRES. (WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IF THE GALES AND CASUALTIES CONTINUE.)

THE JACKDAW.

(Imitated from Edgar Poe, by an Indignant "Obstructive.")

"That (the defeat of our measures) was all due to Obstruction. . . . It appears that Crown and Parliament are alike to be disestablished, and that in their stead we are to put the Obstructive and the Bore. . . . I should like to ask them what kind of Government they think best, a Bureaucracy or a Bore-ocracy?"—*Mr. Balfour at Manchester.*

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a dry and dusty volume of Blue-Bookish lore,—
While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a yapping,
As of some toy-terrier snapping, snapping at my study door.
"'Tis some peevish cur," I muttered, "yapping at my study door,—
Only that,—but it's a bore."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was drawing nigh September,
And each trivial Tory Member pined for stubble, copse, and moor;
Eagerly they wished the morrow; vainly they had sought to borrow
From their SMITH surcease of sorrow, or from GOSCHEN or BALFOUR,
From the lank and languid "miss" the Tory *claque* dubbed "Brave BALFOUR,"
Fameless else for evermore.

Party prospects dark, uncertain, sombre as night's sable curtain,
Filled them, thrilled them with fantastic funkings seldom felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of faint hearts, they kept repeating
Futile formulas, entreating Closure for the "Obstructive Bore"—
With a view to Truth defeating, such they dubbed "Obstructive Bore," As sought Truth, and nothing more.

Presently my wrath waxed stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Cur!" I said; "mad mongrel, truly off your precious hide, I'll score;
Like your cheek to come here yapping, just as I was gently napping;
You deserve a strapping,—yapping, snapping at my study door.
I shall go for you, mad mongrel!" Here I opened wide the door.
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there nothing hearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams of Spooks, Mahatmas, Esoteric lore;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token.
Hist! there *were* two words soft spoken, those stale words, "Obstructive Bore."
Bosh! I murmured, and some echo whispered back, "Obstructive Bore": Merely that, and nothing more.

Back into my study turning, with some natural anger burning,
Soon again I heard a sound more like mianling than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is a grimalkin at my lattice.
Let me see if it stray cat is, and this mystery explore;
Where's that stick? Ah! wait a moment: *I'll* this mystery explore; It shall worry me no more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a smirk and flutter,
In there popped a perky Jackdaw, yapping, miauling as before
(Queer mimetic noises made he), for no introduction stayed he,
But, with plumage sleek, yet shady, perched above my study door,—
Perched upon a bust of GLADSTONE placed above my study door,—
Perched, and croaked "Obstructive Bore!"

Then this mocking bird beguiling my tried temper into smiling
By the lank lopsided languor of the countenance it wore.
"Though you look storm-tost, unshaven, you," I said, "have found a haven,
Daw as roupy as a raven! Was it *you* yapped at my door?
Tell me your confounded name, O bird in beak so like BALFOUR!"
Quoth the bird, "Obstructive Bore!"

Much I wondered this ungainly fowl to hear speak up so plainly,
Though his answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no sober human being
Ever yet was blessed by seeing bird above his study door—
Bird or beast upon the Grand Old bust above his study door,
With the name, "Obstructive Bore."

But the Jackdaw, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spake only
That one word, as though in that his policy he did outpour.
Not another sound he uttered, but his feathers proudly fluttered.
"Ah!" I mused, "the words he muttered other dolts have mouthed before.
Who is he who thinks to scare me with stale cant oft mouthed before?"
Quoth the bird, "Obstructive Bore!"

Startled at the silence broken by reply so patly spoken,
Doubtless, mused I, what it utters is its only verbal store,
Learnt from some unlucky master, whom well-merited disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his speech one burden bore—
Till his dirges of despair one melancholy burden bore,
Parrot-like, "Obstructive Bore!"

But the Jackdaw still beguiling my soothed fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled my easy-chair in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the cushion sinking, I betook myself to linking
Memory unto memory, thinking what this slave of parrot-lore—
What this lank, ungainly, yet complacent thrall of parrot-lore
Meant by its "Obstructive Bore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, strange similitude confessing,
'Twixt this fowl, whose goggle-eyes glared on me from above my door,
And a chap with long legs twining, whom I'd often seen reclining
On the Treasury Bench's lining, Irish anguish gloating o'er;
This same chap with long legs twining Irish anguish chuckling o'er,
Tories christened, "Brave BALFOUR."

Then methought the air grew denser. I remembered stout Earl SPENCER,
And the silly pseudo-Seraph who "'obstructed" him of yore;
I remembered Maamtrasna, faction, partisan miasma,
CHURCHILL—CHURCHILL and his henchman, lank and languorous BALFOUR.
"What," I cried, "was ARTHUR, then, or RANDOLPH, in those days of yore?" Quoth the bird, "Obstructive Bore."

"Prophet!" said I, "of things evil, prophet callous, cold, uncivil,
By your favourite '*Tu quoque*' how can *you* expect to score?
Though your cheek may be undaunted, little memory is wanted,
And your conscience *must* be haunted by bad memories of yore,
When you were—ah! well, *what* were you? Tell me frankly, I implore!" Quoth the bird, "Obstructive Bore."

"Prophet," said I, "of all evil! that we're going to the devil
All along of that 'Obstruction'—which of old you did adore,
Ere you won official Aidenn—is the charge with which is laden
Every cackling speech you make—if you *do* represent BALFOUR,
That mature and minxish 'maiden' whom the PATS call 'Miss BALFOUR,'"— Quoth the bird, "Obstructive Bore!"

"Here! 'tis time you were departing, bird or not," I cried, upstarting;
"Get you back unto the Carlton, they on parrot-cries set store.
Leave no feather as a token of the lies that you have spoken
Of the Man, Grand, Old, Unbroken! Quit his bust above my door.
Take thy claws from off his crown, and take thy beak from off my door!" Quoth the bird, "Obstructive Bore!"

And the Jackdaw, fowl provoking, still is croaking, still is croaking,
On the pallid bust of GLADSTONE just above my study door,
And his eyes have all the seeming of a small attorney scheming;
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And the shape cut by that shadow which lies floating on the floor,
Looks (to me) OBSTRUCTIVE BORE!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBMARINE ENTERPRISE.—It is a pity, perhaps, that on the very first occasion which enabled you to submit, for an experimental trial, to the Dockyard Authorities at Portsmouth, your newly-designed *Self-sinking and Propelling Submarine Electric Gun Brig*, your vessel, owing, as you say, "to some trifling, though quite unforeseen, hitch in the machinery," should have immediately turned over on its side, upsetting a quantity of red-hot coal from the stoke-hole, and projecting a stifling rush of steam among the four foreign captains, and the two scientific experts whom you had induced to accompany you in your projected descent under the bottoms of the three first-class ironclads at present moored in the harbour. Your alternative ideas of either cutting your vessel in half, and turning it into a couple of diving-bells for the purpose of seeking for hidden treasure on the Goodwin Sands, or of running it under water, for the benefit of those travellers who wish to avoid all chances of sea-sickness, between Folkestone and Boulogne, seem both worthy of consideration. On the whole, however, we should be inclined to think that your last suggestion—namely, that you should put yourself in communication with some highly respectable marine-store dealer, with a view to the disposal of your "Electric Submarine Gun Brig," *for the price of old iron*, would, perhaps, prove the soundest of all. Still, don't be disheartened.

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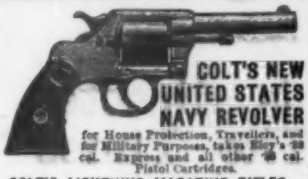

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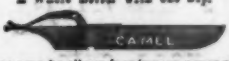

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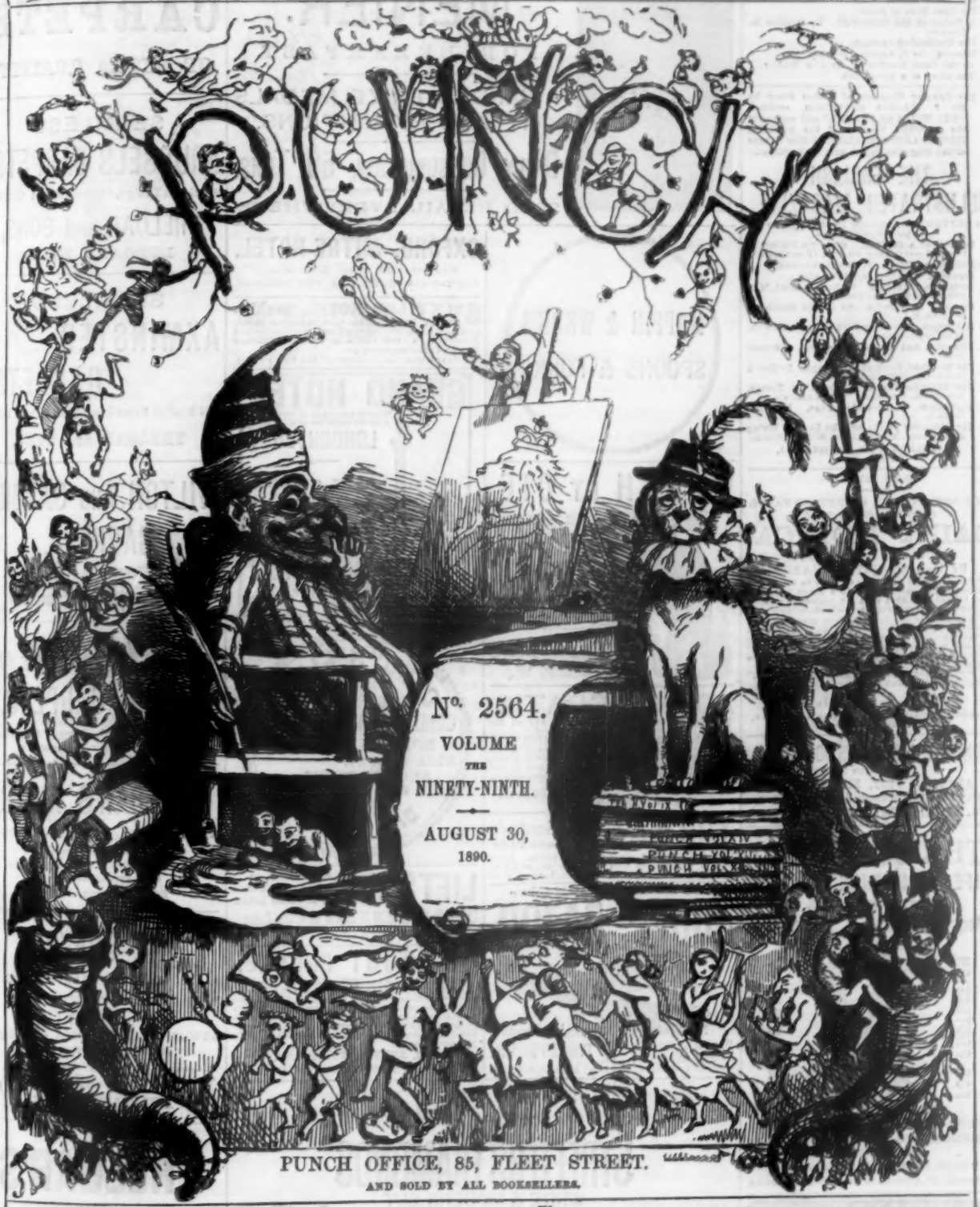

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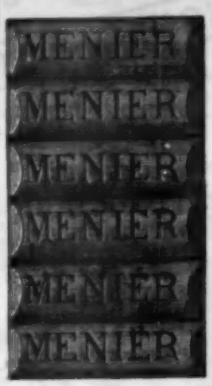

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Yours, One in a Thousand.

Sir,—"Why not live out of London?" Of course. I *do* live "out of London," and make a precious good living too out of London. My friends the Butcher, the Baker, the Greengrocer (not a very green grocer either), the Tailor, the Shoemaker, &c., &c., all say the same as

Yours cheerily,
Charles Cheddar (*Cheesemonger*).

Sir,—I only wish everybody I don't want to see *in* London would live *out of it.* What a thrice blessed time August would be then! Though indeed I infinitely appreciate small mercies *now.* At all events, most people are away, my Club is not closed, and I can enjoy myself pretty thoroughly. Yours,

Elbow Room Club. Beau Winder.

Sir,—"Why not live out of London?" *Because one can't.* Out of London there is only "existence." Is life worth living anywhere except in London—and Paris, if you happen to be there? No, no; those who like living "out of London," had better not live at all.

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Dear Charlie,—No Parry for me, mate, not this season leastways—wus luck!
At the shop I 'm employed in at present, the hands has all bloomin' well struck.
It's hupset all our 'olidays, Charlie, and as to my chance of a rise
Wot do *you* think, old pal? I'm fair flummoxed, and singing, *Oh, what a surprise!*

These Strikes is becoming rare noosances, dashed if they ain't, dear old boy.
They 're all over the shop, like Miss Zæo, wot street-kids seems so to enjoy.
Mugs' game! They'll soon find as the Marsters ain't goin' to be worried and welched,
And when they rob coves of their 'olidays, 'ang it, they ought to be squelched.

'Owsomever, I'm mucked, that's a moral. This doosid dead-set against Wealth
Is a sign o' the times as looks orkud, and bad for the national 'ealth.
There ain't nothink the nobs is fair nuts on but wot these 'ere bellerers ban.
Wy, they're down upon Sport, now, a pelter. Perposterous, ain't it, old man?

Bin a reading Fred 'Arrison's kibosh along o' "The Feast of St. Grouse,"
On the "Glorious Twelfth," as he calls it; wen swells is fair shut of the 'Ouse,
Its Obstruction, and similar 'orrors, in course they hikes off to the Moors.
Small blame to 'em, Charlie, small blame to 'em, spite of the prigs and the boors!

Yet this 'Arrison he sets *his* back up. Dry smug as can't 'andle a gun,
I'll bet Marlboro' 'Ouse to a broomstick, and ain't got no notion of Fun.
"Loves the Moors much too well for to carry one;" that's wot *he* says, sour old sap
Bet my boots as he can't 'it a 'aystack at twenty yards rise—eh, old chap?

Him sweet on the heather, my pippin, or partial to feather and fur,
So long as yer never *kills* nothink? Sech tommy-rot gives me the spur.
Yah! Scenery 's all very proper, but where is the genuine pot
Who 'd pad the 'oof over the Moors, if it weren't for the things to be shot?

"This swagger about killing birds is mere cant," sez this wobbling old wag.
From Arran he 'd tramp to Dunrobin without the least chance of a bag!
"Peaceful hills," that 's his patter, my pippin; no gillies, no luncheons, no game!
Wy, he ought to be tossed in a blanket; it fills a true Briton with shame.

No Moors for yours truly, wus luck! It won't run to it, Charlie, this round;
But give me my gun, and a chance, and I'll be in the swim, I'll be bound.
I did 'ave a turn some years back, though I only went out with 'em once,
And I shot a bit wild, as was likely, fust off, though yer *mayn't* be a dunce.

My rig out was a picter they told me—deer-stalker and knickers O.K.—
"Briggs, Junior," a lobsculler called me; I wasn't quite fly to his lay;
But Briggs or no Briggs I shaped spiffin, in mustard-and-mud-colour checks.
Ah! them Moors is the spots for cold Irish, and gives yer the primest of pecks.

Talk of sandwiges, Charlie, oh scissors, I'd soon ha' cleaned out Charing Cross,
With St. Panerust and Ludgit chucked in; fairly hopened the eye of the boss;
Him as rented the shootings, yer know, big dry-salter in Thames Street, bit warm
In his langwige occasional, Charlie, but 'arty and reglar good form.

Swells will pal in most anywhere now on the chance of a gratis Big Shoot,
And there *wos* some Swells with hus, I tell yer, I felt on the good gay galoot,
But I fancy I got jest a morsel screwdnoodleous late in the day,
For I peppered a bloke in the breeks; he swore bad, but 'twas only his play.

Bagged a brace and a arf, I did, Charlie; not bad for a novice like me.
Jest a bit blown about the fust two; wanted gathering up like, yer see.
A bird do look best with his 'ed on, dear boy, as a matter of taste;
And the gillies got jest a mite scoffy along of my natural 'aste.

Never arsked me no more, for some reason. But wot I would say is this here,
'Arry 's bin in this boat in his time, as in every prime lark pooty near,
And when 'Arrison talks blooming bunkum, with hadjectives spicy and strong,
About Sport being stupid, and noisy, and vulgar; wy, 'Arrison 's wrong!

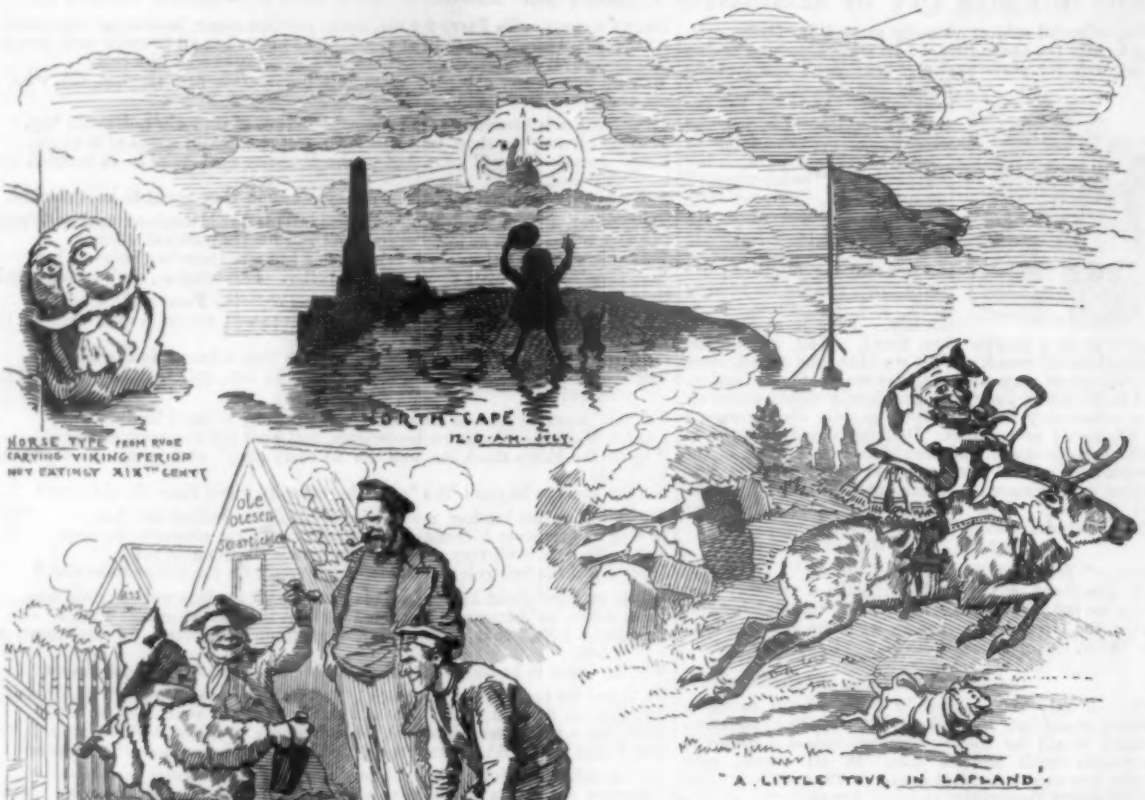
He would rather shoot broken-down cab-horses,—so the mug tells us—than birds.
Well, they 're more in his line very likely; that means, in his own chosen words,
He 's more fit for a hammytoor knacker than for that great boast of our land,
A true British Sportsman! Great Scott! It's a taste as I *can't* understand.

Fact is this here Fred is a Demmycrat, Positivist, and all that.
There 's the nick o' the matter, the reason of all this un-English wild chat.
He is down on the Aristos, Charlie, this 'Arrison is. It's the Court
And the pick o' the Peerage Sport nobbles, and that 's wy he sputters at Sport.

All a part of the game, dear old pal, the dead-set at the noble and rich.
"Smart people" are "Sports," mostly always, and 'Arrison slates them as sich.
'Ates killing of "beautiful creatures," and spiling "the Tummel in spate"
With "drives," champagne luncheons, and gillies? *That's* not wot sich slab-dabbers 'ate.

It 's "Privileged Classes," my pippin, they loathes. Yer can't own a big Moor,
Or even rent one like my dry-salter friend, if yer 'umble and poor.
Don't 'Arrison never *eat* grouse? Ah, you bet, much as ever he 'll carry.
There 's "poz" for a Posit'vist, mate, there 's 'Arrison kibosh'd by 'Arry.

OUR YOTTING YORICK.



YOTTING JOTTINGS.

OH dear! oh dear! What perils I have been through! You'll see me again shortly; but there have been *momentums* in my career when I said to myself, "Shall I ever *aller* out of this alive!" I escaped the Petersburg police; they punched out your Cartoon, and all the lines about the Czar and the Jews; that's why I was so persecuted, and why I was watched. I wish to Heaven you wouldn't have Cartoons about Czars and Jews just when I'm at Peterborough, I mean Petersburg; same name, different place. But there, that's all over now, and *jamais* will I go and put myself within the clutches of the Russian Bear again. The midnight sun must do without *me* in future. I send you a sketch I made of a gargle—I think that's the name—on a church-door in Lapland. Isn't it really droll? You're always bothering me for something droll, and *now you've got it*. Then, *Mr. Punch*, riding a reindeer at half-a-crown an hour. Then here are the little Lapps offering our sailors a lap of liquor; and I said to myself, "One touch of Nature," which struck me as just the very motto for the picture. I roared with laughter at it. "This'll do for 'em at home," I said, and so here it is. And look at the "Lapps of Luxury"! You know that "Lap of Luxury" is a proverbial phrase; and, as you told me to make some comic sketches of the manners and customs of the country, why, I've done so; and, if they ain't funny, I don't know what humour is. *Voilà!*

But you really must not expect me to grimace and buffoon. You must take me *seriatim* or not at all. I can't stand on my head to sketch. I can't do it. I nearly *did* do it, though, for when I had my sketching-book in my hand on board, the spanker-boom, or some such thing, came over suddenly and hit me such a whack on the head, that for two minutes I lay insensible, and thought I should never become sensible again. Rightly is it called "spanker-boom,"—that is if it *is* called so, or some name very like it,—for I never got such a whack on the head in all my life before. I hear the Booming still in my ears.

You can't expect a fellow to be funny, however funny he may *feel* (and I *did* feel uncommonly funny, you may take your oath!), under such circumstances. However, as the song says, "Home once more," and many a yarn shall I have to tell when I gather myself round the fireside, pipe all hands for grog, and sing you an old Norse song with real humour in it—though I dare say *you'll* say you don't see it—and so no more *à présent* from yours seasickly (I am quite well, but I mean I'm sick of the sea),

FLOTSAM, Y.A.

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

Fifth Entry.

Curious thing that to-day—after disappointment of failure for the Bar—letter comes from President of my old College, asking me "if I would accept a nice Tutorship for a time?" If so, "I had better come down and talk to him about it."

Decided a little time ago not to try "Scholastic Profession"—thought it would try *me* too much. Feel tempted now. *Query*—am I losing my old pluck? In consequence of my new "pluck,"—in the Bar Exam.?

"Um!" remarks the President (I *have* run down and got a vacant bed-room in College). "Glad to see you. Oh, yes, about that tutorship. Um, um! The family live in Somerset." He mentions the county apologetically, as if he expected me to reply—"Oh, Somerset! Couldn't dream of going *there*. Not very particular, but must have a place within ten miles of Charing Cross." As I don't object to Somerset, at least audibly, he goes on more cheerfully—

"Boy doesn't want to be taught much, so perhaps, it would suit you."—(*Query*—is this insulting?)—"He wants a companion more—somebody to keep him steady, have a good influence and all that, and give him a little classics and so on for about an hour a day."

It did not sound as bad as I expected.

"Rich people—um—merchants at Bristol, I think. Not very cultivated, though." Here President pauses again, and looks as if he would not be at all astonished if I rose from my chair, put on my hat, and said, "Not very cultivated! That won't suit *me!* You see how tremendously cultivated *I* am." But I don't, and he proceeds calmly to another head of his discourse.

"They haven't mentioned terms, but I'm sure they will be satisfactory—give you what you ask, in fact." (Rather a nice trait in their character, this.)—"Now, will you—um—take it? They want somebody at once."

"Yes," I reply; "I'll go and see how I fancy it. Have they got a billiard-table, do you happen to know?"

The President says, "he doesn't know anything about *that*," and looks a little surprised, as if I had proposed a game of skittles.

On way down (next day) I feel rather like a Governess going to her first situation. Get to house late. Too dark to see what it's like. Have to drive up in a village fly. *Query*—Oughtn't they to have sent their carriage for me?

My reception is peculiar. A stout, masculine-looking female with a strident voice, is presumably Mrs. Bristol Merchant.

Sends me up to my bed-room as if I were my own luggage. Evidently very "uncultivated."

In my bed-room. Above are the sounds of a small pandemonium, apparently. Stamping, falling, shouting, bumping, crying. What a lot of them there must be!

There are! At supper—they appear to have early dinners, which I detest—three boys and one girl present, as a sample. Eldest a youth about ten, who puts out his tongue at me, when he thinks I'm not looking, and kicks his brothers beneath the table to make them cry, which they do. I begin to wonder when my real pupil will appear.

Governess talks to me as if I were a brother professional. *Query*—*infra dig.* again?

Children, being forbidden to talk in anything but French at meals, say nothing at all; at the end I am astounded at Materfamilias catching hold of the boy of ten, and bringing him round to me, with the remark,—

"Perhaps you'd like to talk to Ernie about lessons."

Heavens! This nursery fledgling to be my pupil! And I am to be his "companion"! Fledgling, while standing in front of me for inspection, has the audacity to stretch out his leg, and trip up a little sister who is passing. Howls ensue.

A nicely-mannered youth!

"You will have to behave yourself with *me*, young man!" I warn him, in a tone which ought to abash him, but doesn't in the least.

"Ah, but perhaps you won't stay here long," is his rather able rejoinder. "Our Governesses never ——"

"Ernie!" shrieks his mother, threateningly. Ernie stops; and I have time to regret my folly in not inquiring of the President the precise age of my promising disciple. Very likely President didn't know himself.

The other boys who were at supper are now presented to me. One is about eight, the other not more than six.

"These are Herbie and Jack," says their mother, who ought to know. Thank Heaven, *they* are not my pupils!

Mrs. Bristol Merchant horrifies me by saying—

"I thought it would be so nice, when you were teaching Ernie, if Herbie *and* Jack *could be taught too!* And after lessons you will be able to take them such nice long walks in the neighbourhood! It's really very pretty country, Mr.—I forget your name."

Oh, certainly, the President was quite right. She *is* very uncultivated. That ever I was born to cultivate her—or her precious offspring! But was I? Time must show.

SARTORIAL EUPHUISMS.

"Measurements about the same as they used to be, Snipps?"
"Yes, Sir. Chest a trifle *lower down*, Sir, that's all!"

AN ARGUMENTUM AD POCKETUM.

[The Rev. B. Meredyth-Kitson called the attention of the London School Board to the action of Mr. Montagu Williams, who, being appealed to by "a respectable-looking woman" for the remission of a fine of five shillings imposed upon her husband for neglecting to send their children to school, gave her five shillings out of the poor-box to pay it, on finding that she had nine children, the eldest fifteen years, the youngest five months, a husband out of work, and "no boots for her children to go to school in." The Rev. Stewart Headlam said that in East London they suffered a good deal through the decisions of Mr. Montagu Williams, who constantly paid the fines from the poor-box, or out of his own pocket!]

Oh, Montagu, this conduct is nefarious!
You are, indeed, a pretty Magistrate!
Better the judgments, generous, if precarious,
Of the old Cadi at an Eastern gate.
No wonder that you madden Meredyth-Kitson,
And stir the bitter bile of Stewart Headlam.
When Justice, School-Board ruling simply "sits on,"
School-Boards become a mere annexe of—Bedlam!
Nine children! Husband out of work! No boots!
And do you really think that *these* are reasons
For fine-remission? This strikes at the roots
Of Law, which ought to rule us at all seasons.
Oh, how shall Kitson educate the "kids,"
Or how shall Headlam discipline the mothers,
If you, instead of doing what Law bids,
Pay the poor creatures' fines and raise up bothers?
Law, Sir, is Law, even to Magistrates,
Not a mere chopping-block for maudlin charity.
Fining the impecunious doubtless grates
On feelings such as yours; there's some disparity
'Twixt School-Board Draconism, and regard
For parents penniless, and children bootless;
But pedagogues—ask Headlam—must be hard,
Or pedagogy's purposes are fruitless.
Poor creatures? Humph! Compassion's mighty fine;
A gentle feeling, who would wish to shock it?
But husbands out of work with children nine,
Should pay their fines themselves—not from *your* pocket.

KEPT IN TOWN.—A Lament.

THE Season 's ended; in the Park the vehicles are far and few,
And down the lately-crowded Row one horseman canters on a screw
By stacks of unperceptive chairs; the turf is burnt, the leaves are brown,
A stagnant sultriness prevails—the very air 's gone out of town!

Belgravia 's drawn her blinds, and let her window-boxes run to seed;
Street-urchins play in porticoes—no powdered menial there to heed;
Now fainter grows the lumbering roll of luggage-cumbered omnibus:
Bayswater's children all are off upon their annual exodus.

On every hoarding posters flaunt the charms of peak, and loch, and sea,
To madden those unfortunates who have to stay in town—like me!
Gone are the inconsiderate friends who tell one airily, "They 're off!"
And ask "what *you* propose to do—yacht. shoot, or fish, or walk, or golf?"

On many a door which opened wide in welcome but the other day,
The knocker basks in calm repose—conscious "the family 's away."
I scan the windows—half in hope I may some friendly face detect—
To meet their blank brown-papered stare, depressing as the cut direct!

I pass the house where She is not, to feel an unfamiliar chill;
That door is disenchanted now, that number powerless to thrill!
'Twas there, in yonder balcony, that last July she used to stand;
Upon some balcony, more blest, she 's leaning now, in Switzerland,

Her eyes upon rose-tinted peaks—but no, of sense I 'm quite bereft!
The hour is full early yet, and *table d hôte* she 'll scarce have left.
Some happy neighbour 's handing her the salad——But I 'll move, I think;
I see a grim caretaker's eye regard me through the shutter's chink.

Yes, I 'll away,—no longer be the sport of sentiment forlorn,
But scale the heights of Primrose Hill, pretending it 's the Matterhorn;
Or hie me through the dusk to sit beside the shimmering Serpentine,
And, with a little make-believe, imagine I am up the Rhine.

Alas! the poor device, I know, my restlessness will ne'er assuage:
Still Fancy beats, with pinions clipped, the wires of its Cockney cage!
No inch of turf to prisoned larks can represent the boundless moor;
And neither Hyde nor Regent's Park suggests a Continental Tour!

VOCES POPULI.

IN AN OMNIBUS.

The majority of the inside passengers, as usual, sit in solemn silence, and gaze past their opposite neighbours into vacancy. A couple of Matrons converse in wheezy whispers.

First Matron. Well, I must say a bus is pleasanter riding than what they used to be not many years back, and then so much cheaper, too. Why, you can go all the way right from here to Mile End Road for threepence!

Second Matron. What, all that way for threepence—(*with an impulse of vague humanity.*) The *poor* 'orses!

First Matron. Ah, well, my dear, it 's Competition, you know,—it don't do to think too much of it.

Conductor (*stopping the bus*). Orchard Street, Lady!

[*To* Second Matron, *who had desired to be put down there.*

Second Matron (*to* Conductor). Just move on a few doors further, opposite the boot-shop. (*To* First Matron.) It will save us walking.

Conductor. Cert'inly, Mum, we 'll drive in and wait while you 're tryin' 'em on, if you like—*we* ain't in no 'urry!

[*The* Matrons *get out, and their places are taken by two young girls, who are in the middle of a conversation of thrilling interest.*

First Girl. I never liked her myself—ever since the way she behaved at his Mother's that Sunday.

Second Girl. How *did* she behave?

[*A faint curiosity is discernible amongst the other passengers to learn how she—whoever she is—behaved that Sunday.*

First Girl. Why, it was you *told* me! *You* remember. That night JOE let out about her and the automatic scent fountain.

Second Girl. Oh, yes, I remember now. (*General disappointment.*) I couldn't help laughing myself. JOE didn't ought to have told—but she needn't have got into such a state over it, *need* she?

First Girl. That was ELIZA all over. If GEORGE had been sensible, he 'd have broken it off then and there—but no, he wouldn't hear a word against her, not at that time—it was the button-hook opened *his* eyes!

[*The other passengers strive to dissemble a frantic desire to know how and why this delicate operation was performed.*

Second Girl (*mysteriously*). And enough too! But what put GEORGE off most was her keeping that bag so quiet.

[*The general imagination is once more stirred to its depths by this mysterious allusion.*

First Girl. Yes, he did feel that, I know, he used to come and go on about it to me by the hour together. "I shouldn't have minded so much," he told me over and over again, with the tears standing in his eyes,—"if it hadn't been that the bottles was all silver-mounted!"

Second Girl. Silver-mounted? I never heard of *that* before—no wonder he felt hurt!

First Girl (*impressively*). Silver tops to everyone of them—and that girl to turn round as she did, and her with an Uncle in the oil and colour line, too—it nearly broke GEORGE's 'art!

Second Girl. He 's such a one to take on about things—but, as I said to him, "GEORGE," I says, "You must remember it might have been worse. Suppose you 'd been married to that girl, and *then* found out about ALF and the Jubilee sixpence—how would *that* have been?"

First Girl (*unconsciously acting as the mouth-piece of the other passengers*). And what did he say to *that*?

Second Girl. Oh, nothing—there was nothing he *could* say, but I could see he was struck. She behaved very mean to the last—she wouldn't send back the German concertina.

First Girl. You don't say so! Well, I wouldn't have thought that of her, bad as she is.

Second Girl. No, she stuck to it that it wasn't like a regular present, being got through a grocer, and as she couldn't send him back the tea, being drunk,—but did you hear how she treated EMMA over the crinoline 'at she got for her?

First Girl (*to the immense relief of the rest*). No, what was that?

Second Girl. Well, I had it from EMMA her own self. ELIZA wrote up to her and says, in a postscript like,—Why, this is Tottenham Court Road, I get out here. Good-bye, dear, I must tell you the rest another day.

[*Gets out, leaving the tantalised audience inconsolable, and longing for courage to question her companion as to the precise details of* ELIZA's *heartless behaviour to* GEORGE. *The companion, however, relapses into a stony reserve. Enter a* Chatty Old Gentleman *who has no secrets from anybody, and of course selects as the first recipient of his confidence the one person who hates to be talked to in an omnibus.*

The Chatty O. G. I've just been having a talk with the policeman at the corner there—what do you think I said to him?

His Opposite Neighbour. I—I really don't know.

The C. O. G. Well, I told him he was a rich man compared to me. He said, "I only get thirty shillings a week, Sir." "Ah," I said, "but look at your expenses, compared to mine. What would *you* do if you had to spend eight hundred a-year on your children's education? I spend that—every penny of it, Sir.

His Opp. N. (*utterly uninterested*). Do you indeed?—dear me!

C. O. G. Not that I grudge it—a good education is a fortune in itself, and as I've always told my boys, they must make the best of it, for it 's all they 'll get. They 're good enough lads, but I've had a deal of trouble with them one way and another—a *deal* of trouble. (*Pauses for some expression of sympathy—which does not come—and he continues:*) There are my two eldest sons—what must they do but fall in love with the same lady—the same lady, Sir! (*No one seems to care much for these domestic revelations—possibly because they are too obviously addressed to the general ear.*) And, to make matters worse, she was a married woman—(*his principal hearer looks another way uneasily*)—the wife of a godson of mine, which made it all the more awkward, y' know. (His Opposite Neighbour *giving no sign, the* C. O. G. *tries one Passenger after another.*) Well, I went to him—(*here he fixes an old Lady, who immediately passes up coppers out of her glove to the* Conductor)—I went to him, and said—(*addressing a smartly dressed young Lady with a parcel, who giggles*)—I said, "You're a man of the world—so am I. Don't you take any notice," I told him—(*this to a callow young man, who blushes*)—"they 're a couple of young fools," I said, "but you tell your dear wife from me not to mind those boys of mine—they 'll soon get tired of it if they 're only let alone." And so they would have, long ago, it 's my belief, if they 'd met with no encouragement—but what can *I* do—it 's a heavy trial to a father, you know. Then there 's my third son—he must needs go and marry—(*to a Lady at his side with a reticule, who gasps faintly*)—some young woman who dances at a Music-hall—nice daughter-in-law that for a man in my position, eh? I've forbidden him the house of course, and told his mother not to have any communication with him—but I know, Sir,—(*violently, to a Man on his other side, who coughs in much embarrassment*)—I *know* she meets him once a week under the eagle in Orme Square, and *I* can't stop her! Then I 'm worried about my daughters—one of 'em gave me no peace till

I let her have some painting lessons—of course, I naturally thought the drawing-master would be an elderly man—whereas, as things turned out,——

A Quiet Man in a Corner. I 'ope you told all this to the Policeman, Sir?

The C. O. G. (*flaming unexpectedly*). No, Sir, I did *not*. I am not in the habit—whatever *you* may be—of discussing my private affairs with strangers. I consider your remark highly impertinent, Sir. [*Fumes in silence for the rest of the journey.*

The Young Lady with the Parcel (*to her friend—for the sake of vindicating her gentility*). Oh, my dear, I do feel so funny, carrying a great brown-paper parcel, in a bus, too! Anyone would take me for a shop-girl!

A Grim Old Lady opposite. And I only hope, my dear, you'll never be taken for anyone less respectable.

[*Collapse of* Genteel Y. L.

The Conductor. Benk, benk! (*he means "Bank"*) 'Oborn, benk! 'Igher up there, Bill, can't you?

A Dingy Man smoking, in a Van. Want to block up the ole o' the road, eh? That's right!

The Conductor (*roused to personality*). Go 'ome, Dirty Dick! syme old soign, I see,—"Monkey an' Pipe!" (*To Coachman of smart brougham which is pressing rather closely behind.*) I say, old man, don't you race after my bus like this—you'll only tire your 'orse. [*The Coachman affects not to have heard.*

The Conductor (*addressing the brougham horse, whose head is almost through the door of the omnibus*). 'Ere, 'ang it all!—step inside, if yer want to!

[*Brougham falls to rear—triumph of* Conductor *as Scene closes.*

IN THE KNOW.

(*By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.*)

Readers of this journal will be surprised to learn that I am penning these lines from Blancheville, which as everybody, except the chief of the chowder-heads, knows is the most important town of one of the principal departments of France. Nothing but an overwhelming sense of what is due to myself, to my readers, and to my country, would have dragged me from the Metropolis at this season of the year. But a distinction was offered to me, a distinction so unique and so dazzling that I felt that it would not be fair to my fellow countrymen, of all ages, and of every party, if I failed to take advantage of it, and thus to present to the envious world the proud spectacle of an Englishman honoured by the great French nation. I will narrate the matter as briefly as is consistent with my respect for accuracy, and with my contempt for the tapioca-brained nincompoops who snarl, and chatter, and cackle at me in the organ of Mr. J. Last Friday I received this telegram:—

Blancheville, Friday.

The inhabitants of Blancheville, in public meeting assembled, felicitate you on stupendous success of all your prophecies. Desiring to honour you in the name of France, the mother of glorious heroes, and the eldest daughter of Liberty, they have awarded to you the Montyon prize for virtue, and have selected you as *Rosier en perpétuité de Blancheville*, a new post never before held by a man. Presentation on Sunday. Come at once.

(*Signed*) Caramel, *Maire de Blancheville.*

I started that evening. In the course of the following day I reached Blancheville. The people, in their holiday attire, were gathered in thousands at the railway station. M. Caramel, accompanied by the *Préfet* and the *Sous-Préfet*, all in their tricolor sashes, was the first to greet me. Saluting me on both cheeks, he called upon the world to witness that this was indeed a great day for Blancheville. My escort, under the command of General Count Croutaupot, then formed up. I mounted the gilded Car of Victory, specially provided for the celebration, and, amidst the plaudits of the assembled millions, I was drawn by a specially-selected band of *Enfants de la Patrie* (a sort of body-guard, composed entirely of the French aristocracy) to the palace, which had been prepared for my reception. At the banquet, in the Town Hall, the healths of the Queen and of M. Carnot were followed by a lengthy speech, in English, from my brother Caramel (we have sworn fraternity), in which he declared that the centuries looked down and redazed in this joice, and that it was a delight for him to carry a toast to the illustrious visitor who had deigned to come to Blancheville. On the following day the ceremony took place. I transcribe and translate from *Le Petit Colporteur de Blancheville*, the chief local journal, an account of what took place.

"On this day, so great and glorious for our France, it is not possible to refrain from tears of joy and satisfaction. We have made him *Rosier en perpétuité de Blancheville*, him the proudest and most sympathetic writer who has dazzled Europe since the great and illustrious Plumeau" (a local author of repute) "departed from us. The history of this day must be written. Let us essay to do it as it should be done. In the early morning twelve selected maidens, robed in muslin and lilies, sang the *Tocsin de la Patrie* outside the Palace where our guest reposed. Soon afterwards he himself appeared in flowing white garments, and showered blessings upon their heads. He descended. He entered the four-in-hand-teams which the *Maire* had, as a compliment to England, made up with a *char-à-banc* of the neighbourhood. Thus he was drawn to the Market Place, where some of our bravest veterans fired in his honour a thundering salute. The beautiful and admirable Madame Caramel then advanced to him with a wreath of roses in her hand. She crowned him with it, saying, 'Wear this for Blancheville. Nobly hast thou earned it.' With difficulty the illustrious author preserved his calm. A tear sparkled in his eye. He bent low, and in a voice choked with emotion, thanked the citizens of our town. Then mounting on a milk-white steed, and surrounded by the young men of the district, he received from the *Préfet* the Prix Montyon for virtue."

The rest is too flattering. I am hastening home. The Queen has been graciously pleased to permit me to wear the Prix Montyon at Court. Can a man want more? Yours, in all humility,

Le Rosier de Blancheville.

A PUFF AT WHITEHALL.

(*A piece of extravagance faintly suggestive of a Scene from "The Critic."*

Lord George Puff *and* Sir John Bull *discovered attending a rehearsal of the Naval Estimates.*

Lord George. And now I pray your particular attention, Sir John, as this is the best thing in my play—it is a spectacular effect called the Summer Manœuvres.

Sir John. And no doubt costly, Lord George?

Lord George. You are right, Sir John, as you will have an opportunity of finding out—hereafter. But to the argument. It is supposed that the British Fleet is at war with, indeed, the British Fleet.

Sir John. A very clever idea.

Lord George. I flatter myself it is, and novel too. It is true that occasionally the ships comprising the British Fleet have run into one another in the past just as if they had been at war, but then they were avowedly at peace, and now they are undoubtedly the reverse. Do you take my meaning?

Sir John. Well, not clearly. How do you show that the British Fleet is at war with the British Fleet?

Lord George. Ah, there comes in my art, and I think you will confess I have a very pretty wit. You see I divide the British Fleet into two parts—one part represents the enemy and the other part represents itself like the House of Commons, a most representative body. That is clear, I hope?

Sir John. Certainly—one is the British Fleet, and the other is not the British Fleet. But is there no bond of union?

Lord George. Most assuredly there is—you pay for both. But, pardon me, I beg you will not further interrupt me. So, now that we have the two Fleets face to face, or, I should say, bow to starn, we proceed exactly as if there were a real quarrel between them. We spend money on coal, we spend money on pay, we spend money on ammunition. Nay, by my life, we spend money on everything—just as we should do if war were really declared! That's simple enough.

Sir John. I confess your plan *does* seem simple.

Lord George. And there is more behind. We are not satisfied with merely spending money—we learn a lesson as well. Come, you must confess *that* surprises you?

Sir John. Well, I admit that generally, where there is any spending of money, it is *I* who learn the lesson.

Lord George. Good—distinctly good! But let us be serious. Well, when we are carrying on a war by every means in our power, we fancy that one Fleet is chasing the other. They both have equal speed, and we give one Fleet twenty-four hours' start of the other, and will you believe me that, although the first follows the second as fast as may be from the beginning to the end of the manœuvring, they never see one another! On my life—never! They never see the British Fleet, because it's not in sight!

Sir John. But could you not have learned all this without so great an expenditure of money?

Lord George. Well, no, Sir John—not at the Admiralty!

Sir John. And how do you end the farce?

Lord George. In the usual fashion, Sir John (*ignites blue fire*)—in smoke!

[*The characters are lost in the fog customary to the occasion.*

Curtain.

A SEVERE SABBATARIAN.

Mr. Bung (Landlord of "Ye Pygge and Whistle"). "Sunday League, indeed! *I'd* Sunday League 'em, if I'd a chance!—Breakin' the Lord's-d'y, and hinterferin' with my Tryde!"

"SHADOWED!"

Shadowed! Ay, even in the holiday season.
The Statesman, in his hard-earned hour of ease,
Is haunted by forebodings, and with reason.
What is that spectre the tired slumberer sees?
The foul familiar lineaments affright him;
Its pose of menace and its pointing hand
To caution urge, to providence invite him,
To foil this scourge of the Distressful Land.

Who does *not* fear to speak of Forty-Seven,
When that same Shadow darkened all the isle?
Is *it* abroad once more? Avert it, Heaven!
On Order's lips it chills the dawning smile;
Awakener of hushed fears and hatreds dying,
Blighter of more than Nature's genial growth,
Herald of hungering lips, of children crying,
To hold thee imminent all hearts are loth.

Vain holiday nepenthe, sport's unbending,
The Statesman's burdened brain may not forget.
His cares are ceaseless and his toils unending,
Memories embarrass and forebodings fret.
The gun, the golf-club, and the rod avail not
In his tired heart to make full holiday;
E'en amidst pastime he must watch, and fail not,
Approaching ills, the shadows on the way.

Shadowed! And not by common gloom, poor Minister! [course.
The passing shades that chequer every
This spectral presence is as stern and sinister
As *atra cura* on the rider's horse.
Behind, the famine phantom black and grim! [sant,
Before, the vision of the helpless peas-
How should the holiday-hour, to all so plea-
Bring gladness true or genuine rest to him?

Wake! There is need for provident prevision,
For watchful eye, and for most wary hand.
In mellow Autumn's interlude Elysian
The old grim Shadow strikes across the land. [terror,
May Heaven arrest its course, avert its
And keep the Statesman who this foe must fight [error,
From careless blindness and from blundering
Such as of old lent aid to the Black Blight.

"Jack Sheppard Reversed."

This is the title of an amusing article in last week's *Saturday Review*. It is not the story of Jack Sheppard once more done into rhyme. The title so happily selected is thoroughly justified by the doings of an eccentric and original burglar, who, broke *into* a prison! This certainly was Jack Sheppard reversed with a vengeance! The hero of the escapade is said to be a tinted native of Barbadoes—his portrait should be published as a companion to the "penny plain" of his prototype as "twopence coloured."

Cardinal Manning's Precedence.

It does not need heraldic lore
The Cardinal's place to find.
Of course he'll always come before
The ones who are behind.

THE PHAGOCYTE.

(*The Story of a Blood Feud.*)

[A microscopist has found an organism called the Phagocyte in the blood, which pursues and devours the Bacilli.]

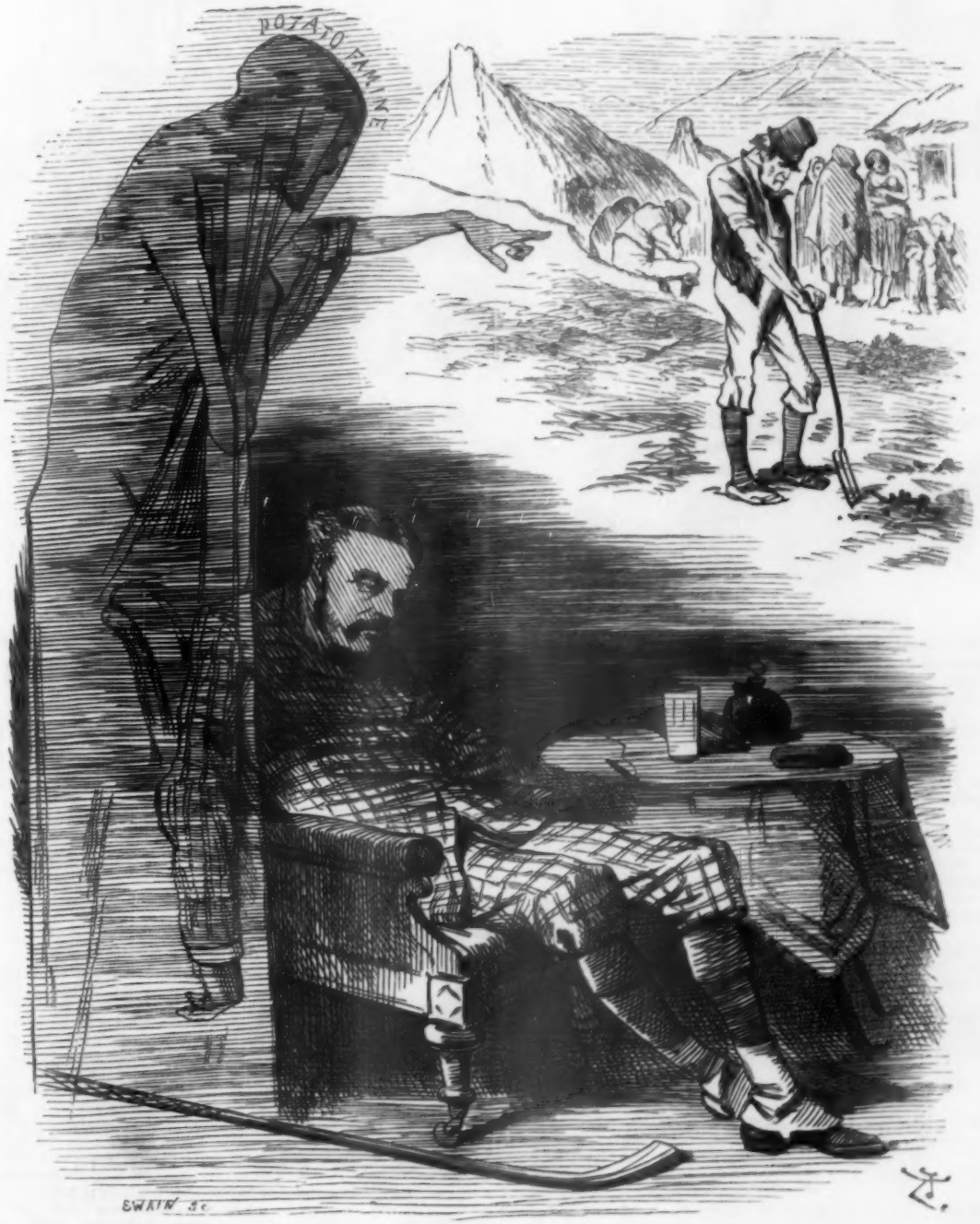
Strange the tale that Science tells.
Here are some devouring cells:
Ever watchful night and day,
They the vile Bacillus slay;
Wot we well he fears the bite
Of the guardian Phagocyte.

Hour by hour the fight goes on,
Till the silent battle's won;
Vainly do Bacilli shirk
When their deadly foe 's at work;
Every microbe faints with fright
At the fearsome Phagocyte.

Should the Phagocyte not keep
Faithful ward, but go to sleep;
Then Bacillus, in high glee,
Works his will on you and me;
Danger would be ours to-night,
But for that same Phagocyte.

Such a tale of Science seems
Like the offspring of wild dreams;
Fiction surely, in good sooth,
Can invent no tale like truth.
Stranger story none could write
Than this of the Phagocyte.

The Astronomer descries
Worlds on worlds beyond our eyes;
'Neath the microscope weird things
Erst unseen whirl round in rings;
Hence it is that we indite
Stanzas to the Phagocyte.



"SHADOWED!"

A SPECULATIVE OFFER.

Driver. "NOW, TOM, WHEN WE ARRIVE AT THE TURN, I'LL SELL YOU THE DOG-CART FOR A SOV!"

MR. PUNCH'S SWIM ROUND THE WORLD.

(*From his own Prophetic Log-book.*)

Herne Bay.—The weather being extremely favourable, I jumped off the end of the new pier, and, getting the benefit of the flood tide, passed the Nore and inspected Southend. Swimming quite easily, assisted by one or two short rests.

Margate.—Reached this popular seaside place a few hours later. Swam out of sight of the sands to rid myself of a view of the excursion riff-raff thereon congregated. Sea completely smooth, but cold. Took a nip of ——'s English Cognac.

Ramsgate.—Very pleased to find myself abreast of the Royal Crescent, which seemed delightful. Cape Grisnez still bearing N.E. by E. Munched one of ——'s excellent Birchrod Biscuits.

Dover.—Just had a good long rest in front of Clarence Lawn, which glistened in the sunlight. Greatly refreshed after a drink of ——'s Essence of Gravy beef.

Calais.—A shower of rain came on at this point. However, one of ——'s excellent umbrellas kept my head dry, and, being easy to hold, did not prevent me from swimming and writing up my log.

Gibraltar.—I felt very fatigued going through the Bay of Biscay, but recovered much of my strength off the fortress by sucking one of ——'s capital Kill-cough Lozenges.

Malta.—I have now been in the water six days and three nights continuously, and yet am nearly as fresh as when I started. I attribute this marvellous fact to my practice of sipping ——'s Essence of Coffeetine.

Aden.—Water extremely hot, but am still confident of success. Went to sleep for an hour in the Red Sea, smoking one of ——'s Anti-alligator cigarettes, which are a real preventive against crocodile annoyance.

Madras.—Am continuing my side-stroke but somewhat languidly. I half regretted that I was unable to go on shore to see the Indian curiosities. Much refreshed after partaking of the contents of ——'s Patent Luncheon Basket.

Singapore.—Have now been continually in the water for six weeks. Regret that my log should be so "scrappy," but my time just now is very much occupied by other things. Tired, but confident of success. During the last fortnight have fed with great relish upon ——'s *Purée de foies gras.* It is not only cheap, but excellent.

New Hebrides.—Am now within measurable distance of the end of my journey. Quite accustomed to the water. However, greatly fatigued, and very pleased to eat some of ——'s Alimentary Condiment.

Pitcairn Island.—Glad to be again in these latitudes. My strokes are now very feeble. I should have to give in were it not for ——'s Medicated Mutton Broth, which seems to be most nourishing.

Cape Town.—In a fainting condition. Scarcely able to hold this pen. Became better after eating ——'s Digestible Plum Puddings, sold in tin canisters at 1*s.* 10*d.* per pound.

Rio Janeiro.—Terribly hot and exhausted. I have now been three months continuously in the water, which is certainly a long time. Much amused with a toy called ——'s Mechanical Rabbit.

Cape Verde Islands.—Almost unconscious from fatigue. However, I can swim more easily after I have drunk a glass or two of ——'s Cabbage Rose Temperance Non-Intoxicating Sherry. It is a most admirable beverage.

Madeira.—I move with the greatest difficulty, and fear I must be sinking. I obtain great strength from an occasional sip of ——'s "Beef-fibre" (title registered) which seems to me worth twice its weight in gold.

Dublin.—Have now been in the water continuously for nearly half a year. Too feeble to look at Dublin. I am evidently sinking, and can only keep off a relapse by eating ——'s Patent Vegetable Substitute for Roast Pork.

Herne Bay.—Returned dead—quite dead! Restored to life by inhaling ——'s Vitality Producer.

N.B.—The above blanks will be filled up with real names. For particulars apply at 85, Fleet Street Advertisement Department.

A Black Business.

As stated in the *Daily Telegraph* of Thursday last, the Russian Censor stamped out *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon, "From Nile to Neva," and obliterated the verses. The *St. James's Gazette* suggested that the Cartoon was thus reproduced in Whistlerian fashion. It certainly is a study in black, without any relief whatever. A Black business indeed! Who shall correct the Censor Incensed? Even *Mr. Punch* himself would be chary about visiting Petersburg, lest he should be "bound in Russia,"—and sent to Siberia.

IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

(*Effects of a Long Session in the House.*)

WHAT THE TAME RABBIT SAID TO THE GRAND OLD CARDENER.

(Some way after "Alice in Wonderland.")

"The work of Major Morant is headed *Profitable Rabbit Farming*. (*Laughter.*) Yes, that is a subject for merriment, probably, on account of its comparative novelty, but it is also a subject of satisfaction, which is akin to merriment, because this rabbit-farming appears to be a very good and promising description of pursuit. . . . That is the raising of tame rabbits."—*Mr. Gladstone at the Hawarden Floral and Horticultural Society's Show.*

These were the verses the Tame Rabbit recited:—

The Grand Old Man was on the stir;
Morant named me to him;
He gave me a good character;
I thought his meaning dim.

He held me up; they thought it fun!
And laughed; he chid their glee.
If he should push this matter on,
What will become of Me?

He said I was a paying game,
Commending me as such.
That's the result of being tame,
And living in a hutch.

My notion is that it is vain
For you, you Grand Old Fella,
To rave of rabbits in the rain,
Beneath a big umbrella.

Don't let them know *we* fatten best,
For this should ever be
A secret kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me!

AMONG THE BUNNIES.

LITERATURE AND LOTTERY.

(By a Patron of the Popular Press.)

Yes, I've "a literary taste,"
And patronise a weekly journal;
'Tis what is called *Scissors and Paste*,
The paper's poor, the print's infernal.
But what of that, when, week by week,
High at the sight of it hope rises?
What in my Magazine I seek
Is just — a medium for Prizes!
I can't be bothered to read much,
I like my literature in snippets.
My hope is, with good luck, to clutch
Villas, gold watches, sable tippets.
A coupon and some weekly pence
Give me a chance of an annuity.
Oh, the excitement is intense!
I read with ardent assiduity,
Not what the poor ink-spillers say
In sparkling "par," or essay solemn;
No, what I read, with triumph gay
Or hope deferred, is—the Prize Column!
On prose my time I seldom waste,
And poetry is poor and pottery,
But oh! I have an ardent taste
For Literature when linked with Lottery!

ROBERT'S LITTLE HOLLERDAY.

My hollerday, or sum of it, was spent in Hopen Spaces. Hif anybody as has got two eyes in his hed, and a hart in his buzzom, wants for to see what can be done with about 40 hakers of land—witch the most respecfool Gardiner told me was about the size of the Queen's Park at Kilburn—let him go there on a fine Summer's Arternoon, and see jest about five thowsen children a playing about there, all free, and hindependent, and appy, with two fountings to drink when they're ot and thirsty, and a nice littel Jim Nasyum to climb up and down. They ain't allowed to play at Cricket coz there ain't not room enuf, but I did see two bold littel chaps, about six a peace, a breaking of the Law, and a playing at the forbidden game, with a jacket for the wicket and a stick for a Bat, and the kind-arted Gardiner hadn't got hart enuff to stop 'em.

He told me as how, when the Copperashun fust took possesshun of it, it was nothink but a Baron Swomp, but that, what with the spending of lots of money, and the souperintending genus of Major Mackenzie, in two years it was maid to blossom like a rose. I spent a werry plessant arternoon there, and drove home in style on the Box Seat of a reel Company's Bus. The nex day I went to Higate Wood, another of the grate works of the good old Copperashun. And lawks, what a difference! No swarms of children a playing about on the grass, but lots and lots on 'em a racing about among the hundreds of trees, and their warious fathers and mothers a looking on with smiling faces and prowd looks. There is one place in the werry middle of the Wood where no less than sewen parths meets, and there the Copperashun Committee has bilt up a bewtifool Founting, and a long hinskripshun in praise of Water, tho I shood dout if they speaks from werry much pussonal xperience. I was told as how, when they fust hopened the Founting, the Chairman made a bewtifool speech, and ended by saying, "Water, brite Water for me, and Wine for the trembling Debborshee," and then they all went off to a jolly good dinner.

With that artistick taste as so distinguishes 'em, they have crissened the place where the seven roads meets, "The Seven Dials." There was crowds of people there, all enjoying of themselves in a nice quiet way, and altogether it was a werry werry nice site.

The werry next day I started in the warm sunshine for pretty West Ham Park, and had a leetle adwenture as ushal, for jest as I got there who shoud I meet but the rayther sillybrated Parson of the Parish—tho' judgin by aperiences I shoud have took him for the Bishop of Essex—and seeing me in my new Hat and my best black Coat, he werry naterally took me for a inquiring Wisitor, and told me all about the good deed of the Copperashun in saving the Park for the good of the People. There was some werry little chaps a playing Cricket as before despite of the Law, and they had a reel bat too, and one on 'em, seeing me a looking on apruvingly, gave the ball such a tremenjus blow that he got a tooer, so I called out braywo!

There seemed a lot of washing going on jest outside the Park, the white shirts and settera, flustering gaily in the breeze. But, as the Poet says, "they're allus Washing somewheres in the World!" The common people was orderd to walk on the footpaths, but a gardiner told me as them orders was not ment for such as me. I had a most copious Lunch for tuppense in the helegant Pawillion, and being in a jowial and ginerus mood, I treated six of the jewwenile natives to a simmeler Bankwet. Then there is the sillibrated Band as the Copperashun perwides twice a week, on which occasions reserwed seats is charged a penny each. The werry adwanced state of the musical taste of the nayberhood may be judged by the fact, that at a Concert close by, a "Ode to a Butterfly" was to be played on a base Trombone!

The Gardiner told me as there was such a crowd of children on larst Bank Hollerday that there was hardly room to move about, tho' the Park is 80 hakers big; but as I am told that such a space wood hold about 80 thousand, quite cumferal, I thinks as he must have slitely xadgerated.

Robert.

A STRIKING NURSERY RHYME.

(With a Moral.)

TILBURY, Tilbury Dock!
The men struck—on a rock;
For their U-ni-on
Said, "Wrong you have done!"
Tilbury, Tilbury Dock!

Tilbury, Tilbury scare!
This "Striking" seems in the air.
Conciliation
Should free the nation
From Tilbury, Tilbury scare!

THE PROFESSIONAL GUEST.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—When I last wrote to you I was anticipatorily revelling in the sea-bathing, tennis tournaments, pier band, and evening promenades of Flatsands. Alas! that I must confess it, but, after a fortnight's visit to that "salubrious spot" (*vide* highly-coloured advertisements), I give it as my opinion that Flatsands is a failure; and I think that, when you have listened to, or rather perused, my tale of woe, you will agree with me that it is a place to be avoided at all costs.

On the difficulties and length of my journey thither (I changed five times, and spent nine hours in doing so), I will not dwell, neither will I lay stress on the fact that, when I did at last reach my destination, a prospect void of either Aunt, or conveyance of any kind, met my view, or that a heavy sea-mist had gathered, and was falling in the guise of penetrating, if fine, rain. After parleying with the station-master for some time, I ascertained that the station 'bus never put in an appearance in wet weather, and that I could not get a closed fly, because the Flatsands' conveyances were all pony-traps, and therefore hoodless. He, however, directed me towards Balmoral, which was my Aunt's address, and told me that ten minutes' walk would take me, and that my luggage should be sent after me, on a truck.

After some difficulty, for the sea-fog was very thick, I discovered Balmoral, but not my Aunt. The truculent-looking proprietor of the house, who answered the door, condescended to inform me that my relative "was the difficultest lady he'd ever had to do for. And that she'd left two days a-gone." But where she had betaken herself to, he either would not or could not tell me. "You'd best try along this row," he said, and then slammed the door in my face. Having nothing better to do, I followed his advice, and "tried along the row." I rang at Osborne, Sandringham, and Windsor. I knocked at Claremont (the bell was broken there), and walked boldly into Marlborough House, for that royal residence in particular was devoid of all ordinary means of heralding one's approach. I was just giving up my quest in despair, when through the rain, which was now falling heavily, I spied a small stucco villa standing shrinkingly back behind a row of palings, which, in spite of their green paint, looked more like domestic fire-sticks than anything else. The somewhat suggestive name of Frogmore was inscribed on the small gate, and I remembered that I quite shivered as I walked up the sloppy path, with my usual inquiry ready to hand. This time, though, I was right, and when, a few minutes later, I was sitting before a roaring fire, imbibing hot tea, and listening to my Aunt's account of her latest complaint (did I tell you she was hypochondriacal?) I felt that really and at last I was in for a pleasant visit.

The evening proved a short one, for Aunt retired at nine, for which I was not sorry, as by that time the atmosphere of the sitting-room was distinctly stuffy, and neither dinner, nor the fumes of the invalid's hot-and-strong "night-cap" improved it. Next morning I sympathised with her on the fact that, soon after she had gone to bed, the young lady on the drawing-room floor (for two other families shared Frogmore's roof with us) had begun to sing, and had continued her performances till midnight; but I found my commiseration wasted, for she said that it had soothed her, which was considerably more than it had done me. After breakfast—which was late, on account of Aunt's health—I proposed a stroll on the Promenade, or an inspection of the tennis courts. "Bless my soul!" cried Auntie, "a person in my state of health does not go to places all over promenades and tennis courts. You won't find any such things at a nice quiet resort like Flatsands." I felt a little dashed, but replied "that perhaps she was right, and that it was a nice change to be without tennis; and that, as to promenades, they were quite superfluous where there was a pier, and a good band. "A pier, child!" she screamed. "You won't find any such abominations as piers here, or German bands either. Do you think that *I* should come anywhere where there was a pier?" I felt the smile on my face becoming fixed, but I mastered my feelings sufficiently to murmur something about bathing before lunch.

"You can't bathe here," snapped Aunt—"they don't allow it. The shore is too dangerous. But you can come out with me, if you like, to the tradespeople—I see my bath-chair coming along the road."

And that, *Mr. Punch*, is how I spent my fortnight at Flatsands. Walking by the side of my Aunt's chair, and giving orders to the tradespeople in the morning; walking beside the same chair and blowing up the tradespeople for not having carried out the orders, in the afternoon; sitting in a hot room from five to nine o'clock, then lying awake till midnight, listening to the drawing-room young lady singing Italian and German songs out of tune, and with an English accent.

Three things only occurred to in any way vary the monotony of my existence. The first was the arrival of the singing young lady's brother. He was seventeen, and his lungs were as thick as his boots. He tobogganed down-stairs on a tea-tray the first day he arrived; the second day he passed me in the hall and asked, with a grin, "if I was one of the mummies in this old mausoleum?" the third day he left, saying that the place was "too jolly beastly slow" for him. The second event was the sudden extraordinary mania that Aunt (did I tell you she was rich?) took for the singing lady. I discovered, much to my chagrin, I must say, that often, instead of going to bed at nine, as I believed she did, she used to ensconce herself in the drawing-room, and there sit and listen to indifferent music till all hours. It was this second event which brought about the third excitement. For having been a little imprudent one night, in the matter of "night-caps," or careless as to draughts, my Aunt was taken seriously ill. At least she chose to think herself so, though I now have vague suspicions that the singing lady knew more about it all than she cared to tell. All I know is that the doctor was sent for, and that, after a long confab in the sick room, he came to me and ordered my immediate return home. "Your poor Aunt requires perfect quiet," he said.

Having no choice in the matter, I packed my boxes; not exactly with reluctance, but still with an uncomfortable feeling of being wanted out of the way. Aunt's last words to me rather confirmed my suspicions. "Ah! you are off, are you? Well, I may pull through this time—I think I feel better already." Then, with a pecking kiss, and an inaudible remark anent the ingratitude of relations, she dismissed me. As I left the house I distinctly heard that singing creature run up-stairs and into Aunt's room.

On the way back to town I decided that she (Aunt I mean) was right—relations are *disgustingly* ungrateful.

Yours, much hurt, THE ODD GIRL OUT.

To the Champion (Cricket) County.

"*Skilful Surrey's sage commands.*"
There is a cue from WALTER SCOTT!
(*Not* Surrey's "WALTER.") *Punch* claps hands,
And sings out, "BRAVO, SHUTER'S LOT!"

THEATRICAL PROBABILITIES.

NEW pieces by HENRY AUTHOR JONES, author of *Judah, The Deacon, &c.*:—*The Archbishop; The Salvationist, or Boothful for Ever! The Rural Dean* (a pastoral play); *The Chorister*, a stirring drama, showing how a Chorister struggled with his conscience. Of course the Rev. Mr. WILLARD will have the principal part in each piece. Then there will be special nights for the Ministers of all denominations. There will be a *Matinée of Precedence*, to which Cardinal MANNING and all his clergy will be invited. After the play is over, the Right Reverend Dr. WILLARD will preach a sermon to the Cardinal, on his duties generally.

As long as only the orthodox witness these performances all will go well. But what a first night that will be when the Right Reverend Dr. WILLARD and the Reverend HENRY AUTHOR JONES find that some play has been produced in the presence of an audience composed entirely of Dissenters! *Absit omen!* This may never happen if only serious persons in orders, or rather with orders, are admitted.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

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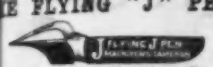

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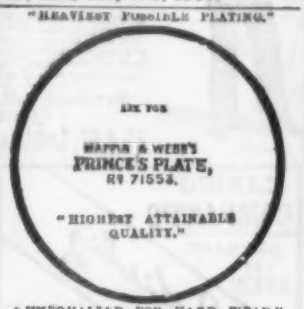

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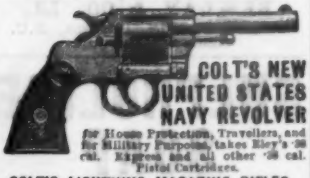

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The "Medical Press and Circular," May 7, 1890, reports:—

"It is deliciously scented, gives a good smooth lather, and, owing to its containing a very large per-centage of *dry* soap, it is very lasting. *It is well fitted to occupy a foremost place as a toilet soap, being free from an excess of alkali, bland, and unirritating.*"

The "Chemist and Druggist," April 15, 1890, reports:—

"'Vinolia' Soap is absolutely free from uncombined alkali, the alcholic solution remaining uncoloured by phenol-phthalein, and even when boiled in presence of water, so as to effect hydrolysis, no trace of coloration is produced. This is doubtless owing to the fact that the Soap contains some 4 per cent. of uncombined fatty matter, the presence of which ensures the fixing of the trace of alkali which is liberated when soap of any kind undergoes hydrolysis. The advantage of uncombined fat in these circumstances is obvious. We find, moreover, that 'Vinolia' Soap contains just over 8 per cent. of water, a quantity which is several units below the average contained in the best white Castile soap. In short, *the article is an ideal soap, is delightfully perfumed, a very little of it gives a lasting lather even with hard water, and the skin has a velvety feeling after washing with it.* The Soap is put up in an elegant manner, and chemists can recommend it with confidence."

The "Lancet," May 10, 1890, reports:—

"We found no free alkali in 'Vinolia' Soap, combined alkali equal to 9·5 per cent. of Na_2O, and a distinct excess of free fat. *The odour is delicate, and the article of excellent quality.*"

The "Hospital Gazette," June 29, 1890, reports:—

"We have tried 'Vinolia' Soap, and can certify that it is bland and unirritating, even to the most delicate skin. The alkali in the Soap being neutralised by an adequate provision of fatty basis, it does not deprive the skin of its natural fat, but acts rather as a lubricant, leaving it soft and pliable. We may observe in parenthesis that it is altogether a false economy to employ an inferior product. Apart from the medical aspect of the question, it should be borne in mind that hard, well-milled soaps, in which the proper proportions of the various components have been carefully provided, *lather better and last longer* than products in the manufacture of which less care or less skill has been shown. *We can confidently assert that for toilet purposes we have never seen 'Vinolia' Soap surpassed.*"

The "Dublin Medical Journal," May, 1890, reports:—

"'Vinolia' Soap does not dry or weaken the skin and hair, and is suitable for use in the nursery, as well as many skin affections. It is manufactured by a new process, and differs from other soaps in containing an admixture of unsaponified cream (instead of an excess of alkali), which counteracts the alkali set free when the soap dissolves in water. Another advantage is that the soap is moulded by compression only. Lastly, it is stated to be free from dextrine or British gum, starch, gelatine, pumice stone, baryta, resin, and such like ingredients. 'Vinolia' Soap is certainly expensive, the toilet preparations costing half-a-crown per box of three tablets, and that for medical use two shillings per box of three tablets. *But then, is it not worth while to pay handsomely for a good article?*" [Now 'Vinolia' Soap is now supplied, price 6d.]

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The "British and Colonial Druggist," April 26, 1890, reports:—

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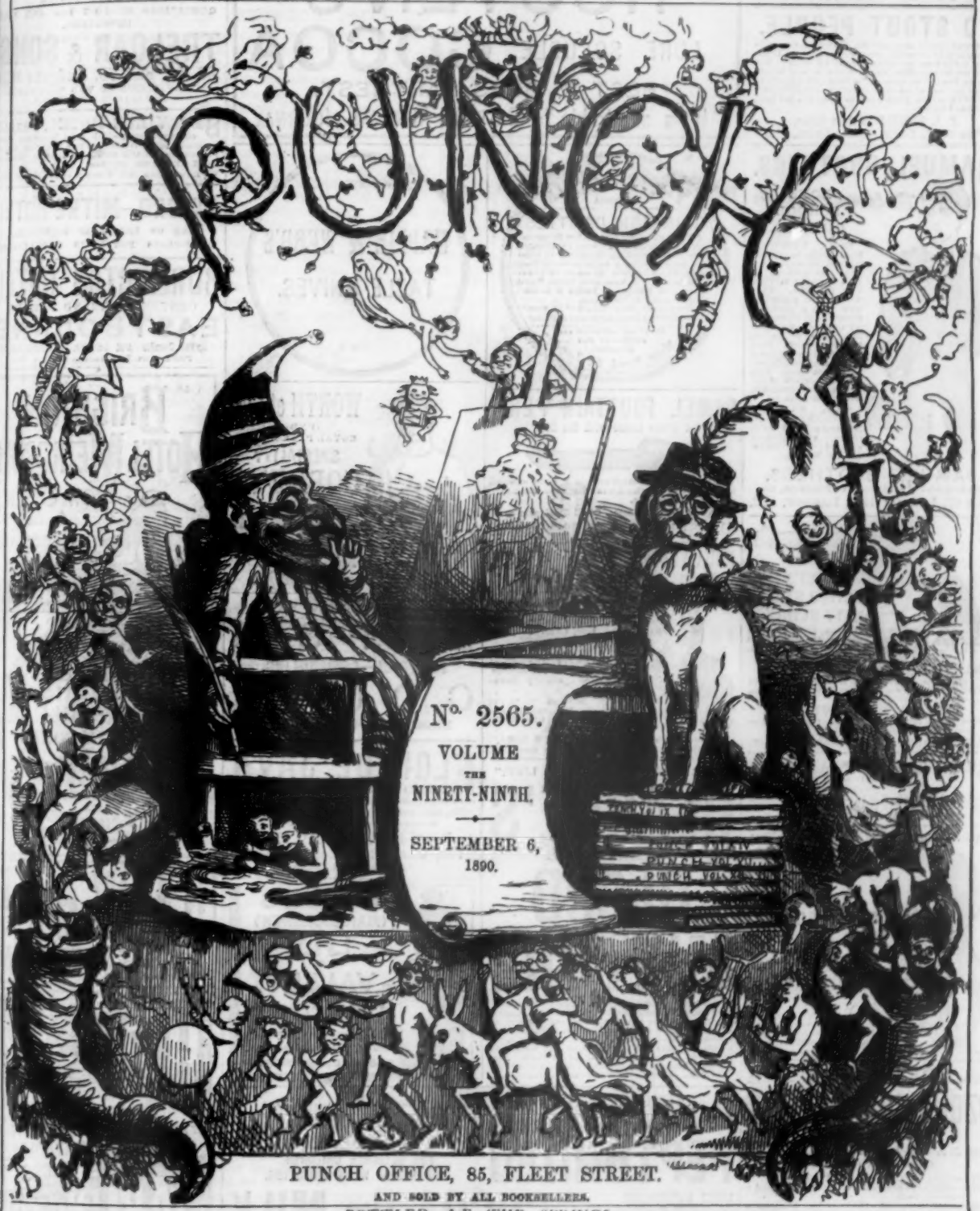

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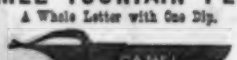

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(By Mr. Punch's own Type Writer.)

No. XVIII.—THE UNDOMESTIC DAUGHTER.

THE race of daughters is large, but their characteristics, vocations, and aptitudes, are but little understood by the general public. It is expected of them by their mothers that they should be a comfort, by their fathers that they should be inexpensive and unlike their brothers, and by their brothers that they should be as slaves, submissively attached to the fraternal car of triumph. The outside public, the mothers and fathers, that is to say, of other daughters, look upon them vaguely, as mild and colourless beings, destitute alike of character, of desires and of aspirations. And it must be said that daughters themselves, before matrimony absorbs their daughterhood and relieves them of their mothers, seem to be in the main content with the calm and limited existence which their relations and the voice of tradition assign to them. Most of them after they have passed through the flashing brilliance of their first season, and the less radiant glow of their second, are happy enough to spend the time that must elapse ere the destined knight shall sound the trumpet of release at the gates of the fortress, in an atmosphere of quiet domestic usefulness. One becomes known to fame, and her friends, as being above all others, "such a comfort to her mother." She interviews the cook, she arranges the dinners, she devises light and favourite dishes to blunt the edge of paternal irritability by tickling the paternal palate, she writes out invitations, presides at the afternoon tea-table, and, in short, takes upon herself many of those smaller duties which are as last straws to the maternal back. Another becomes the sworn friend and ally of her brothers, whom she assists in their scrapes with a sympathy which is balm to the scraped soul, and with a wisdom in counsel, which can only spring from a deep regret at not having been herself born a boy, and capable of scrapes.

But there is often in families another and an Undomestic Daughter, who aspires to be in all things unlike the usual run of common or domestic daughters. From an early age she will have been noted in the family circle for romantic tendencies, which are a mockery to her Philistine brothers, and a reproach to her commonplace sisters. She will have elevated her father to a lofty pinnacle of imaginative and immaculate excellence, from which a tendency to shortness of temper in matters of domestic finance resulting in petty squabbles with her mother, and an irresistible desire for after-dinner somnolence, will have gradually displaced him. One after another her brothers will have been to her Knights of the Round Table of her fancy, armed by her enthusiasm for impossible conflicts, of which they themselves, absorbed as they are in the examination and pocket-money struggles of boyhood, have no conception whatever. The effort to plant the tree of romance in an ordinary middle-class household was predestined to failure. Her disappointments are constant and crushing. Desires and capacities which, with careful nurture, might have come to a fair fruit, are chilled and nipped by the frost of neglect and ridicule. Her mind becomes warped. The work that is ready to her hand, the ordinary round of family tasks and serviceableness, repels her. She turns from it with distaste, and thus widens still more the gulf between herself and her relatives. Hence she is thrown back upon herself for companionship and comfort. She dissects, for her own bitter enjoyment, her inmost heart. She becomes the subtle analyst of her own imaginary motives. She calls up accusing phantoms to charge her before the bar of her conscience, in order that she may have the qualified satisfaction of acquitting herself, whilst returning against her relatives a verdict of guilty on every count of the indictment. In short, she becomes a thoroughly morbid and hysterical young woman, suspicious, and resentful even of the sympathy which is rarely offered to her. In the meantime, two of her younger sisters are wooed and won in the orthodox manner by steady-going gentlemen, of good position and prospects. The congratulations showered upon them, and the rejoicings which attend them on their wedding days, only serve to add melancholy to the Undomestic Daughter, who has already begun to solace herself for her failure to attract men by the reflection that matrimony itself is a failure, and that there are higher and worthier things in life than the wearing of orange-blossoms, and going-away dresses. It must be said that her parents strive with but little vigour against their daughter's inclination. Her father having hinted at indigestion as the cause of her unhappiness, and finding that the hint is badly received, shrugs his inapprehensive shoulders, and ceases to notice her. Her mother, persuaded that sanity is to be found only on the maternal side of the family, lays the peculiarities of her daughter to the charge of some abnormal paternal ancestor. Having thus, by implication, cleared herself from all responsibility, she feels that she is better able to take a detached and impartial view of errors which, seeing they are those of her own flesh and blood, she professes herself utterly unable to understand or to correct.

The Undomestic Daughter thus acquires the conviction that she herself is the most miserably crushed member of a down-trodden sex. In this, and in the agreement which she exacts from two or three melancholy friends, she seeks a solace for her sufferings. After a time, however, she discovers that this is insufficient. It must be said to her credit that her energies find the outlet of a passive sorrow inadequate. She burns to prove that one who is misunderstood and despised cannot only find useful work to do, but can do it better than her humdrum domestic sisters. Unfortunately, however, she overlooks the obvious and easy duties of her home. She scans the remote corners of the world. Her bruised spirit flutters about the bye-ways of charitable effort, and at length she establishes herself as a visitor, a distributer of tracts and blankets, and an instructor of factory girls. It is unnecessary to insist that these occupations are useful and praiseworthy in the abstract. It may be doubted, however, whether they should be undertaken by one who has to neglect for them equally necessary but less attractive labours.

The Undomestic Daughter, however, rejoices in the performance of work, which, as it were, sets a seal to her wretchedness, and stamps her as a being apart from the ruck of her sex. She now takes her meals alone, and at her own hours. She probably breakfasts at half-past seven, and dashes out to interview the Secretary of the Society for Improving the Cultivation of Mustard and Cress on the Desert Patches of the Mile End District. After this she will hasten to Lambeth, in order that mothers residing in that teeming quarter of the town may be blessed with mittens and mob-caps, and returning thence she devotes an hour or so to lectures which are to make her expert in tending the ailments of humanity. Occasionally the family arrangements are upset, in order that she may have her dinner at an hour which will make it convenient to her to attend the meeting of an Institute for Reading Historical Novels to Working Girls, and her father will lose all his available stock of good temper on finding that the moments generally devoted by him to soup are occupied to his exclusion by the apple-tart provided for his busy daughter. Hence come more storms and misunderstandings. Paternal feet are put down—for a time, and neglected excellence pines in bed-rooms.

Shortly afterwards the Undomestic Daughter discovers that nature intended her to be a hospital nurse, and she takes advantage of a period when her mother, being occupied in tending a younger brother through scarlatina cannot offer a determined opposition, to wring an unwilling consent from her father, and to leave her home in order to carry out her plan. This phase, however, does not last many weeks, and she is soon back once more on the parental hands. Thus the years pass on, the monotony of neglecting her home being varied by occasional outbursts of enthusiasm which carry her on distant expeditions in strange company. During one of these she falls in with a lay-preacher, who to a powerful and convincing style adds the fascination of having been turned from an early life of undoubted dissipation. She sits at his feet, she flatters him as only a woman can flatter a preacher, and having eventually married him, she helps him to found a new religion during the intervals that she can spare from the foundation of a considerable family. Warned by her own experience, she will never allow her daughters to be seen without their sewing or their knitting. Her sons will all be forced to learn useful trades, and it is quite possible that as time passes she may irritate even her husband, by constantly holding herself up to her somewhat discontented family as a pattern of all the domestic virtues.

Nursery Rhyme.

(Trade's Union Version.)

BAH! bah! Blackleg! Have you any pluck?
Backing up the Masters when the Men have struck!
You're for the Master, we're for the Man!
"Picket" you, and "Boycott" you; that is BURNS's plan!

THE Waterloo Monument at Brussels, in the suburban cemetery of Evère. *Motto:*—"For Evère and for Evère!"

PRIZE EPITAPH.

"A DEEP impression," said the *Standard*, last Wednesday, "was made on the bearers" (*i.e.*, Prince BISMARCK's audience at Kissengen) "when, in reply to a remark by one of the guests" (remark and name of immortal guest not reported), "the Ex-Chancellor said, 'My only ambition now is a good epitaph. I hope and beg for this.'" May it be long ere necessity imperatively demands his epitaph, good or indifferent, say all of us. But in the meantime, and to come to business, how much will the Ex-Chancellor give? Why not advertise, "A prize of —— (we leave it to the Prince to fill up the blank) will be given for the best epitaph"? With characteristic modesty, Prince BISMARCK, as reported, only asks for "a *good* epitaph." Why shouldn't he have the best that money can buy, and brains sell? Correspondents have already commenced: here are a few:—

"Beneath this slab the bones of this great boss are.
Can Oxen speak? And would they say 'Canossa?'"

A would-be Competitor sends this,—

"Here lies BISMARCK—
He made *his* mark."

A Correspondent writes:—"I haven't an epitaph handy about BISMARCK, but here's one on a billiard-marker, buried, of course at Kew:—

"'Rem acu tetigi,' let this attest,
Now he has gone away for his long rest."

Yours,
NIL DE MORTUIS."

"P.S.—I'll think over the BISMARCK one, specially if he offers a prize of anything over a sovereign, as of course it ought to be, since the Ex-Chancellor always went in for an Imperial policy, which, however, didn't insure his life. This is very nearly an epitaph — praps you'll arrange it for me."

Another says, "This is simple:—

"Ci gît,
P. B."

Yes, very simple, but not good enough. Perhaps our Correspondents will improve when the amount of the prize is fixed.

FANCY PORTRAIT.

"THE PHYLLOXERA, A TRUE *GOURMET*, FINDS OUT THE BEST VINEYARDS AND ATTACHES ITSELF TO THE BEST WINES."
(*From the "Times," August 27. Adapted by Our Appreciative Artist.*)

FOUND IN A RUM PLACE.—The Latest Spice discovered in Jamaica—the SPEAKER'S Mace.

THE DAMSELS OF DIEPPE;

Or, The Legend of Lionel.

"NEWHAVEN to Dieppe," he cried, but, on the voyage there,
He felt appalling qualms of what the French call *mal de mer*;
While, when the steward was not near, he struck Byronic attitudes,
And made himself most popular by pretty little platitudes.
And, while he wobbled on the waves, be sure they never slep',
While waiting for their LIONEL, the Damsels of Dieppe.

He landed with a jaunty air, but feeling rather weak,
While all the French and English girls cried out, "*C'est magnifique!*"
They reck'd not of his bilious hue, but murmur'd quite ecstatical,
"Blue coat, brass buttons, and straw hat, — *c'est tout-à-fait* piratical!"
He hadn't got his land-legs, and he walked with faltering step,
But still they thought it *comme-il-faut*, those Damsels of Dieppe.

The Douane found him circled round by all the fairest fair,
The while he said, in lofty tones, he'd nothing to declare;
He turned to one girl who stood near, and softly whisper'd, "Fly, O NELL!"
But all the others wildly cried, "Give us a chance, O LIONEL!"
And thus he came to shore from all the woes of Father Nep.,
With fatal fascinations for the Damsels of Dieppe.

He went to the Casino, whither mostly people go,
And lost his tin at baccarat and eke *petits chevaux*;
And still the maidens flocked around, and vowed he was amusing 'em,
And borrowed five-franc pieces, just for fear he should be losing 'em;
And then he'd sandwiches and bocks, which brought on bad dyspep-sia for LIONEL beloved by Damsels of Dieppe.

As bees will swarm around a hive, the maids of *La belle France*
Went mad about our LIONEL and thirsted for his glance;
In short they were reduced unto a state of used-up coffee lees
By this mild, melancholic, maudlin, mournful Mephistopheles.
He rallied them in French, in which he had the gift of rep-artee, and sunnily they smiled, the Damsels of Dieppe.

At last one day he had to go: they came upon the pier;
The French girls sobbed, "*Mon cher!*" and then the English sighed, "My dear!"
He looked at all the threatening waves, and cried, the while em-bracing 'em, ['em!"
(I mean the girls, not waves,) "Oh no! I don't feel quite like facing
And all the young things murmured, "Stay, and you will find sweet rep-
-aration for the folks at home in Damsels of Dieppe."

And day by day, and year by year, whene'er he sought the sea,
The waves were running mountains high, the wind was blowing free.
At last he died, and o'er his bier his sweethearts sang doxology,
And vowed they saw his ghost, which came from dabbling in psy-chology.
And to this hour that spook is seen upon the pier. If sceptical, ask ancient ladies, once the Damsels of Dieppe.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

ELECTIONEERING.

"*The Party which befriends the cause of the Working-Man;*" *i.e.*, "The Party which (at election-time) rather wishes it had done so."

"*The Party which advocates economy and keeps down taxation;*" *i.e.*, "The Party which likes to make its opponents do the expenditure on Army, Navy, &c."

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

"*I remember, years ago, I used to take* exactly the same view *myself;*" *i.e.*, "But, unlike you, I have made some use of my opportunities and experience since then."

"*But there you see you are begging the whole question,*" or, "*My good fellow, you're only arguing in a circle;*" *i.e.*, "Rather than admit that I am wrong, I would begin the argument over again."

"*Of course you remember that splendid passage in——;*" *i.e.*, "Decided score! *Know* you haven't ever heard of the book."

SHAKSPEARE'S "deeds" going to America? The World is the richer for his words, and certainly to the country of his birth belong the records of his deeds.

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

SIXTH ENTRY.

STILL endeavouring to earn an honest, but unpleasant, penny as a (temporary) Private Tutor. Begin to be vaguely conscious that my grasp of the Latin Grammar is not as firm as it might be. Will my classical training see me through, or will "ERNIE" see through my classical training?

ERNIE (before breakfast) offers to conduct me round the grounds. Must take the youngster down a peg or two. So, when he shows me the stables, rather proudly, I remark, pityingly—"What! Only *three* nags?"

"Oh, *I* ride a pony," he replies, airily. "What can *you* ride, Mr. JOYNSON? *Do* you know how to ride—or *do you generally fall off?*"

Explain to him elaborately that I am rather more at home on horseback than on my legs. He winks, as if he didn't quite believe me. I can't go on, as it's certainly *infra dig.* to be praising one's accomplishments, especially to a chit like this.

"We buried NERO here," the boy says, pointing to a damp mound. "He was our Newfoundland dog, and the gardener dropped a beam on him, and killed him as dead as JULIUS CÆSAR. Oh, Mr. JOYNSON, *when* did JULIUS CÆSAR die?"

Happily my presence of mind does not desert me. I reply, severely,—

"What! Don't you know your Roman History better than that?"

"No," he answers—"do you?" Then a sudden thought strikes him. "Oh, I'll ask Miss MYRTLE" (Miss MYRTLE is the Governess)—"*she'll* be sure to know. *She* isn't a muff."

Query—What is the best line to take with a remark like that? Before I decide the point, HERBIE rushes out into the garden, and is immediately sent spinning into a cucumber-frame by his kind elder brother, who then disappears into the house.

Yells from HERBIE. Go in and send the Governess to him. Relief from children for about ten minutes.

At Breakfast.—Mother cross. Seems to think that *I* ought to have prevented ERNIE from mutilating HERBIE. HERBIE appears with head bandaged, still sobbing. French again, thank Heaven!—so children silent. Never felt the advantage of foreign languages till now.

Mamma, with a courage worthy of a better cause, asks me, "What time lessons will begin?" I reply, evasively, that I shall be in the library, and that I will ring for *ERNEST* (I lay stress on the word ERNEST, as excluding the two others) when I am ready for him."

I do, after a good preliminary smoke. HERBIE and JACK present themselves at the same time. I send them off to the Governess, and lock the door; Governess sends them back to me; result is, that they play about outside library all morning, so that we (ERNEST and I) can hardly hear ourselves speak.

Put ERNIE through his paces. Ask him what he knows. Process (I fear) incidentally reveals to him what *I* know. Hear him at lunch explaining to HERBIE (with whom he has made friends again) that I am "not bad at sums, but a shocking duffer at Latin." Pretend not to hear the remark.

Afternoon.—Find the three boys, *and two girls*, all waiting—apparently—to go out for a country walk with me!

What! Two-and-two! Never!

"But—er——" I say, addressing the little girls, in a pleasant tone, "aren't you going out with your Governess?"

"Oh, yes"—they both exclaim at once—"*she's coming too!*"

The situation is becoming more and more embarrassing. I can't, in politeness, refuse the Governess's society for a walk. I solve the problem, temporarily, by telling all five children to run up to Miss MYRTLE, and ask her which way she thinks we had better go."

They perform the commission with alacrity, which gives me the opportunity of slipping out at back-door, and taking quiet ramble by myself. *When* will Paterfamilias himself turn up? I have not seen or heard from Mr. BRISTOL MERCHANT yet.

I am fated, however, to hear from him pretty soon; and, when I do, his communication is surprising. It comes in the form of a telegram, addressed to me. It runs thus:—

"Just heard President asked you to take tutorship. Misunderstanding. Very sorry, but have myself engaged another tutor. He will arrive this evening. Shall I tell him not to come? Awkward! Wire reply."

Awkward! On the contrary, I feel it to be almost providential. Mamma doesn't apologise, but says, frankly—"Why, if he comes, there'll be two tutors—and *one is quite enough!*"

I telegraph briefly to the effect that, under the circumstances, I will go at once.

Bid good-bye (after lunch) to ERNIE, in hall. He says—"I knew *you* would never do for the place," and ought to have his ears boxed by his fond Mamma, but hasn't. As I go down front walk, see him and HERBIE and JACK all putting out what I think I may appropriately call their "mother tongues" at me from a top window!

Moral—for my own consumption: Never go to an uncultivated family again.

So ends my Tutorship! And I've never once set eyes on my employer all through!

WHO WOULD NOT BE A TENOR?

The Fair Bohemian Girl:—

"I HAD RICHES TOO GREAT TO COUNT, COULD BOAST
OF A HIGH ANCESTRAL NAME; . . . .
BUT I ALSO DREAMT, WHICH CHARMED ME MOST,
THAT YOU LOVED ME STILL THE SAME—
THAT YOU LOVED ME, YOU LOVED ME STI-ILL THE SAME!"

(*Sketched from a Provincial Pit.*)

After this *fiasco*, the President certainly ought to do something handsome for me.

He does! Writes and says how sorry he is to hear of the stupid mistake that has been made. He knows of another very nice family, in Cheshire, who want a Private Tutor. Shall he mention my name to *them?* Not for worlds!

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

WHAT means *Train de Luxe?* Peppery "PUNJAB" replies,
Two dirty sleeping-cars wherein one lies
Awaiting a breakfast; to feel disgust utter
At coffee, two boiled eggs, and plain ro'l and butter,
(Miscalled "*Grub de Luxe*," in the bitterest chaff,)
At the humorous price of four francs and a-half!
Item: Thirty-five francs for a bottle of brandy!
(A thing that—at breakfast—of course comes in handy).
A horrible dinner; no wine, and no beer,
Not even a soda your spirits to cheer;
No water to wash in at Turin—just think!
On arrival in France, not a drop e'en to drink!
What wonder poor "PUNJAB," who hails from the "Garrick,"
Got hungry as VASHTI, and dry as a hayrick?
An *Edition de Luxe*, as a rule, is a sell,
But a *Train de Luxe* sure as a fraud bears the bell,
Which promises travel more cosy and quicker,
And leaves you half starved, without money—or liquor!

KILLING NO MURDER!—A Correspondent of the *Times*, protesting against the assumption of combatant rank by the Army Surgeons, writes:—"A military doctor is armed, and like others is entitled to defend himself when attacked, but that is a very different thing from giving him full licence to kill." The Correspondent evidently overlooks the powers afforded by a medical diploma!

"IT'S AN ILL WIND" &c.

"Partridge-shooting will be postponed in several districts till the middle of September."
Daily Telegraph, August, 23.

Chorus of Partridges. "LONG MAY IT RAIN!"

MISLED BY A MANUAL!

(THE LAMENT OF A WOULD-BE LINGUIST.)

WHEN on my Continental tour preparing to depart,
I bought a Conversation-Book, and got it up by heart;
A handy manual it seemed, convenient and neat,
And gave for each contingency a dialogue complete.

Upon the weather—wet *or* fine—I could at will discourse,
Or bargain for a bonnet, or a boot-jack, or a horse;
Tell dentists, in three languages, which tooth it is that hurts;
Or chide a laundress for the lack of starch upon my shirts.

I landed full of idioms, which I fondly hoped to air—
But crushing disappointment met my efforts everywhere.
The waiters I in fluent French addressed at each hotel
Would answer me in English, and—confound 'em!—spoke it well.

Those phrases I was furnished with, for Germany or France,
I realised, with bitterness, would never have a chance!
I swore that they should hear me yet, and proudly turned my back
On polyglots in swallowtails, and left the beaten track. . . . .

They spoke the native language *now;* but—it was too absurd—
Of none of their own idioms they apparently had heard!
My most colloquial phrases fell, I found, extremely flat.
They *may* have come out wrong-side up, but none the worse for that.

I tried them with my Manual; it was but little good;
For not one word of their replies I ever understood.
They never said the sentences that *should* have followed next:
I found it quite impossible to keep them to the text!

Besides, unblushing reference to a Conversation-Book
Imparts to social intercourse an artificial look.
So I let the beggars have their way. 'Twas everywhere the same;
I led the proper openings—they *wouldn't* play the game.

Now I've pitched the Manual away that got me in this mess,
And in ingenious pantomime my wishes I express.
They take me for an idiot mute, an error I deplore;
But still—*I'm better understood than e'er I was before!*

A PRODUCT OF THE SILLY SEASON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

LONDON at the end of August is not particularly inviting, save in one respect—it is negatively pleasant to find that *Matinées* are all but suspended. I should say quite, were it not that the Shaftesbury Theatre on the 27th opened its doors at a quarter to three o'clock in the afternoon, for the performance of *The Violin Makers*, an adaptation of *Le Luthier de Crémone*, and the production of a "new and original Comedy sketch," in two Acts, called *The Deacon*, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES. The first piece I had already seen at the Bushey Theatre, with Professor HERKOMER, R.A., in the principal character. I had now an opportunity of comparing the Artist-Actor with the Manager-Actor, and must confess that I liked the former better than the latter. Mr. WILLARD as *Filippo*, was Mr. WILLARD, but Professor HERKOMER, shaved for the occasion, seemed to be anyone other than Professor HERKOMER. The mounting of the piece at Bushey was also greatly to be preferred to the *mise-en-scène* in Shaftesbury Avenue, and as the accomplished Artist-Actor had also supplied some exceedingly touching music to his version of FRANÇOIS COPPÉE'S Poetical Play, which was wanting two hundred yards from Piccadilly Circus, I was altogether better pleased with the entertainment served up with *sauce à la Herkomer*. I may be wrong in preferring the amateur to the professional, or I may be right—after all, it is merely a matter of opinion.

MR. JONES is entirely justified in calling *The Deacon* a "sketch," as it can scarcely claim greater histrionic importance. I think I may take it for granted that a sausage-maker, from the nature of his employment, is usually presumed to be a man not absolutely without guile, and, therefore, *Abraham Boothroyd*, "Wholesale bacon-factor, Mayor of Chipping Padbury on the Wold, and Senior Deacon of Ebenezer Chapel," may perhaps be counted one of those exceptions that are said to prove the rule. According to MR. JONES, this eccentric individual comes up to town to attend an indignation meeting held with a view to protesting against the conversion of Exeter Hall into a temple of the drama, and after dining with "a *Juliet* of fifteen years ago," and a new and quaint sort of Barrister, accompanies them to the play, and is so greatly pleased with the performances presented to him, that, before the curtain falls, he announces his intention of repeating his visit to the theatre every evening until further notice! This may be true to human nature, because there is authority for believing that the said human nature is occasionally a "rum un"; but, without the precedent I have quoted, it is difficult to accept the sudden conversion of *Mr. Boothroyd* as quite convincing. I could scarcely have believed that MR. JONES, who has done such excellent work in *Judah*, and *The Middleman*, could have been the author of *The Deacon*, had not his name appeared prominently on the playbill, and had not a rumour reached me that this "comedy sketch" had adorned for years, in MS. form, a corner of some book-shelves. I think, if the rumour is to be believed, that it is almost a pity that there was any interference with that corner—I fancy *The Deacon* might have rested in peace on the book-shelves indefinitely, without causing serious injury to anyone. But this is a fancy, and only a fancy.

I may add that Mr. WILLARD made the most of the materials provided for him; but whether that most was much or little is, and must remain, a matter of conjecture. On the whole, if I had understood aright what the sad sea waves were evidently attempting to say to me, I think I would not have attended on the 27th of August a London *Matinée*. But this is a thought, and nothing more.

Believe me, dear *Mr. Punch*, yours, more in sorrow than in anger,

A CRITIC, LURED TO TOWN FROM THE COUNTRY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron has recently been reading a new work, disinterestedly recommended to him by M. ROQUES, the French publisher and French bookseller of Bond Street, entitled *L'Ame de Pierre*, by GEORGES OHNET. It is a strangely fascinating story; the picturesque descriptions transport us to the very places; and the studies of life, are, specially of certain phases of French life, most interesting to an English reader. The cosmopolitan Baron DE B. W. wishes that Frenchmen, however manly they may be, were not so easily and so constantly moved to tears. This however, is only a matter of taste. What the purpose of the novel may be—for GEORGES OHNET has written this with a purpose—is not quite evident. Whether it is intended to chime in with the popular theme of hypnotism, and illustrate it in a peculiar way, or whether it is merely illustrating *Hamlet's* wise remark that, "There is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in your philosophy," the Baron is at a loss to determine. It is psychological, it is materialistic, it is idealistic, it is philosophical, it is . . . French. The *Vacuus Viator* may have a worse companion on a long journey than *L'Ame de Pierre*.

Talking of materialistic, "let us," quoth the Baron, "be grateful to Mrs. DE SALIS for a bookful of '*Tempting Dishes for Small Incomes*,' published by LONGMANS & Co." First of all get your small income, then purchase this book, for eighteenpence, or less with discount; or (a shorter and a cheaper way) borrow it from a friend. Let the Small Incomer cast his watery eye over Lobster cutlets, p. 19, and Lobster pancakes: let him reduce his small income to something still smaller in order to treat himself and family to a *Rumpsteak à la bonne bouche*, a Sausage pudding, and a Tomato curry. The sign over a Small-Income House is the picture of a Sheep's Head, usually despised as sheepish: but go to p. 28, and have a *tête-à-tête* (*de mouton*) with MRS. DE SALIS about *Sheep's head au Gratin*.

Rabbit batter pudding, eh? with *shalot à discrétion*. How's that for high? Let the Small Incomer get some dariole tins, mushrooms, chives, rabbits, tripe, onions, oil, ducks, eggs, and with *egg kromeskies* he'll dine like a millionnaire, and be able to appreciate a real *epigram* of Lamb (not CHARLES) and Peas. Don't let the Man with a Small Income be afraid of trying *Un Fritot de Cervelle de Veau*, simply because of the name, which might do honour to the *menu* of a LUCULLUS. "Blanch the Brains" for this dish—delicious!—"and fry till a nice golden colour." Beautiful! Nice golden colour like dear BLANCHE'S hair: only often that's a BLANCHE without brains. And now your attention, my Small Incomer, to *Eggs à la Bonne Femme*. This work ought to be arranged as a catechism: in fact all cookery books, all receipt books, should be in the form of Question and Answer.

Question.—Now, Sir, how would you do *Eggs à la Bonne Femme*?

Perhaps this query might be preceded by general information as to who the particular "*bonne femme*" (for she must have been a very particular *bonne femme*) was to whom so many dishes are dedicated. [In the Scotch McCookery books, *Broth o' the Gude-wife* would be a national name.]

Answer.—To make *Eggs à la Bonne Femme*, MRS. DE SALIS says, "Get as many eggs as there are guests (they should all be the same size)——" Now this is a difficulty. It is not an easy matter to assemble round your table a party of guests "all the same size:" still more difficult is it to get together a lot of eggs all the same size as the guests. But, when this has been got over, read the remainder at p. 55, and then, as *Squeers's* pupils used to have to do, go and reduce the teaching to practice.

The receipt for *Potatoes à la Lyonnaise* begins with, "Mince an onion, and fry it in hot butter"—— O rare! Why do more? Who wants potatoes after this? And, when you've had quite enough of it, smoke a pipe, drink a glass of whiskey-and-water, go to an evening party, and then, if you won't be one of the most remarkable advertisements for *cette bonne femme* Madame DE SALIS, why I don't live in Baronion Halls, and my name's no longer

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE DOCTRINE OF "HINTERLAND."

THESE THREE GENTLEMEN DO NOT PLAY THE GAME, BUT WISH TO TAKE A MORNING WALK BY THE SEA.

P.S.—So many persons have sent in touching requests to the Baron only to notice their books with one little word, that his library table groans under their weight. To about a hundred of them that one little word might be "Bosh!"—but even then they'd be pleased.

THE NEW STOCKING.

[The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has announced that the Treasury have decided to enable the small investor in Consols, upon a written request to the Bank of England, to have his dividends re-invested as they arise, and thus automatically accumulated without further trouble on his part.—*Times*.]

OH, it was the old Lady of Threadneedle Street,
And she held up her Stocking (ne'er used for her feet),
And she ups, and says she, "I've an excellent notion;
Leastways, 'tis one borrowed from COHEN by GOSCHEN;
Which nobody can deny!

"The cash that you put in my Stocking, my dears,
Will grow by degrees, if you leave it for years.
By your dividends? Ah! you draw *them*, girls and boys,
And spend 'em, the *Times* says, in sweets and in toys;
Which nobody can deny!

"How very much better to let 'em remain;
Re-invest 'em, in fact! An original brain
Has bit on that capital notion, at length,
And I'm game for to back him with all my old strength,
Which nobody can deny!

"Leave your dividends in my—suppose we say hose—
And the cash, snowball-like, gathers fast as it goes.
So my—Stocking (I *must* use the word) will be seen,
The latest and best Automatic Machine,
Which nobody can deny!

"Think, children, of Ac-cu-mu-la-tive Con-sols!
Much better than bull's eyes, and peg-tops, and dolls!
Yes, this is the notion, exceedingly knowin',
Which GOSCHEN, the Chancellor, borrows from COHEN,
Which nobody can deny!

"To the Nation friend COHEN's ides 's a great gift;
It should lend such a "vigorous impulse to thrift;
Leave your coin in my Stocking—in time it will double,
Without giving you, what a Briton hates, Trouble!
Which nobody can deny!

"Then think of the saving in potions and pills,
And the fall in that *very* bad stock—Doctor's Bills—
When your Dividends no longer spoil girls and boys
With per-ni-ci-ous sweets, and with re-dun-dant toys,
Which nobody can deny!

"So, dear Little Investors, I trust you'll come flocking,
Like bees to the hive, to my last style of Stocking,
My new, automatic, self-mending, smart hose,
In which cash, left alone, gathers fast as it goes,
Which nobody can deny!"

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Inquisitive and Motherly Old Stranger (deliberately settling herself down between Our Artist and what he is trying to sketch). "I SUPPOSE YOU OFTEN FIND IT VERY DIFFICULT TO GET NEW SUBJECTS, DON'T YOU? I HEARD A THING THE OTHER DAY——," *&c., &c., &c.*

ANOTHER VICTIM.

[The Emperor of AUSTRIA will leave Vocklabruck on September 2 to attend the Army manœuvres in Silesia. On the 17th he will go to attend the manœuvres in Prussian Silesia, and will be the German EMPEROR'S guest at Schloss Rohnstock, near Liegnitz.—*Times.*]

Imperial Victim sings:—

"HERE awa', there awa', wandering WILLIE."
O WILHELM, my lad, *you* might well sing that song.
This stir 's getting troublesome, not to say silly,
Our "Travelling EMPEROR" 's coming it strong.
This playing at Soldiers, is't never to cease?
There 's no rest but the grave for the Pilgrim of—Peace!

Sub tegmine fagi, in holiday Autumn,
E'en Emperors sometimes incline to take ease,
But when once *he* has dropped in upon 'em, and caught 'em,
The Tityrus *rôle* is all up. 'Tis a tease.
I was just settling down to my pipe and my bock,
When he bursts in like this! Gives a man quite a shock!

He has stirred them up pretty well all round already.
Good Grandmother GUELPH! Well, with her, 'twas just "come and off!"
(A true British "Summer" the wildest will steady),
And then he drops in upon tired Cousin ROMANOFF.
Ha! ha! How the CZAR must have laughed—in his sleeve—
At that "capture," which WILHELM could scarcely believe!

Taken prisoner, the "Travelling EMPEROR!" Funny!
Oh, could they have kept him till Autumn was o'er!
No such luck! I must stir up, and spend time, and money,
In playing the old game of Soldiers! Great bore!
Ah, my youthful, alert, irrepressible KAISER,
When just a bit older you 'll be a bit wiser.

Vocklabruck's pleasant in genial September,
And now I must start for Silesia. Ah me!
That name gives a KAISER so much to remember— [such glee,
Would FREDERICK—THE GREAT—have "waltzed round" with
Trotting out Europe's soldiers and ships in this way?
Well, the KAISER 's a "kid," I suppose it 's his play.

I wonder what BISMARCK the blunt thinks about it.
He hardly takes *Kriegspiel* views of the earth;
He *may* be prepared to applaud, but I doubt it.
I fancy him moved to a saturnine mirth.
I wonder where next the young ruffler will go.
I should like, if I dared, to suggest—Jericho!

"Come out, Cousin HAPSBURG, your uniform don,
And let 's play at Soldiers!" Ah, yes, that 's his voice.
How glad Grandma GUELPH must be now he has gone,
And how at his leaving the CZAR must rejoice!
And now *I* am in for it all, for awhile.
Ah, well, I must dress, and endeavour to smile.

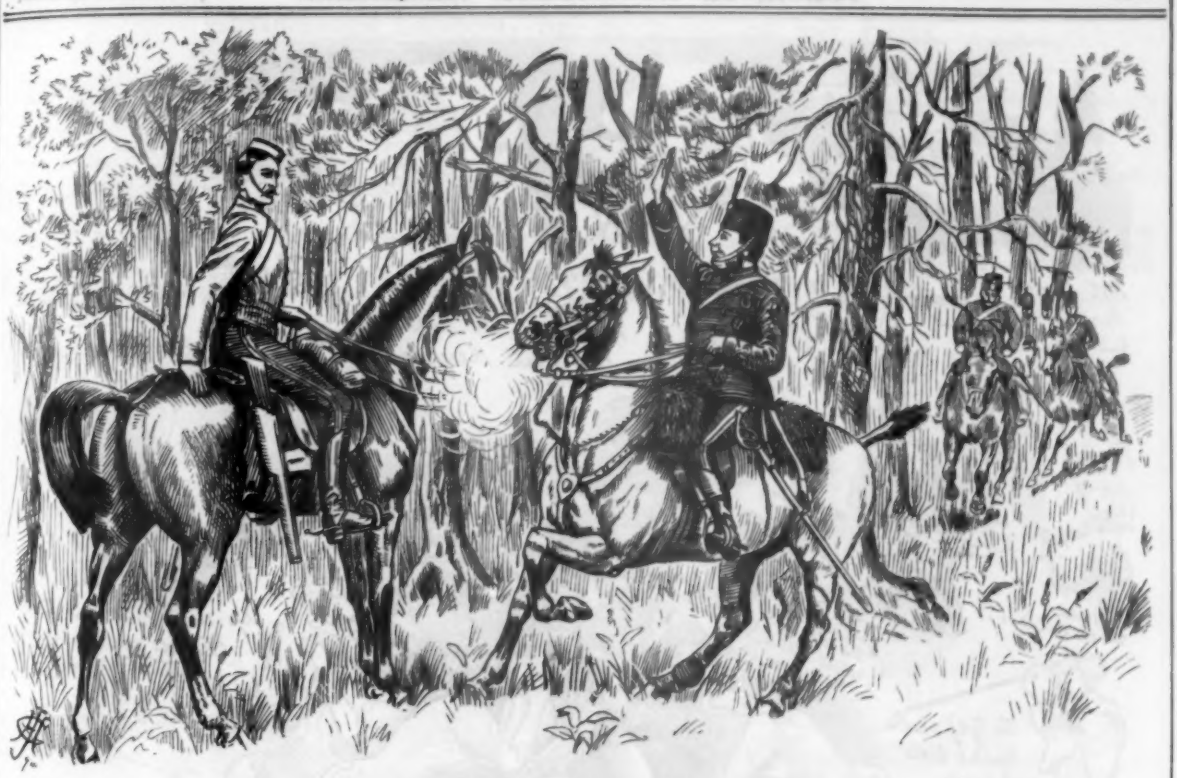
Only *if* he would off it to Stamboul or Cairo,
Look up EMIN PASHA, survey Zanzibar,
Or try butterfly hunting at Kilimi Njaro,
The Crowned Heads of Europe were easier far.
But Africa's "*fauna* and *flora*" would pall—
He wants armies and fleets, or he can't rest at all.

Silesian manœuvres! I know what they mean;
Long hours in the saddle, much dust, many hails!
An elderly Emperor's fancy might lean
To idling, or hunting the chamois with WALES.
Now, *he* would not worry—but grumbling 's no use,
So here 's for Schloss Rohnstock, and endless Reviews!

OUR FAILURES.—"One man in his time plays many parts," and JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the great American "Slogger," having lately rather failed, perhaps, as a pugilistic "Champion," has done what Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS's lyric hero so yearned to do, viz., "gone on the Stage." Decline of the Drama, indeed! Recruited from the ranks of the Amateurs, on one side from the "Swells," on the other from the "Sports," the Stage *ought* to flourish. "Critics," said DIZZY, "are those who have failed in Literature." Will it by-and-by be said that Actors are those who have failed in "Sassiety" and the Prize Ring, as Mashers or as Bashers?

ANOTHER VICTIM.

WILLIAM THE IRREPRESSIBLE. "NOW THEN, COUSIN AUSTRIA, PUT ON A UNIFORM, AND COME AND PLAY AT SOLDIERS!"



RATHER SEVERE.

Regular (manœuvring with Yeomanry). "GOT TO GIVE UP MY ARMS, HAVE I? UMPH! THIS COMES OF GOING OUT WITH A LOT OF DARNED VOLUNTEERS!"

THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK.

MODERN NAUTICAL VERSION.

(By a Correspondent with Admiral Tryton's Fleet.)

FIT THE LAST.—THE VANISHING.

WE sought it with search-lights, we sought it with care,
We pursued it with ships and hope;
But it seemed to have suddenly vanished in air
From under the heaven's blue cope.

We shuddered to think that the chace might fail,
And TRYON, excited at last,
Went ramping like redskin in search of a trail,
For the ten days were nearly past.

"There is Thingumbob shouting!" the Admiral said.
"He is shouting like mad, only hark!
He is waving his hands, he is wagging his head,
He has certainly found the—Snark!"

We gazed in delight, whilst a Bo'sun exclaimed—
(Your Bo'sun is always a wag!)—
"In the East there's a wision, a *mirage* it's named!
That the Snark? Put yer head in a bag!"

Then Admiral TRYON he ramped like a lion,
In prospect of splendid success.
But the Snark, with a spasm, plunged in a sea chasm;
Of SEYMOUR one couldn't see less.

"It's the Snark!" was the sound that first fell on our ears;
It seemed almost too good to be true.
Then followed a torrent of laughter and jeers;
Then the words, "It is all a Yah-Boo——"

Then silence. Some fancied they heard in the air
A sigh (from the lips of J. B.?)
That sounded like "——jum!" But some others declare
It was more like a half-choked big D.!

We hunted ten days and ten nights, but we found
Not so much as poor collier-barque.
By which we might tell that we steamed o'er the ground
Where CULM-SEYMOUR had handled the——Snark!

In the depths of that two thousand square miles, they say,
'Midst the world's mocking laughter and glee,
SEYMOUR softly and silently vanished away—
This Snark *was* a Yah-Booh-Jum, you see!

"A VERY SHORT HOLIDAY."

FOR the benefit of all tourists in Normandy, and visitors to Le Havre, Etretat, and all round and about that quarter, I gave an account, two weeks ago, of the excellent fare provided for us by *La famille Aubourg* at Gonneville. But on that occasion I made the great mistake of calling their curious old house—a perfect little museum of curiosities and works of Art—"a hotel." By my halidom! "Hotel," save the mark—and spend the shilling. "Hotel," quotha! "Hotel" is far too modern. Old English "Inn" more like. The kind of inn, good gossip, which was kept in SHAKSPEARE'S time by "mine host," where everyone, with coin of the realm in his purse, could take his ease and be happy. So, to put me right on this matter, M. AUBOURG sends me a *truelle* of burnished metal, on which is inscribed, "*Hostellerie des Vieux Plats, Souvenir d'Aubourg*," which *truelle*, if not large, "yet will serve" to help fish, or *pommes soufflées*, or *pommes Anna*, and, mark ye, my masters, will also serve to recall to my memory a right merrie, even tho' 'twere an all too short, holiday.

"Is this a dagger that I see before me?"

No, c'est un souvenir d'Aubourg, une petite truelle à poisson de l'Hostellerie des Vieux Plats, Gonneville.

MR. PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY ARTIST FAILS TO ESCAPE FROM HIS MODELS.

PICTURESQUE LONDON; OR, SKY-SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(An Extract from the "Trivia" of the Future.)

"But when the swinging signs your ears offend,
With creaking noise."
GAY'S *Trivia; or, The Art of Walking the Streets of London.*

OFFEND our *ears*? Pedestrian Muse of GAY,
Had you foreseen the London of to-day,
How had you shuddered with ashamed surprise
At "swinging signs" which now offend our *eyes*!
Long have Advertisement's obtrusive arts
Pervaded our huge maze of malls and marts;
But now the "swinging signs" of ogre Trade,
Even the smoke-veiled vault of heaven invade,
And sprawling legends of the tasteless crew
Soar to the clouds and spread across the blue.
See—if you can—where Paul's colossal dome
Rises o'er realms that dwarf Imperial Rome.
Cooped, cramped, half hid, the glorious work of WREN
Lent grandeur once to huckstering haunts of men,
Though on its splendour Shopdom's rule impinged,
And plaster, had they power, kind heaven's clear vault
With vulgar vaunts of Sausages or Salt.
Picture the proud and spacious city given
Wholly to Shopdom's hands! 'Twixt earth and heaven
Forests of tall and spindly poles arise,
With swinging signs that almost hide the skies.
Huge letterings hang disfiguring all the blue
To vaunt the grace of SNOBKINS's high-heel'd Shoe.
A pair of gloves soar to a monstrous height,

Long have its letterings large, its pictures vile,
Possessed the mammoth city mile on mile;
Made horrors of its hoardings, and its walls
Disfigured from the Abbey to St. Paul's,
And far beyond where'er a vacant space
Allowed Boeotian Commerce to displace
Scant Urban Beauty from its last frail hold,
On a Metropolis given up to Gold.
But till of late our sky at least was clear
(Such sky as coal-reek leaves the civic year)
If not of smoke at least of flaming lies,
And florid vaunts of quacks who advertise.
Not these sky-horrors, huge and noisy-hinged,
Shamed the still air about it, or obscured
Its every view. Is it to be endured,
O much-enduring Briton? There be those
Who'd scrawl advertisements of Hogs or Hose
Across the sun-disc as it flames at noon,
Or daub the praise of Pickles o'er the moon.
Unmoved by civic pride, unchecked by taste,
They 'd smear the general sky with poster's paste
And at Dan Phœbus seem to "take a sight."
Colossal bottles blot the air, to tell
That MUCKSON's Temperance drink is a great sell.
Here 's a huge hat, as black as sombre Styx,
Flanked by the winsome legend, "Ten and Six." [Socks,
Other Sky-signs praise Carpets, Ginghams,
Mugg's Music-hall, and "Essence of the Ox."
Bah! GAY's trim Muse might sicken of her rhymes
Had she to read these Sky-signs of the Times!

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

I WAS aware that Mr. J. was a semolina-brained impostor, but I should never have conceived that even he, the jelly-faced chief of the chowder-heads, could have attained to such a pitch of folly as to inform me that "the *Prix Montyon* is not a medal, and cannot be worn at Court." These are his words. Did I ever say it was a medal? I remarked that the QUEEN had given me permission to wear it at Court. That is true. But I never said that I would or could so wear it. As for Her Most Gracious Majesty's permission, it was conveyed to me in a document beginning, "VICTORIA, by the grace of," &c., and containing the signature of Lord HALSBURY, the Lord Chancellor——No, by the way, that is another Royal communication. The Permission begins, "To our right trusty and well-beloved." What beautiful, confiding, affectionate words are these! Who can wonder that a Queen who habitually makes use of them should reign in the hearts of her subjects?

Since I returned from France I have been on a further and more extensive Continental tour, and have received more marks of distinction from various Crowned Heads. Did you hear the strange story of what took place at the meeting of the German EMPEROR with the CZAR of Russia? It was the hour of the mid-day meal. The EMPEROR, at the head of his Wyborg Regiment, had performed prodigies of valour. Mounted on his fiery *Tchinovick* (a Circassian

mustang) he had ridden into the heart of the hostile position, and with one stroke of his *Pen* (a sort of Russian scimetar with a jewelled hilt) he had captured a convoy containing three thousand *Versts* (a sort of condensed food), intended for the consumption of the opposing Army. Tired with his labours, he was now lying at full length beside his Imperial host on the banks of the torrential Narva. The CZAR, in attempting to open a Champagne bottle, had just broken one of his Imperial nails, and had despatched his chief butler to Siberia, observing with pleasant irony, that he would no doubt find a cork-screw there. At this moment a tall and aristocratic stranger, mounted upon a high-spirited native *Mokeoffskaia*, dashed up at full gallop. To announce himself as Lieutenant-General POPOFF, to seize the refractory bottle, to draw the cork, and pour the foaming liquid into the Imperial glasses, was for him the work of a moment. That stranger was I. In recognition of my promptitude, the CZAR has conferred upon me the Stewardship of the Vistula Hundreds, with the command of a division of the Yeomanoff Cavalry, the most distinguished horse-soldiers in Europe.

The German EMPEROR was equally impressed. His Majesty smiled, and, turning to General CAPRIVI, told him to consider himself henceforth under my orders for everything that concerned the peace of the world. I could see that CAPRIVI did not relish this, but I soon made him know his place, and when I threatened to send for Prince BISMARCK—who, by the way, has granted me the unique honour of an interview—he became quite calm and reasonable. On my way home, I called in on Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria, *who offered me his Crown*, telling me at the same time that he intended to take a course of German Baths. He said I should find STAMBOULOFF a very pleasant fellow; "but," he added, "you 've got to know him first." I, of course, refused His Highness's offer, and accepted instead the Cross for Valour on the Field of Battle. I then hurried off to Servia. King MILAN informed me that, if I wished to take a Queen back with me to England, he would dispose of one very cheaply. Having advised the Regents as to the best method of governing the country, I departed for Roumania. The Queen of ROUMANIA welcomed me as a literary man. She writes all the Roumanian sporting prophecies in verse. The King invested me at once with the *Stonibroku* Order in brilliants, with the *Johu* Clasp for special promise shown in connection with turf literature. I may assure you in confidence that there will be no war for the next week or two. This result is entirely due to me.

Do you want to hear about the St. Leger? I need only say that my own *Surefoot* has brought me *Alloway Heaume*. Whilst in Russia I heard about plenty of *Serfs*, but they were not saints. Anybody who proposes to wear a *Blue-green* waistcoat on the *Queen's Birthday* ought to eat *Sainfoin* for the rest of his life, and be taken *Right Away*. Finally, if *The Field* is to *Memoir* as a window-sash is to a Duchess's flounces, what chance has a crack-brained Bedlamite of munching potatoes in St. James's Palace? Answers must be posted not later than Monday. All prizes genuine. No blanks.

Yours as always, GENERAL POPOFF.

FROM THE FRENCH—AND THE ENGLISH.

CAPTAIN Thérèse, Comic Opera. Music by ROBERT PLANQUETTE, composer of *Paul Jones* and *Les Cloches de Corneville*. Book by Messrs. BISSON and BURNAND; GILBERT À BECKETT assisting in the lyrics. The Carl Rosa Company, DRURIOLANO IMPERATORE, wouldn't wait for the production of an Opera in Paris in order to bring it out here with the French *cachet*, but determined to have one done all for themselves, and to bring it out here first. So the French author began it, the English one finished it, and the Composer wrote music for original French and original English words. It is an international Opera; a new departure, and in the Operatic world an important one. It answers a question which was once the question of the day, "Why should London wait?" London, represented by Sheriff DRURIOLANUS, did not wait, and was served immediately with *Captain Thérèse*, produced Monday the 25th, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre; and the gratitude of London has justified the generosity of all concerned behind the curtain, and in front of the house. Even in August the five million odd of those left in Town can appreciate good music, capital acting, magnificent dresses, and perfect *mise-en-scène*. The Prince of Wales's Theatre has a reputation for level excellence in Comic Opera—it is the *spécialité de la maison*, and the new

Ra-ta-Plan, Ra-ta-Plan-quette!

"'Ashley's' Revived!"

lyrical piece is a worthy successor to *Dorothy*, *Marjorie*, and *Paul Jones*. As *Captain Thérèse*, Miss ATTALLIE CLAIRE reminds mature playgoers of that "such a little Admiral" that was irresistible many years ago. She is bright, clever, and, above all, refined. Miss PHYLLIS BROUGHTON makes up for rather a weak voice by great strength in dancing, and Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE is genuinely comic. Mr. HENRY ASHLEY, always conscientious even in his mirth, at the end of the Second Act, is suggestive of the Astley's of the Westminster Road. Like the piece, he is very well mounted. Madame AMADI is also excellent, a genuine lady-comedian—or should it be *comédienne*? Then there is Mr. JOSEPH TAPLEY, a capital tenor, and Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, silver-voiced and graceful, the *beau idéal* of the hero of a Light Opera company. For the rest, the chorus and band could not be better, and the production is worthy of DRURIOLANUS, or, rather, CHARLES, his brother, and also his friend. So Messrs. BISSON and PLANQUETTE, and their English *collaborateur*, may toast one another, happy in the knowledge that the *entente cordiale* has once more received hearty confirmation at the hands of the London public; they may cry, with reason, *Vive la France!* and Hip, hip, BRITANNIA! feeling sure that, by their joint exertions, they have obtained for the Anglo-Saxon race that blessing to the public in general, and Theatrical Managers in particular, a lasting piece.

"Flagging Energy."

"Wedded to the Moor."

THE sportive M.P., when the Session *is* done,
Is off like a shot, with his eye on a gun.
He 's like *Mr. Toots* in the Session's hard press,
Finding rest "of no consequence." Could he take less?
But when all the long windy shindy is o'er,
He, like *Oliver Twist*, is found "asking for *Moor!*"

JOTS AND TITLES.—The busy persons who, in a recent Mansion House list, had found quite "a Mayor's nest" in the highly important question of a Cardinal's precedence, have recently started another scare on discovering that the Ex-Empress's Chaplain at Chiselhurst has described himself, or has been described, on a memorial tablet which he had put up in his own church, as a "Rector." Evidently a mistake. If he erected the Memorial, he should have been described as "The Erector."

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12,720,000 " 1888,
[illegible],822,000 " 1889

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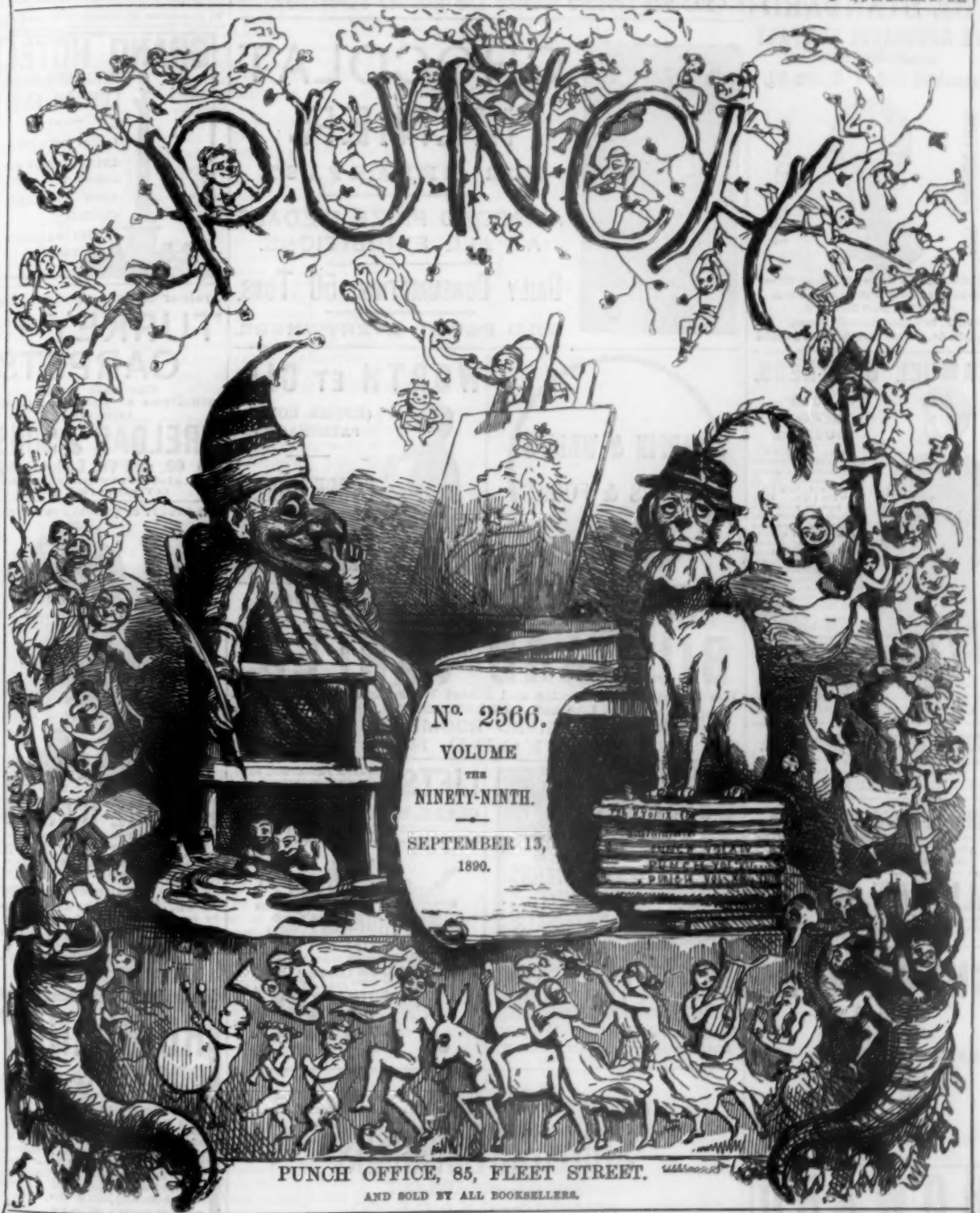

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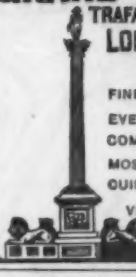

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In three tints; Blanche for fair skins, Naturelle for darker complexions, and Rachel for use by artificial light.
Price 1s. By Post, free from observation, 1s 1d.
To be had of all Hairdressers, Chemists, &c.
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ODONTO a non-gritty Tooth Powder. Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath. 2s. 9d.
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MACASSAR OIL preserves and beautifies the Hair, and is also sold in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Bottles, 3s. 6d.; 7s.; 10s. 6d.
Ask Chemists for Rowlands' articles.

OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.

(By our Impartial and Not-to-be-biassed Critic.)

I HAD often been told that St. Margaret's Bay, between Deal and Dover, was lovely beyond compare. Seen from the Channel, I had heard it described as "magnificent," and evidence of its charms nearer at hand, was adduced in the fact that Mr. ALMA TADEMA, R.A., had made it his head-quarters during a portion of the recent summer.

So I determined to visit it. I had to take a ticket to Martin's Mill, a desolate spot, containing a railway station, a railway hotel, and (strange to say) a mill. I was told by an obliging official on my arrival, that St. Margaret's Bay was a mile and a half distant—"to the village." And a mile and a half—a very good mile and a half—it was! Up hill, down dale, along the dustiest of dusty roads, bordered by telegraph poles that suggested an endless lane without a turning. On climbing to the summit of each hill another long stretch of road presented itself. At length the village was reached, and I looked about me for the sea. A cheerful young person who was flirting with a middle-aged cyclist seemed surprised when I asked after it. "Oh, the sea!" she exclaimed, in a tone insinuating that the ocean was at a decided discount in her part of the world—"oh, you will find *that* a mile further on." I sighed wearily, and recommenced my plodding stumbles.

I passed two unhappy-looking stone eagles protecting a boarding-house, and a shed given over to the sale of lollipops and the hiring of a pony-chaise. The cottages seemed to me to be of the boat-turned-bottom-upwards order of architecture, and were adorned with placards, announcing "Apartments to Let." Everything seemed to let, except, perhaps, the church, which, however (on second thoughts), appeared to be let alone. But if the houses were not, in themselves, particularly inviting, their names were pleasing enough, although, truth to tell, a trifle misleading. For instance, there was a "Marine Lodge," which seemed a very considerable distance from the ocean, and a "Swiss *chalet*," that but faintly suggested the land renowned equally for mountains and merry juveniles. I did not notice any shops, although I fancy, from the appearance of a small barber's pole that I found in front of a cottage, that the hair-dressing interest must have had a local representative. For the rest, an air of hopefulness, if not precisely cheerfulness, was given to the place by the presence of a Convalescent Hospital. Leaving the village behind me, I came, footsore and staggering, at length to the Bay. I was cruelly disappointed. Below me was what appeared to be a small portion of Rosherville, augmented with two bathing-machines, and a residence for the Coast-guard. There was a hotel, (with a lawn-tennis ground), and several placards, telling of land to let. The descent to the sea was very steep, and, on the high road above it, painfully modern villas were putting in a disfiguring appearance. On the beach was a melancholy pic-nic party, engaged in a mild carouse. In the gloaming was a light-ship, marking the end of the Goodwin Sands.

On a beautiful day no doubt St. Margaret's Bay would look quite as lovely as Gravesend, but when it rained I question whether it would compare favourably with Southend under similar atmospheric circumstances. There was some shrubbery creeping up the white hill-side that may have been considered artistic, and possibly the great expanse of ocean (when completely free from mist) had to a certain extent a sort of charm. As I looked towards the coast of France I had an excellent view of a steamer, crammed with (presumably) noisy excursionists, coming from Margate. But when I have said this I have nothing more to add, save that you can get from Martin's Mill to St. Margaret's Bay by an omnibus. By catching this conveyance you avoid a tedious walk, which puts you out of temper for the rest of the day.

P.S.—I missed the omnibus!

Good Young "Zummerset!"

(Champion in Cricket of the Second-class Counties.)

EIGHT matches played, and eight matches won!
That's what none of the First-class Counties have done.
'Tis clear that Young Zummerset knows "how to do it."
Bravo, PALAIRET, WOODS, TYLER, ROE, HEWITT!
Go on in this fashion, and soon you'll be reckoned
Among the First-Classers, instead of the Second.
Wet wickets this season, boys, seldom a rummer set,
But they anyhow seem to have suited Young Zummerset!

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before MR. COMMISSIONER PUNCH.)

A Medical Officer (with martial manner, and well set up) introduced.

The Commissioner. Well, Sir—may I call you Colonel?—what can I do for you?

Medical Officer (smiling). I am afraid, Sir, you may give me no military rank, as it would be contrary to the Regulations.

The Com. Have I not the pleasure of addressing a soldier?

Med. Off. Well, yes, Sir, I suppose I may claim that title. I am an Army Surgeon, and in that capacity have not only to risk my life equally with my comrades in the field, but have to brave the additional danger inseparable from the fever-wards of a hospital. As a matter of fact many of my colleagues have earned the V.C., and not a few taken command when their aid was needed. I hope you have not forgotten ANTHONY HOME WILLIE and MACKINNON.

The Com. Certainly not—they are gallant fellows. Well, I am sorry to see you here, Doctor—what can I do for you?

Med. Off. I would ask your good services, Sir, to get us greater recognition in the Army. Pray understand we do not wish to be called Captain, Major, or Colonel, merely to "peacock" before civilians, but because, without official recognition of our true status, we are treated as inferior beings by the youngest subaltern in any battalion to which we may be attached.

The Com. Surely, Doctor, the title you have secured by scientific attainments, takes precedence of all others more easily obtained?

Med. Off. Possibly, in a College common-room, but not at a mess-table of a *dépôt* centre. That I express the general opinion of members of my profession is proved by the fact that it is shared by Sir ANDREW CLARK, the President of the Royal College of Physicians.

The Com. Well, what would you propose?

Med. Off. That we should be put on the same footing so far as rank is concerned, with officers in the Commissariat and other non-actively-combatant branches of the Army. We are merely fighting the fight fought years ago by another scientific corps, the Royal Engineers.

The Com. But surely, Doctor, the officers you have mentioned know something of their drill?

Med. Off. If that is the difficulty, let us make ourselves equally proficient. The more we are in touch with the so-called combatant officers the better.

The Com. Well, certainly, if you are good drills (and have some knowledge of the internal economy of a regiment, and the rudiments of military law) I cannot see why you should not enjoy the rank to which you aspire. I wish you every success in your application. After all, you are masters of the situation. If your superior officers are unreasonable—physic them!

[*The Witness after returning thanks, then withdrew.*

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

"*So glad you have a fine day for your garden-party. Was quite anxious about the weather;*" *i.e.*, "Hoped sincerely it would rain hard—hate garden-parties—can't think why I'm here."

"*How good of you to undertake such a long drive!*" *i.e.*, "hoped it would choke her off."

"*So sweet of you to have brought your dear children;*" *i.e.*, "Greedy little pigs!—gobble up everything before the real guests arrive."

"*Must you really go?*" *i.e.*, "About time—you're the last but one."

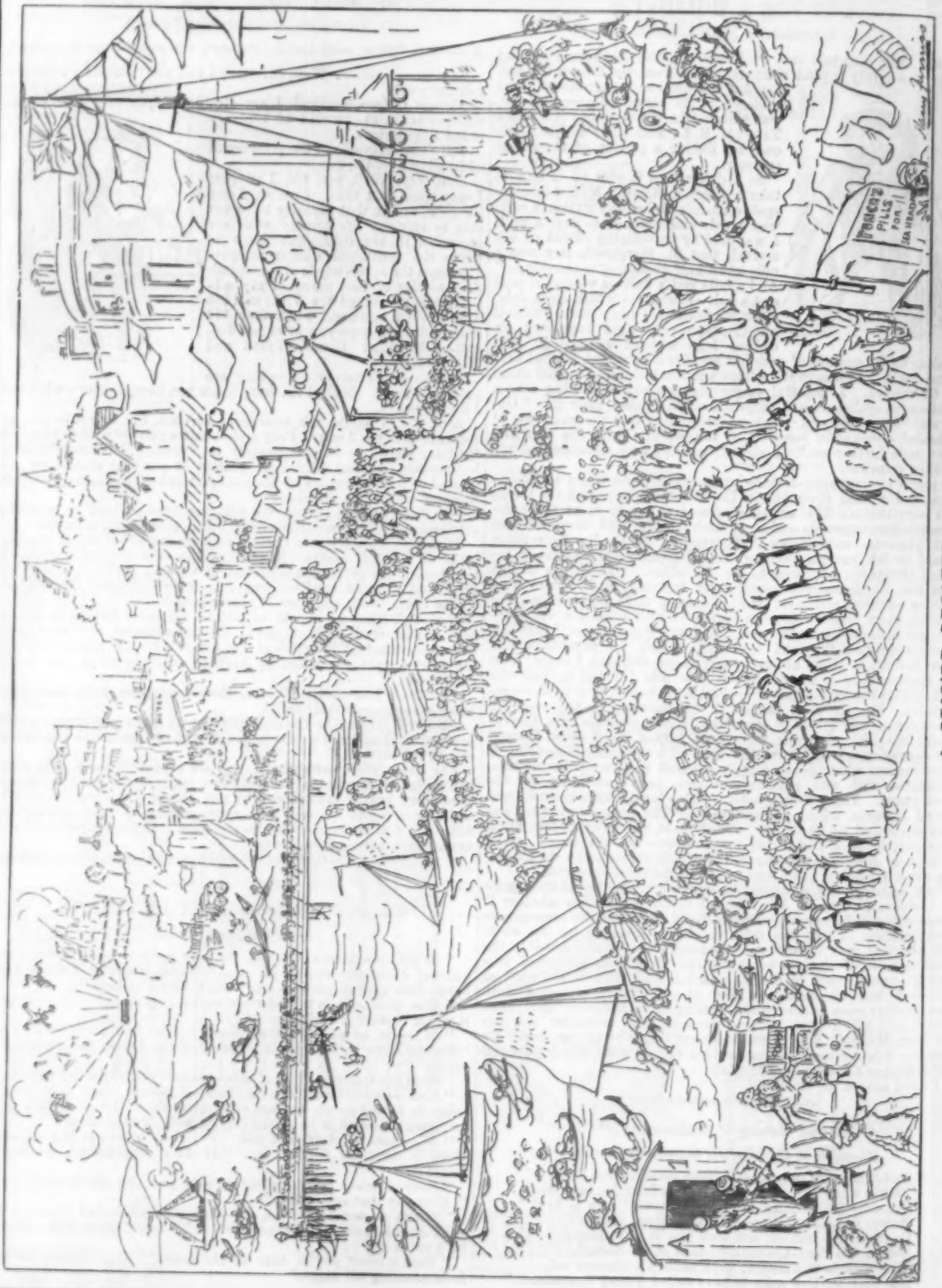
"*Now mind—this is Liberty Hall—I always think true hospitality is, letting people do just what they like;*" *i.e.*, "*If* he's late for breakfast—and IF he shirks driving with Mrs. MORSON!"

"*We lunch at half-past one. But don't trouble to be punctual. Quite a moveable feast;*" *i.e.*, "If he's unpunctual, he won't forget it."

"*Such a lovely drive I want to take you this afternoon;*" *i.e.*, "*Must* pay that call to-day."

"*Going to-morrow? Oh, do stay—we had looked forward to quite a week more. Can't you alter it?*" *i.e.*, "Quite safe. Know he's *got* to go."

"*Such a sweet girl to have in the house!*" *i.e.*, "Slaves for her from morning till night."



A SEASIDE REGATTA.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—DAVID COX REDIVIVUS!

ALL THE YEAR ROUND;

Or, Keeping Up the Ball.

When September soaks the fields,
And the leaves begin to fall,
Cricket unto Football yields,—
That is all!

Yes—in hot or humid weather,
At all seasons of the year,
Life is little without leather
In a sphere.

In the scrimmage, at the stumps,
'Neath the goal, behind the sticks,
Life's a ball, which Summer thumps,
Winter kicks.

From Nausicaa—classic girl!
Unto Renshaw, Gunn, and Grace,
Balls mankind *must* kick or hurl,
"Slog" or "place."

Our "terrestrial ball" is round,
(Is it an idea chimerical?)
Man, by hidden instincts bound,
Loves the spherical.

In rotund, elastic bounders,
Plainly the great joy of men is,
Witness cricket, billiards, rounders,
And lawn-tennis.

Now the championship is fixed,
Now the averages are settled,
Spite of critics rather mixed,
Slightly nettled.

Now the heroes of the Goal
Brace themselves for kick and scrummage,
Verily, upon the whole,
'Tis a "rum" age!

Wane the joys of Love, Art, Faction,
Parties rise and Parties fall,
The world's sure centre of attraction
Is a Ball!

WARE SNAKE!

Says Professor Alfred Marshall, of Cambridge, the great English Economist, in his luminous Address at the British Association meeting:—

"Every year economic problems become more difficult, every year it is more manifest that we need to have more knowledge and to get it soon, in order to escape, on the one hand, from the cruelty and waste of irresponsible competition and the licentious use of wealth, and, on the other, from the tyranny and the spiritual death of an iron-bound Socialism."

Here be judicial truths, skilfully *Marshalled* into clear order, which may profitably be noted by the angry sciolistic skirmishers on one side and the other in the great Social War now raging.

The sniffing *Laissez-faire* man, the high and dry Economist, shrieks at the enthusiastic humanitarian Socialist, whom he would fain send to Antioyra,—or further; the headlong humanitarian Socialist howls at the high and dry Economist, whom he would like to despatch finally to Saturn, or "haply to some lower level," as Bob Lowe's epitaph had it. The result is cantankerous charivari!

Marshall does more and better. He emphasises "the cruelty and waste of irresponsible competition," he admits "the licentious use of wealth," but he also recognises "the tyranny and the spiritual death of an iron-bound Socialism," that violent and venomous form of Socialism, which *Mr. Punch* this week has represented under the apt symbol of a clinging, hampering, and suffocating Serpent.

Let the impetuous zealots who may probably demur to *Mr. Punch's* symbol—misunderstanding it—ponder Professor Marshall's words, and be not precipitate in judgment. There is Socialism *and* Socialism. The sort pictured by Professor Marshall, and *Mr. Punch*, is, like the Serpent of Old Myth, not the would-be friend of labour-cursed mankind, but a deceiving and glosingly deadly "incarnation of the Enemy."

THE STRAIGHT TIP.

["There is one national duty in this connection, and only one, that is worth insisting upon for a moment. That duty is to render it impossible for any enemy or combination of enemies to interrupt our supply of food or whatever else is necessary for our well-being."—*The "Times" on Sir George Tryon's Scheme for National Insurance of Shipping in Time of War.*]

Right, "Thunderer," and tersely put!
Hammer *this* into Bull's big noddle,
Until he just puts down his foot
On temporising timid twaddle,
And you will do a vast deal more
To keep our drowsy British Lion
In health, and strength and wakeful roar
Than all the schemes Tryon may try on.
Battle 's not always to the strong;
The race, though, must be to—the Fleet,
With *us* at least. We can't go wrong
In making safety there complete.
And by St. George we can't go right
On any other tack whatever,
Until that Fleet is fit to fight
With all our foes though strong and clever.
Insurance may be all serene,
But *the* insurance John must measure
Is safety on all roads marine
For him, his men, his food, his treasure.
And if our ships don't give us this
On Neptune's high-road wild and wavy,
John Bull his chief straight tip will miss,
And likewise soon may miss—his Navy!

PROFESSOR MARSH'S PRIMEVAL TROUPE.

HE SHOWS HIS PERFECT MASTERY OVER THE CERATOPSIDÆ.

(See Proceedings of the British Association at Leeds.)

CUPID AND MINERVA.

(Fragment from an Autobiography that it is hoped will never be written.)

I WAS most anxious that my past should be concealed from him, as I felt that once revealed, it would come between us as a barrier for ever! So I dissembled. I adapted my conversation to his capabilities. I learned to talk of lawn tennis, cricket, politics, even cookery. Only on one occasion did I betray myself. With self-abasement I was asking for an explanation of the electric telegraph. He gave me a somewhat faulty definition.

"Dear me!" I cried. "How did they ever come to think of such a clever thing?"

"*Omne ignōtum pro magnifico*," he replied, with condescension.

I could not bear the false quantity even from *his* lips, and I asked, "Would not *ignōtum* be better, darling?"

I could have bitten out my tongue for such an indiscretion. He looked at me sharply, with a glance of covert distrust.

"What do *you* know about it?" he asked, somewhat brusquely.

"Nothing, nothing!" I said, confusedly. "I happened to be looking through an Explanatory Pronouncing Dictionary of Latin Quotations, and found the passage."

"Beware of consulting text-books," he returned, sententiously. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

For the moment I was safe, but I knew that the confidence that hitherto had existed between us was shaken and lessened. When he left me that day, he referred once more to the incident.

"Forgive me, SCHOLASTICA, I know I have been disagreeable. But I confess I am upset—the fact is a man doesn't care to be picked up sharp in his Latin."

"Forgive me!" I pleaded, "and you will love me?"

"*Ad finem!*" he returned, making the first vowel short. I set my teeth and was silent. He looked at me with a keen glance, as if he would read my very soul, murmuring under his breath, "if she will stand *that*, she will stand anything," and we parted! Once alone, I gave vent to my feelings in a burst of passionate weeping. "*Ad finem!*" Oh, it was hard to bear!

At length the day arrived for our marriage. Just as I was starting for the Church a letter was handed to me. I recognised in the shaky superscription (which seemed to tremble in every stroke) his handwriting. The envelope contained a printed paper! It was the Oxford Class List! Then the truth in all its hideousness dawned upon me. He knew at last that I had taken a Double First!

* * * * * * *

This occurred many years ago. Well, time has brought its compensating comforts, and I am at least able to exclaim, "*Quum multa injusta ac prava fiunt moribus!*" without being guilty of using a false quantity!

"IN THE AIR!"

A PARABLE FOR THE PERIOD.

"A course precipitous, of dizzy speed
Suspending thought and breath; a monstrous sight!
For in the air do I behold indeed
An Eagle and a Serpent wreathed in fight."
SHELLEY'S *Revolt of Islam.*

A MONSTROUS sight! Through SHELLEY'S vision rare
Of high Revolt one mighty image glows,
This pregnant symbol of the struggling pair,
So strangely matched, and wildly-warring foes,
Filling the startled air with Titan throes.
Interpret as you will that Wingéd Form,
High-soaring, keen-eyed, of imperial pose,
Or that close-clinging, coiled Colossal Worm;
'Tis an eternal type of strife amidst the storm.

The symbol speaks, though variously applied,
Of making aleight that soaring strength assails,
And strives to drag it from its place of pride,
And, after cruel conflict, faints and fails.
Sometimes it seems the air's strong monarch vails
His crest awhile, as, hampering coil on coil,
Insidious knot on pinion proud prevails;
Yet towering greatness crawling hate shall foil,
Nor shall the Bird of Jove be long the Python's spoil.

Strong-winged *this* Eagle, either wafter ready
To buoy and to upbear that body great.
Potent of beak and claw, of eye-glance steady,
Lord of the air, and master of its fate,
It seems, it seems, sailing in splendid state
Athwart the stretches of the skyey blue.
Yet what might be the fleet-winged wanderer's fate,
Did either pinion fail? Its flight is true
Only when level buoyed upon the plumy two.

"A shaft of light upon its wings descended,
And every golden feather gleamed therein."
Ay! and their fate's inextricably blended;
Let either faint or flag, they shall not win
Athwart the aërial azure clear and thin.
Brothered in use are they, in use and need.
See how the Serpent's many-coloured skin
Writhes hither, thither, with insidious heed,
Striving to maim *one* pinion. Shall the pest succeed?

Bred far below, in dank malarious slime,
That Serpent hath no power to soar in air,
Save clinging to winged creatures that can climb
The empyrean; yet from its foul lair
It sprang to the broad wings it would ensnare,
Encoil, enshackle, hamper, break, drag down.
How swept the Bird so low that it should dare,
That Worm, to wriggle midst its plumes full grown,
And with the Air's sole monarch thus dispute the crown!

Alas! the Eagle stooped; those well-poised pinions
Faltered, and beat the air unevenly;
Nor shall the Bird maintain its proud dominions
If those wings lapse from rhythm, pulse awry.
Vain power of beak and claw, keenness of eye,
Or pride of crested head, if those broad vanes
Beat without balance true the clouded sky.
The lord of those etherial domains,
Once wing-maimed, pitiless fate to the dull earth enchains.

That Serpent is a sinister birth of time,
The likeness of the light 'twould fain take on,
But 'tis engendered from the poisonous slime
Of hate, and greed, and darkness. Though it don
Apollo's guise, 'tis but Apollyon.
To shackle, poison, palsy is its aim.
Venom and violence never yet have won
A victory truly worthy of the name.
To call this thing Toil's friend is friendship to defame.

"An Eagle and a Serpent wreathed in fight!"
There is the symbol he who runs may read.
The Bird is Trade, with pinions balanced right;
Labour and Capital in love agreed,
All 's well; the Serpent shall not then succeed
In shackling that, or in destroying this.
The snake, a venomous worm of poisonous breed,
In vain shall coil and knot, shall strike and hiss.
Mark, Wealth! mark, Toil! The moral 's one you surely can miss!

LABOUR
SOCIALISM

"IN THE AIR!"

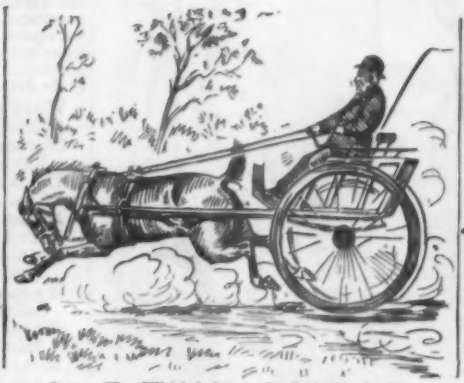
"AN EAGLE AND A SERPENT WREATHED IN FIGHT!"
THERE IS THE SYMBOL HE WHO RUNS MAY READ.
THE BIRD IS TRADE, WITH PINIONS BALANCED RIGHT;
LABOUR AND CAPITAL IN LOVE AGREED,
MARK, WEALTH! MARK, TOIL! THE MORAL'S ONE YOU SCARCE CAN MISS!

ALL'S WELL; THE SERPENT SHALL NOT THEN SUCCEED
IN SHACKLING THAT, OR IN DESTROYING THIS.
THE SNAKE, A VENOMOUS WORM OF POISONOUS BREED,
IN VAIN SHALL COIL AND KNOT, SHALL STRIKE AND HISS.

SEA ON LAND.

(A Story in Six Chapters and Two Volumes.)

VOL. I.—CHAP. I.—Captain Bulkhead (P. & O.), home on leave, buys a Horse.



CHAP. II.—Which bolts on the first opportunity.

CHAP. III.—"I'll teach him!" said the Captain, taking an anchor aboard.

VOL. II.—CHAP. IV.—Off again! Casting anchor!

CHAP. V.—!!

CHAP. VI.—!!!

A WORD TO JOHN BURNS.

["He was in the unfortunate position of having probably to go to Parliament at the next election, but he would rather go to prison half-a-dozen times than to Parliament once, because Labour candidates in the past had either been thrown out or tied to the coat-tail of party politics. He wished it to be distinctly understood that there must be nothing of this, but their candidates must go forth as labour candidates, and labour candidates only. He must know on what terms he must do the dirty work of going to Parliament."—*Mr. John Burns at the Trade Union Congress at Liverpool.*]

GOOD gracious, how awful! The Trades were assembled,
And they all yelled together, and tempers got brittle;
And when BURNS rose and thundered, all Liverpool trembled
(Though BURNS is perhaps Boanerges spelt little).

And he laid all about him, like mules who can kick hard,
But kick without aim for the pleasure of kicking;
And he trod upon FENWICK, and trampled on PICKARD,
And his friends shouted, "Death to political tricking!"

And on one side we heard all the Socialist gang wage
A war against BROADHURST, who carried a hod once.
And BROADHURST retorted on BURNS and his language,
That BURNS might go back, since he languished in "quod" once.

And BURNS ranted back; as the French say, the mustard
Had gone to his nose, which was rather unfortunate.
"St. Stephen's requires me, and I," so he blustered,
"Must needs be a Member, since friends are importunate.

"But I'd rather," he added, "go six times to Holloway"
(Will not language like this of J. B. make *The Star* lament?)
"Than go (which is dirt) to St. Stephen's, or loll away
My time and the People's as Member of Parliament."

Now, BURNS, be advised; that is bunkum—you know it.
You "*must* be a Member"? Pooh, pooh, JOHN, I doubt you.
Short answers are best, so *Punch* answers you, "Stow it.
Stay away, and we'll try for salvation without you."

There's no "must" in the matter. The goose, JOHN, who flaps his
Vain wings, though at first very fearful he may be,
If you face him at once, why, he promptly collapses;
He may hiss as he runs, he won't frighten a baby.

Be warned in good time—why there isn't a man, Sir,
Or at most one or two, whom the universe misses.
You strut for a moment, and then, like poor *Anser*,
You vanish, uncared-for, with splutter and hisses.

If a man cares to toil, if, like BROADHURST or BURT, he
Puts his neck to the yoke for the good of his fellows,
He will find work to do (though you scorn it as dirty),
Without all this labour of trumpet and bellows.

Surely butter must cloy, though your friends do the churning—
You are *not* the whole world, though you did win a tanner;
And *Punch* thinks it well, when your head has done turning,
You should turn a new leaf, and just soften your manner.

Railway Time-Table. Applicable all the Year Round.

6 Cabs—full of Passengers = 1 Dawdling Porter.
12 Dawdling Porters = 1 Train's Start.
2 Trains' Starts = 1 Danger Signal.
2 Danger Signals = 1 Stoppage on the Line.
3 Stoppages on the Line = 1 Late Arrival.
24 Late Arrivals = 1 Day's Unpunctuality.
365 Days' Unpunctuality = 1 Patient Public's Useless Grumble.

A MURDEROUS GAME.—(*Example of "Beneficent Murder."*)—Taking a Life at Pool.

INFELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

"HOW GOOD OF YOU TO COME, DOCTOR. I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU THIS MORNING."
"NO: BUT I WAS CALLED TO YOUR OPPOSITE NEIGHBOUR, POOR MRS. BROWN, AND THOUGHT I MIGHT AS WELL KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE."

THE BETTER THE DAY, THE BETTER THE TALK!

SCENE—*Any fashionable Watering Place where "Church Parade" is a recognised institution.* TIME—*Sunday*, 1 P.M. *Enter* BROWN *and* MRS. BROWN, *who take chairs.*

Mrs. Brown. Good Gracious! Look another way! Those odious people, the STIGGINSES, are coming towards us!

Brown. Why odious? I think the girls rather nice.

Mrs. B. (*contemptuously*). Oh, *you* would, because men are so easily taken in! Nice, indeed! Why, here's Major BUTTONS.

B. (*moving his head sharply to the right*). Don't see him! Can't stand the fellow! I always avoid him at the Club!

Mrs. B. Why? Soldiers are always such pleasant men.

B. (*contemptuously*). BUTTONS a soldier! Years ago he was a Lieutenant in a marching regiment, and now holds honorary rank in the Volunteers! Soldier, indeed! Bless me! here's Mrs. FITZ-FLUMMERY—mind you don't cut her.

Mrs. B. Yes, I shall; the woman is insupportable. Did you ever see *such* a dress? And she has changed the colour of her hair—again!

B. Whether she has or hasn't, she looks particularly pleasing.

Mrs. B. (*drily*). You were always a little eccentric in your taste! Why, surely there must be Mr. PENNYFATHER ROBSON. How smart he looks! Where *can* he have come from?

B. The Bankruptcy Court! (*Drily.*) You were never particularly famous for discrimination. As I live, the PLANTAGENET SMITHS! [*He bows with effusion.*

Mrs. B. And the STUART JONESES! (*She kisses her hand gushingly.*) By the way, dear, didn't you say that the PLANTAGENET SMITHS were suspected of murdering their Uncle before they inherited his property?

B. So it is reported, darling. And didn't you tell me, my own, that the parents of Mr. STUART JONES were convicts before they became millionnaires?

Mrs. B. So I have heard, loved one. (*Starting up.*) Come, CHARLEY, we must be off at once! The GOLDHARTS! If they catch us, *she* is sure to ask me to visit some of her sick poor!

B. And *he* to beg me to subscribe to an orphanage or a hospital! Here, take your prayer-book, or people won't know that we have come from church!

[*Exeunt hurriedly.*

HOMO SAPIENS.

(*A Question for the next Anthropological Assembly.*)

["When we consider the vast amount of time comprised in the Tertiary period . . . the chances that man as at present constituted, should be a survivor from that period seem remote, and against the species *Homo Sapiens* having existed in Miocene times almost incalculable."—*Address of the President of the Anthropological Section, Dr. John Evans, at the Leeds Meeting of the British Association.*]

WHEN then did *Homo Sapiens* first appear?
Upon whose speculations shall we bottom us?
Contemporary he with the cave bear,
But hardly with the earliest hippopotamus.
The happy Eocene beheld him not;
That cheerful epoch when a morning ramble
Among the mammoths, without gun or shot,
Must have been such a truly sportive scramble.
The pleasant Pliocene preceded him,
Apparently, poor bare, belated *Homo*;
His spectre seems to haunt, despondent, dim,
Lakes—how unlike Killarney, Wenham, Como!—
Where dens called Dwellings may have left some trace.
Before "quarternary times"—whatever *they* were—
Homo appears not to have shown his face,
And then its features far from gracefully gay were.
So EVANS, who the mystery of Man's birth
Into our Cosmos carefully unravels.
He seems to view with sceptical calm mirth,
Remains of Man among the river gravels.
Well, we'll relinquish Tertiary man,
Without immoderate grief, or lasting anguish.
The Pliocene, if we can grasp its plan,
Would seem an epoch when our race would languish.
The skeletons, cut animal bones, and flints,
Supposed to prove his presence, let's abandon;
But on some subjects we should like some hints;
When *did* he come, and what has Sapient Man done
To justify his advent? Take him *now*,
Apart from retrospection prehistoric,
What is the being of the lifted brow
Doing at present? Strange phantasmagoric
Pictures of his proceedings flit before
The vision of alert imagination;
Playing the brute, buffoon, "bounder," or bore,
In every climate, and in every nation!
Homo—here wasting half his hard-earned gains
Upon Leviathan Fleets and Mammoth Armies,
Spending his boasted gifts of Tongue and Brains
In Party spouting. Swearing potent charm is
In grubbing muck-rake Money on the Mart,
Or squandering it on Turf, or Gambling Table.
Squabbling o'er the Morality of Art,
Or fighting o'er the Genesis of Fable.
You'll find him—as a Frank—in comic rage,
Mouthing mad rant, fighting preposterous duels,
Scattering ordures o'er Romance's page, [jewels.
And decking a swine's snout with Style's choice
You'll see him—as a Teuton—trebly taxed,
Mooning 'midst metaphysical supposes;
Twirling a huge moustache, superbly waxed,
And taking pride in slitting comrades' noses.
You'll meet him—as a Muscovite—dead set
On making civic life a sombre Hades,
Shaking a knife with tyrant's blood red-wet,
Or—aping "Paris-goods" in art, dress, ladies.
You'll spy him—as a Yankee—gassing loud
About his pride, and yet chin-deep in snobbery;
Leaving State matters to corruption's crowd,
And justifying (literary) robbery.
Whilst as a Briton! Bless us, 'twould take time
To picture *Homo* in his guise Britannic.
Here he is making a fine art of crime,
There he is fussing in a Puritan panic;
Here with MCMUCK he plays the prurient spy,
And there with OSCAR in a paroxysm
Of puerile paradox spreads to Cultchaw's eye
The fopperies of "Artistic Hedonism"!
Oh, EVANS, noting Man (*not* Tertiary)
In Church or State, the Studio or the Tavern,
One wonders—not was he contemporary
With Danish Kjökkenmöddings or Kent's Cavern,—
No, thinking of his work with Swords, Tongues, Pens,
Of most of which Wisdom would make a clearance,
One wonders whether *Homo Sapiens*
Has really truly *yet* made his appearance!

COLLAPSE OF "CORNER MEN."

(*As understood by Our Christy Minstrel Artist in Black and White.*)

[Mr. —— was a prominent operator on the Market, in connection with an attempted great "Cotton Corner." . . . . The Corner ended in a collapse.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In consequence of the taking in or taking out of Nobodies' luggage, the train had been considerably delayed, and this delay had been protracted by the thirsty condition of the panting and enfeebled engine. Stopping to water the horses in the olden days took much less time, I should imagine, than stopping to supply the engine with water in our own day. Be this as it may, the stoppages had already been considerable, and the Baron was ruminating on the best method of passing his valuable time for the next two hours, when it occurred to him that in his bag he had been carrying about for some time past three books, in the hope that there might occur some opportunity, of which the Baron could avail himself, to peruse these works, and remark upon them for the benefit of the select reading public. He took up the first, read a few sketches of *Our Churchwardens*, but failing to appreciate the subject, returned it to the bag, and went in for *Monsignor*. Perhaps the weak state of health in which our engine found itself, had not been improved by the additional weight imposed on it, owing to having to carry *Monsignor*. "Uncommonly heavy," said the Baron, when he arrived at the hundredth page; "I will keep it in reserve for my lighter and gayer moments, when timely repression may be necessary." So saying, he restored this to the same receptacle, and made another dip in the lucky bag. This time he brought to the surface *The Case of George Candlemas*, by GEORGE SIMS. Very nearly giving it up was the Baron, on account of its title, so suggestive of the usual vein of shilling shockers, and very glad is he that he did not do so, as for the next hour and a quarter not only was the Baron really interested, but highly amused, and it would have done the heart of GEORGE SIMS, of *Horrible London* and other emotional tales, good to have seen the Baron chuckling over this capital short story, which is as ingenious as it is genuinely droll. It belongs to the same genus as the *Danvers Jewels*, though, in this latter, the idea of the character of the narrator is more humorously conceived than is Mr. SIMS's Baronet who acts as an amateur detective. The Baron highly recommends this story, as he also does a short tale in *Blackwood*, for this month, entitled, *A Physiologist's Wife*, by A. CONAN DOYLE.

The Baron's attention has been turned to five little volumes of *Love Tales*, English, Irish, Scotch, American, and German. They form a companion set to *Weird Tales*, published also by PATERSON & Co., and a pocketable size, most useful for travellers.

A propos of Travellers, why does not some English firm bring out a series of Guide-books, of the size, and written in the style of the *Guides Conty*, which, for travelling in France, are far and away the best Guide-books I know. The *Guides Joanne* are of course good, steady, trustworthy Guides, but they don't attract the traveller's attention to out-of-the-way places, and to the "things to do," in the same pleasant way as do the writers in the *Guides Conty*. Where to go, when to go, how to go, how to make the most of a short visit, what to ask for, what to look for, what to take, and what to avoid, these are details for which the *Guides Conty* go in. They might be better, perhaps, in the way of maps, but this is a fault of all Guides. Wishing, when at Havre, to visit Merville-sur-Mer, and the celebrated Corneville, with whose *cloches* we are all acquainted, in vain I searched the ordinary maps, and at last found quite a microscopical place, and without the "Sur Mer," as there wasn't room for it in a map of either the *Guide Joanne* or *Conty*, I forget which. Why it seems to be generally ignored I don't know, but in this respect it is a fellow-sufferer with Westgate-on-Sea, whose name is on no sign-post that ever I've seen in the Island of Thanet, though it may by this time figure on some recent maps. The village of "Garlinge," which is on the inland side of the L. C. & D. line, is to be found on every direction-post and on every map, and the fashionable Westgate is, so to speak, nowhere. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—Just attempted to read RUDYARD KIPLING'S *On Greenhow Hill*, in this month's *Macmillan*. No doubt very clever, and will be greatly admired by Kiplingites, but, for me, time is too valuable and life too short to study and appreciate it. I can't even read it: *dommage*, but I can't.

In this month's number of *The Cabinet Portrait Gallery* (CASSELL & Co.) there is one of the best photographs of JOHN MORLEY I ever remember to have seen. Not easy to take: this one is by DOWNEY. No mistaking a photo by DOWNEY, and this one of JOHN MORLEY, the Nineteenth Century ST. JUST, has a thoroughly downy look about the face. Those of Lady DUDLEY and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON are not up to the DOWNEY standard, specially Lady DUDLEY'S.

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. FRANK HARRIS has induced Mr. W. S. LILLY to give us some personal reminiscences of Cardinal NEWMAN, together with some letters of the Cardinal's to him. Interesting, but too brief. Oddly enough, *à propos* of "Reminiscences," there is in this same Number a very amusing article by J. M. BARRIE on the manufacturing of reminiscences. Very droll idea. "Read it," says the Baron.

In the *Contemporary* Mr. WILFRID MEYNELL gives an interesting Memoir of the great Cardinal and his contemporaries, and Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING writes a tale entitled *The Enlightenment of Mr. Padgett, M.P.*—of which more when I've read it. * * * I have read it. It isn't a story, so I was disappointed, and about as interesting to a story-seeker as *The National Congress*, of which it treats, to the majority of the Indian natives. But the dialogue is instructive and amusing, and will enlighten many Padgetts. B. DE B.-W.

"UN PETTITT-HARRIS COMPLIMENT."—AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS and his colleague in the authorship of the new piece at the National Theatre are to be congratulated. As might have been anticipated from the title, "there is money in it."

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

IN THE SCULPTURE GALLERIES.

Sightseers discovered drifting languidly along in a state of depression, only tempered by the occasional exercise of the right of every free-born Briton to criticise whenever he fails to understand. The general tone is that of faintly amused and patronising superiority.

Refused Admittance.

A Burly Sightseer, with a red face (inspecting group representing "Mithras Sacrificing a Bull"). H'm; that may be MITHRAS's notion o' making a clean job of it, but it ain't *mine!*

A Woman (examining a fragment from base of sculptured column with a puzzled expression, as she reads the inscription). "Lower portion of female figure—probably a Bacchante." Well, how they know who it's intended for, when there ain't more than a bit of her skirt left, beats *me!*

Her Companion. Oh, I s'pose they've got to put a name to it of *some* sort.

An Intelligent Artisan (out for the day with his Fiancée—reading from pedestal). "Part of a group of As-Astrala—no, *Astraga*—lizontes"—that 's what *they* are, yer see.

Fiancée. But who *were* they?

The I. A. Well, I can't tell yer—not for certain; but I expect they 'd be the people who in'abited Astragalizontia.

Fiancée. Was that what they used to call Ostralia before it was discovered? (*They come to the Clytie bust.*) Why, if that isn't the same head Mrs. MEGGLES has under a glass shade in her front window, only smaller—and hers is alabaster, too! But fancy them going and copying it, and I daresay without so much as a "by your leave," or a "thank you!"

The I. A. (*reading*). "Portrait of ANTONIA, sister-in-law of the Emperor TIBERIUS, in the character of Clytie turning into a sunflower."

Fiancée. Lor! They did queer things in those days, didn't they? (*Stopping before another bust.*) Who 's that?

The I. A. 'Ed of Ariadne.

Fiancée (*slightly surprised*). What!—not young ADNEY down our street? I didn't know as he 'd been took in stone.

The I. A. How do you suppose they 'd 'ave young ADNEY in among this lot—why, that 's antique!

Fiancée. Well, I was *thinking* it looked more like a female. But if it 's meant for old Mr. TEAK, the shipbuilder's daughter, it flatters her up considerable; and, besides, *I* always understood as her name was BETSY.

The I. A. No, no; what a girl you are for getting things wrong! that 'ed was out out years and years ago!

Fiancée. Well, she 's gone off *since*, that 's all; but I wonder at old Mr. TEAK letting it go out of the family, instead of putting it on his mantelpiece along with the lustres and the two chiny dogs.

The I. A. (*with ungallant candour*). 'Ark at you! Why, you ain't much more sense nor a chiny dog yourself!

Moralising Matron (*before the Venus of Ostia*). And to think of the poor ignorant Greeks worshipping a shameless hussey like that; it 's a pity they hadn't someone to teach them more respectable notions! Well, well! it ought to make us thankful *we* don't live in those benighted times, that it ought!

A Connoisseur (*after staring at a colossal Greek lion*). A lion, eh? Well, it 's another proof to my mind that the ancients hadn't got very far in the statuary line. Now, if you *want* to see a stone lion done true to Nature, you 've only to walk any day along the Euston Road.

A Practical Man. I dessay it 's a fine collection enough, but it 's a pity the things ain't more perfect. *I* should ha' thought, with so many odds and ends and rubbish lying about as is no use to nobody at present, they might ha' used it up in mending some that only requires a arm 'ere, or a leg there, or a 'ed and what not, to make 'em as good as ever. But ketch *them* (*he means the Officials*) taking any extra trouble if they can help it!

His Companion. Ah, but yer see it ain't so easy fitting on bits that belonged to something different. You 've got to look at it *that* way!

The P. M. I don't see no difficulty about it. Why, any stone-mason could cut down the odd pieces to fit well enough, and they wouldn't have such a neglected appearance as they do now.

A Group has collected round a Gigantic Arm in red granite.

First Sightseer. There 's a *arm* for yer!

Second S. (*a humorist*). Yes; 'ow would yer like to 'ave *that* come a punching your 'ed?

Third S. (*thoughtfully*). I expect they 've put it up 'ere as a sarmple, like.

The Moralising Matron. How it makes one realise that there were giants in those days!

Her Friend. But surely the size must be a *little* exaggerated, don't you think? Oh, is *this* the God Ptah?

[*The M. M. says nothing, but clicks her tongue to express a grieved pity, after which she passes on.*

The Intelligent Artisan *and his* Fiancée *have entered the Nineveh Gallery, and are regarding an immense human-headed winged bull.*

The I. A. (*indulgently*). Rum-looking sort o' beast that ere.

Fiancée. Ye-es—I wonder if it 's a likeness of some animal they used to 'ave then?

The I. A. I *did* think you was wider than *that!*—it 's on'y imaginative. What 'ud be the good o' wings to a bull?

Fiancée (*on her defence*). You think you know so much—but it 's got a man's 'ed, hain't it? and I know there used to be *'orses* with 'alf a man where the 'ed ought to be, because I've seen their pictures—so there!

The I. A. I dunno what you 've got where *your* 'ed ought to be, torking such rot!

IN THE UPPER GALLERIES; ETHNOGRAPHICAL COLLECTION.

A Grim Governess (*directing a scared small boy's attention to a particularly hideous mask*). See, HENRY, that 's the kind of mask worn by savages!

Henry. Always—or only on the fifth of November, Miss GOOLE?

[*He records a mental vow never to visit a Savage Island on Guy Fawkes' Day, and makes a prolonged study of the mask, with a view to future nightmares.*

A kind, but dense Uncle (*to Niece*). All these curious things were made by cannibals, ETHEL—savages who eat one another you know.

Ethel (*suggestively*). But, I suppose, Uncle, they wouldn't eat one another if they had anyone to give them *buns*, would they?

[*Her Uncle discusses the suggestion elaborately, but without appreciating the hint; the* Governess *has caught sight of a huge and hideous Hawaiian Idol, with a furry orange-coloured head, big mother-o'-pearl eyes, with black balls for the pupils, and a grinning mouth picked out with shark's teeth, to which she introduces the horrified* HENRY.

Miss Goole. Now, HENRY, you see the kind of idol the poor savages say their prayers to.

Harry (*tremulously*). But n—not just before they go to bed, do they, Miss GOOLE?

AMONG THE MUMMIES.

The Uncle. That 's King RAMESES' mummy, ETHEL.

Ethel. And what was *her* name, Uncle?

The Governess (*halting before a case containing a partially unrolled mummy, the spine and thigh of which are exposed to view*). Fancy, HENRY, that 's part of an Egyptian who has been dead for thousands of years! Why, you 're not *frightened*, are you?

Harry (*shaking*). No, I 'm not frightened, Miss GOOLE—only, if you don't mind, I—I 'd rather see a gentleman not *quite* so dead. And there 's one over there with a gold face and glass eyes, and he looked at me, and—and please, I *don't* think this is the place to bring such a little boy as me to!

A Party is examining a Case of Mummied Animals.

The Leader. Here you are, you see, mummy cats—don't they look comical all stuck up in a row there?

First Woman. Dear, dear—to think o' going to all that expense when they might have had 'em stuffed on a cushion! And monkeys, and dogs too—well, I 'm sure, fancy *that*, now!

Second Woman. And there 's a mummied crocodile down there. I *don't* see what they 'd want with a mummy *crocodile*, do you?

The Leader (*with an air of perfect comprehension of Egyptian customs*). Well, you see, they took whatever they could get 'old of, *they* did.

IN THE PREHISTORIC GALLERY.

Old Lady (*to Policeman*). Oh, Policeman, can you tell me if there 's any article here that 's supposed to have belonged to ADAM?

Policeman (*a wag in his way*). Well, Mum, we *'ave* 'ad the 'andle of his spade, and the brim of his garden 'at, but they wore out last year and 'ad to be thrown away—things won't last for ever—even *'ere*, you know.

GOING OUT.

A Peevish Old Man. I ain't seen anything to call worth seeing, *I* ain't. In our museum at 'ome they 've a lamb with six legs, and hairylight stones as big as cannon-balls; but there ain't none of that sort 'ere, and I 'm dog-tired trapesing over these boards, I am!

His Daughter (*a candid person*). Ah, I ought to ha' known it warn't much good takin' *you* out to enjoy yourself—you 're too old, *you* are!

Ethel's Uncle (*cheerily*). Well, ETHEL, I think we 've seen all there is to be seen, eh?

Ethel. There 's *one* room we haven't been into yet, Uncle dear.

Uncle. Ha—and what 's that?

Ethel (*persuasively*). The *Refreshment* Room.

[*The hint is accepted at last.*

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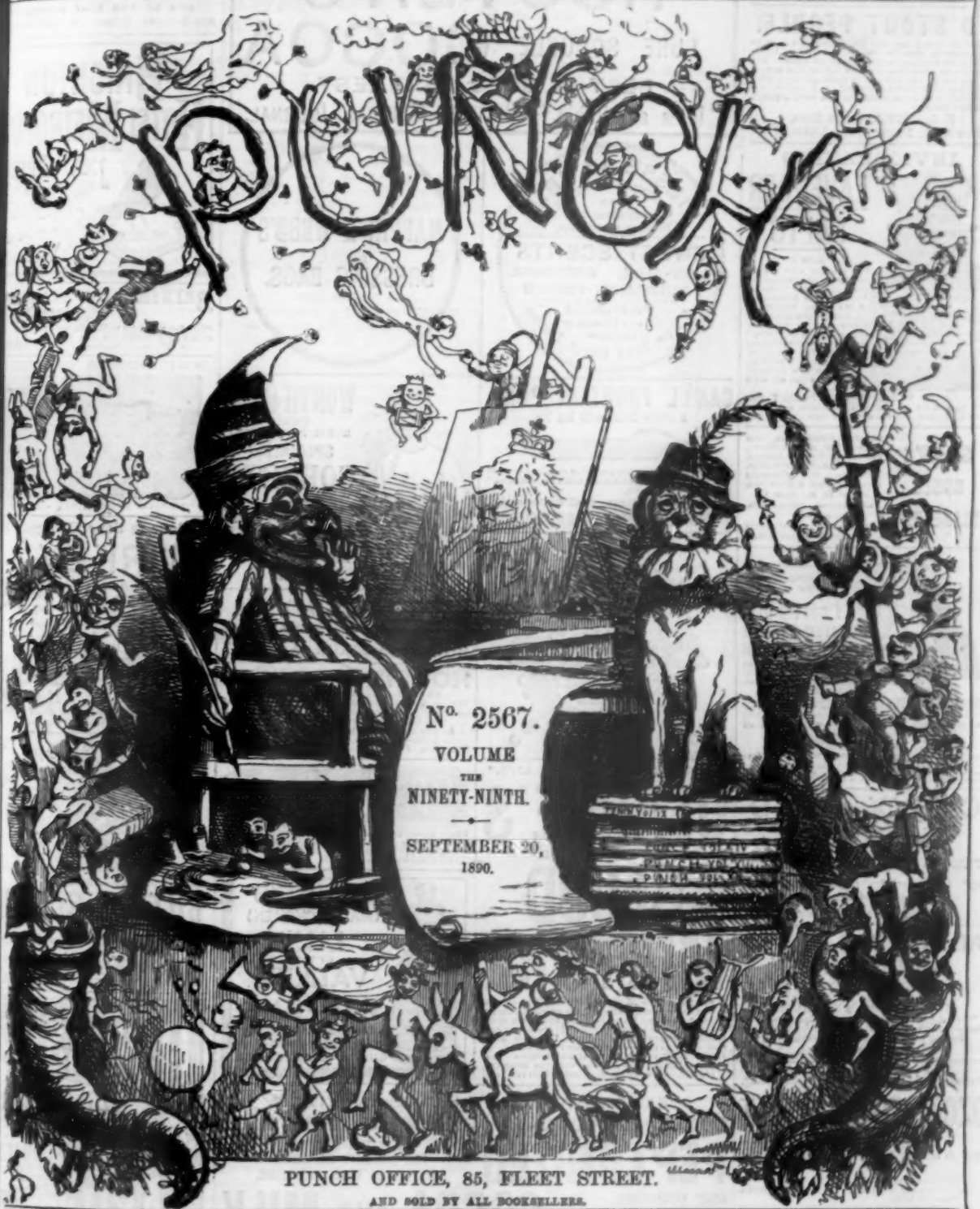

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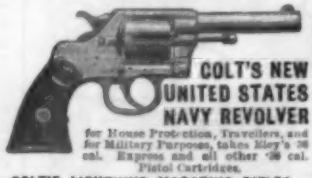

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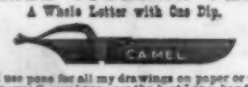

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OUT FOR ANOTHER HOLIDAY.

(By our Impartial and Not to-be-biassed Critic.)

I HAD been told that Ostend was an excellent place. "Quite a Town of Palaces!" was the enthusiastic description that had reached me. So I determined to leave "Delicious Dover" (as the holiday Leader-writer in the daily papers would call it), and take boat for the Belgian coast. The sea was as calm as a lake, and the sun lazily touched up the noses of those who slumbered on the beach. There is an excellent service of steamers between England and Belgium. This service has but one drawback—a slight one: the vessels have a way with them of perpetrating practical jokes. Only a week or so ago one lively mail-carrier started prematurely, smashing a gangway, and dropping a portmanteau quietly into the ocean. On my return from foreign shores, I passed the same cheerful ship lying in mid-channel as helpless as an infant. However, the accident (something, I fancy, had gone wrong with the engines) appeared to be treated as more amusing than important. Still, perhaps, it would be better were the name of this luckless boat changed to *Le Farceur*; then travellers would know what to expect. But I must confess that my experiences were perfectly pleasant. The steamer in which I journeyed crossed the Channel in the advertised time, and if I wished to be hypercritical, I would merely hint that the official tariff of the refreshments sold on board is tantalising. When I wanted cutlets, I was told they were "off," and when I asked for "cold rosbif," that was "off" too. The *garçon* (who looked more like a midshipman than a cabin-boy) took ten minutes to discover this fact. And as I had to rely upon him for information, I had to wait even longer before the desired (or rather undesired) intelligence was conveyed to me. I pride myself upon caring nothing about food, but this failure to obtain my heart's (or thereabouts') yearning caused me sore annoyance.

Well, I reached Ostend. The town of palaces contained a Kursaal and a Casino. There were also a number of large hotels of the King's Road, Brighton, *plus* Northumberland Avenue type. Further, there were several *maisons meublées* let out in flats, and (to judge from the prices demanded and obtained for them) *to* flats. The *suite* of apartments on the ground floor consisted of a small bed-room, a tiny drawing-room, and a balcony. The balcony was used as a *salle à manger* in fine weather, and a place for the utterance of strong expressions (so I was informed) when the rain interfered with *al fresco* comfort. There was a steam tramway, and some bathing-machines of the springless throw-you-down-when-you-least-expect-it sort. The streets, omitting the walk in front of the sea, were narrow, and the shops about as interesting as those at the poorer end of the Tottenham Court Road. But these were merely details, the pride of Ostend being the Kursaal, which reminded me of an engine-house near a London terminus. I purchased a ticket for the Kursaal and the Casino. There was to be a concert at the first and a ball at the last. I soon had enough of the concert, and started for the ball.

It was then that I found a regulation in force that made my cheeks tingle with indignation as an Englishman. Although the tickets costing three francs a piece, were said to secure admittance to the Kursaal and the Casino, I noticed that children—good and amiable children—were not allowed to enter the latter place. I could understand the feelings of a gentleman who attempted to obtain access for his eldest lad—a gallant boy of some fourteen summers, and a baker's dozen of winters. My heart went out to that British Father as he disputed with the Commissaires at the doorway, and called the attention of the Representative of "the Control" to the fact that his *billet* was misleading. "You are an Englishman," said the Representative of the Control, "and the English observe the law." "Yes," returned the angry Father; "but in England the Law would support one in obtaining that for which one had paid. My son has paid for admission to the Kursaal *and* the Casino! He is refused admittance to the Casino, therefore this ticket of his spreads false intelligence! It is a liar! It is a miserable! It should be called the traitor ticket!" But all was useless. The gallant lad had to remain with the umbrellas! I could not help sympathising with that father. I could not refrain from agreeing with him, that where such a thing was possible, something must be entirely wrong. I could not deny that under the circumstances Ostend was a sham, a delusion, and a snare! When he observed that Ostend was grotesquely expensive, I admitted that he was right. When he said that it was not a patch upon Boulogne or Dieppe, I again acquiesced. When he asserted that every English tourist would be wise to avoid the place, I acknowledged that there was the genuine ring of truth in his declaration. When he appealed to me, as a dispassionate observer, to say whether I did not consider the conduct of the authorities arbitrary, unjust, and absurd, I was forced to admit that I *did* consider that conduct absolutely indefensible. Lastly, when he announced that he intended never to say another word in praise of Ostend, I confessed that I had come in my own mind to the same determination.

P.S.—I may add that I was accompanied by my son, who was also refused admittance. But this is a matter of purely personal interest, and has nothing whatever to do with it.

THE CACHET OF CASH AT DRURY LANE.

A Million of Money, "a new military, sporting, and spectacular Drama," is a marvel of stage management. No better things than the *tableaux* of the Derby Day, the grounds of the Welcome Club, and the departure of the Guards from Wellington Barracks for foreign parts have been seen for many a long year. In such a piece the dialogue is a matter of secondary consideration, and even the story is of no great importance. That the plot should remind one of Drury Lane successes in the past is not surprising, considering that one of the authors (who modestly places his name second on the programme, when everyone feels that it should come first) has been invariably associated with those triumphs of scenic art. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS has beaten his own record, and the *Million of Money* so lavishly displayed behind the scenes, is likely to be rivaled by the takings in front of the Curtain—or to be more exact, at the Box-office. The Authors, in more senses than one, have carried money into the house. But they have done more—they have inculcated a healthy moral. While MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES is teaching audiences a lesson in *Judah*, that would have received the enthusiastic approval of the philanthropic Earl of SHAFTESBURY, after whom Shaftesbury Theatre is, no doubt, called, the great HARRIS and the lesser PETTIT are showing us in the character of the *Rev. Gabriel Maythorne*, a Parson that would as certainly have secured the like hearty good-will at the same shadowy hands. The Rev. Gentleman is a clergyman that extorts the admiration of everyone whose good opinion is worth securing. He apparently is a "coach," and (seemingly) allows his pupils so much latitude that one of them, *Harry Dunstable* (MR. WARNER), is able to run up to town with his (the Reverend's) daughter secretly, marry her, and stay in London for an indefinite period. And he (the Parson) has no absurd prejudices—no narrow-mindedness. He goes to the Derby, where he appears to be extremely popular at luncheon-time amongst the fair ladies who patronise the tops of the drags, and later on becomes quite at home at an illuminated *fête* at the Exhibition, amidst the moonlight, and a thousand additional lamps. It is felt that the Derby is run with this good man's blessing; and everyone is glad, for, without it, in spite of the horses, jockeys, carriages, acrobats, gipsies, niggers, grooms, stable-helps, and pleasure-seekers, the *tableau* would be æsthetically incomplete. And the daughter of the Reverend is quite as interesting as her large-hearted sire. She, too, has no prejudices (as instance, the little matrimonial trip to London); and when she has to part with her husband, on his departure (presumably *en route* to the Bermudas), she requires the vigorous assistance of a large detachment of Her Majesty's Guards to support her in her bereavement. Of the actors, Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY, as a broken-down gentleman, is certainly the hero of the three hours and a half. In Act III., on the night of the first performance, he brought down the house, and received two calls before the footlights after the Curtain had descended. He has many worthy colleagues, for instance, MR. HARRY NICHOLLS, Miss MILLWARD, MR. CHARLES WARNER, and Miss FANNY BROUGH, are all that could be desired in their respective lines. But, well cast as it undoubtedly is, the play has vitality within it that does not depend for existence upon the efforts of the company. It is good all round—scenery, dresses, properties, and effects—and will keep its place at Drury Lane until dislodged by the Pantomime at Christmas.

Medal found in the Neighbourhood of Drury Lane.

CHANGE OF NAME À LA SUISSE.—Tessin and its quarrelsome inhabitants to be known in future as a Can't-get-on instead of a Canton.

MORE FROM OUR YOTTING YORICK.

STOCKHOLM approached by lovely river (that is, we approached Stockholm by lovely river), with banks and hills covered with pine and birch trees, and studded with villas, where the Stockholm people live away from the town. "Studded" is a good word, but phrase sounds too much like "studied with SAGE," as so many of our best artists did. Lovely for boating. Why don't the Swedes row? *They don't.* Lots of islands, and everybody as jolly as sand-boys, especially on Sunday. By the way, what's a "sand-boy"? Why *toujours* jolly?

Swedish Politeness.

Stockholm a stunning place, all built round a huge palace, copy of the Pitti Palace in Florence. Lifts to take the people up-hill, and a circular tramway all round the town for one penny. Lots of soldiers in uniforms like Prussians or Russians, whichever you like. Such swagger policemen, all tall and handsome, with beautiful helmets and lovely coats. What would an English cook say to them?

Cathedral with tombs of GUSTAVUS VASA, GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, and BERNADOTTE. What was BERNADOTTE doing here? Didn't like to ask. Piled up with kettle-drums and flags taken from the Russians. I noticed in Russia their churches were equally piled up with drums and flags taken from the Swedes. Exchange is no robbery.

Snack Sideboard. "Lax and Snax."

Lunch. First view of the Swedish snacks before lunch and dinner. A side-table with caviare Lax, cut reindeer tongue, sausages, brown bread, prawns, kippered herrings, radishes, sardines, crawfish, cheeses. Should spell it "Lax and Snax." Three silver tubs of spirit—Pommerans, Renadt, and Kummin—tried 'em all. All good. "We had a good time—Kummin." The Kummin was goin',—rather. Ceiling of *restaurant* all mirrors—self keeping an eye on self.

National Museum. Splendid collection. Stone, bronze, and iron periods. Poor pictures. No end of palaces to see, till one is sick of 'em.

Swedes have a poet, BELLMAN, evidently who wrote Bacchanalian songs. They have a national holiday on July the 26th, and go to *Fête* in a Wood, where bronze head of BELLMAN is, cover it with garlands and roses, and sing and have a good time before it, just like an old Greek offering to Bacchus. I saw it. And in the evening a *fête* where they carry a child got up as Bacchus, and seated on a barrel with a wine-cup. A regular jolly drinking procession. They have a wonderful open air *restaurant* called The Hasselbacken, where you dine in delightful little green arbours, and lots of Swedish girls about. Capital dinners, A 1 wine, and first-rate music with full band.

Fête in Honour of the Poet Bellman.

No charge to go in; you pay before leaving, though. Very good waiting.

The Swedes are very polite, and take their hats off on the slightest provocation, and keep them off a long time, specially whilst talking to a lady. When talking to *two* ladies, of course they keep 'em off double the time.

Dinner in the Arbour.

Altogether a delightful place. But they all say you should come in the *winter*. Wish I could. FLOTSAM, Y.A.

P.S.—The Swedish girls are as a rule very handsome. Tall, with long legs. Men good-looking also.

I can't very well do myself; I can "do myself" remarkably well, but I mean I cannot sketch myself in a cut; but *Mr. Punch*, in cuts I have done, is far more expressive than I can make anyone else.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON (*with Mr. Punch's kind regards*).—The most Popular of Colonial Strikers—Our illustrious guests, the Australian Cricketers.

"WANTED!"

WANTED, by a well-travelled lady, of æsthetic and refined tastes, a comfortable and congenial home with a Duchess. The Advertiser, who is a person of much intelligence, and a most agreeable gossip, regards her pleasant companionship as an equivalent for the social advantages (including carriage-drives, and an introduction to the very best society), for which she is prepared to offer the very handsome remuneration of ten shillings a week.

HORSE WANTED.—Must have been placed in a recent Derby, and show a good racing record. Thoroughly sound in wind and limb, expected to be equal to carrying 13 stone in the Park, or to doing any work from a four-in-hand down to single harness in a hearse. On the advertiser being furnished with a suitable beast, he will be prepared to put down a five-pound note for him, payable by ten-shilling monthly instalments.

HOME REQUIRED FOR AN INDIAN CHIEF.—The Advertiser, who has recently received a consignment of Savages from Patagonia, and has had to entertain their Monarch in his residence at Bayswater, as he is about to pay a four weeks' visit to the Continent, is anxious in the meantime to find a suitable home for him in some quiet suburban family, who would not object to some fresh and lively experience introduced into the routine of their domestic circle, in consideration for a small payment to defray the slight extra cost involved in his support. He will give little trouble. an empty attic furnished with a hearth-rug supplying him with all the accommodation he will require, while his food has hitherto consisted of tripe, shovelled to him on a pitchfork, and stout mixed with inferior rum, of which he gets through about a horse-pailful a-day. His chief recreation being a "Demon's War Dance," in which he will, if one be handy, hack a clothes-horse to pieces with his "baloo," or two-edged chopper-axe, he might be found an agreeable inmate by an aged and invalid couple, who would relish a little unusual after-dinner excitement, as a means of passing away a quiet evening or two. Applicants anxious to secure the Chief should write at once. Three-and-sixpence a-week will be paid for his keep, which, supplying the place of the rum in his drink (which has been tried with effect) with methylated spirit mixed with treacle, affords an ample margin for a handsome profit on the undertaking.

DEVELOPMENT.

(With acknowledgments to the Author of "Patience.")

["Even a colour-sense is more important in the development of the individual than a sense of right and wrong."—OSCAR WILDE.]

If you're anxious to develop to a true hedonic "swell," hop on a pinnacle apart,
Like a monkey on a stick, and your phrases quaintly pick, and then prattle about Art.
Take some laboured paradoxes, and, like Samson's flaming foxes, let them loose amidst the corn
(Or the honest commonplaces) of the Philistines whose graces you regard with lofty scorn.
And every one will say,
As you squirm your wormy way,
"If this young man expresses himself in terms that stagger *me*,
What a very singularly smart young man this smart young man must be!"

You may be a flabby fellow, and lymphatically yellow, that will matter not a mite,
If you take yourself in hand, in a way you'll understand, to become a Son of Light.
On your crassness superimposing the peculiar art of glosing in sleek phrases about Sin.
If you aim to be a Shocker, carnal theories to cocker is *the* best way to begin.
And every one will say,
As you worm your wicked way,
"If that's allowable for *him* which were criminal in *me*,
What a very emancipated kind of youth this kind of youth must be."

Human virtues you'll abhor all, and be down upon the Moral in uncompromising style.
Your critical analysis will reduce to prompt paralysis every *motor* that's not vile.
You will show there's naught save virtue that can seriously hurt you, or your liberty enmesh;
And you'll find excitement, plenty, in Art's *dolce far niente*, with a flavour of the flesh.
And every one will say,
As you lounge your upward way,
"If he's content with a do-nothing life, which would certainly not suit *me*,
What a most particularly subtle young man this subtle young man must be!"

Then having swamped morality in "intensified personality" (which, of course, must mean your own),
And the "rational" abolished and "sincerity" demolished, you will find that you have *grown*
With a "colour-sense" fresh handselled (whilst the moral ditto's cancelled) you'll develop into—well,
What Philistia's fools malicious might esteem a *saurien* vicious (*alias* "hedonic swell").
And every one will say,
As you writhe your sinuous way,
"If the highest result of the true 'Development' is decomposition, why see
What a very perfectly developed young man this developed young man must be."

With your perky paradoxes, and your talk of "crinkled ox-eyes," and of books in "Nile-green skin,"
That show forth unholy histories, and display the "deeper mysteries" of strange and subtle Sin.
You can squirm, and glose, and hiss on, and awake that *nouveau frisson* which is Art's best gift to life.
And "develop"—like some cancer (in the Art-sphere) whose best answer is the silent surgeon's knife!
And every *man* will say,
As you wriggle on your way,
"If 'emotion for the sake of emotion *is* the aim of Art,' dear me!
What a morbidly muckily emotional young man the 'developed' young man must be!"

MUCH MORE SUITABLE.

NEW UNIFORM FOR HER MAJESTY'S HORSE GUARDS, SUGGESTED TO MR. PUNCH BY RECENT CAVALRY EVOLUTIONS ON THE THAMES.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

[An American Correspondent of *The Galignani Messenger* is very severe on the manners of his fair countrywomen.]

SHE "guesses" and she "calculates," she wears all sorts o' collars,
Her yellow hair is not without suspicion of a dye;

Her "Pappa" is a dull old man who turned pork into dollars,
But everyone admits that she's indubitably spry.

She did Rome in a swift two days, gave half the time to Venice,
But vows that she saw everything, although in awful haste;
She's fond of dancing, but she seems to fight shy of lawn-tennis,
Because it might endanger the proportions of her waist.

Her manner might be well defined as elegantly skittish;
She loves a Lord as only a Republican can do;
And quite the best of titles she's persuaded are the British,
And well she knows the Peerage, for she reads it through and through.

She's bediamonded superbly, and shines like a constellation,
You scarce can see her fingers for the multitude of rings;
She's just a shade too conscious, so it seems, of admiration,
With irritating tendencies to wriggle when she sings.

She owns she is "Amur'can," and her accent is alarming;
Her birthplace has an awful name you pray you may forget;
Yet, after all, we own "*La Belle Américaine*" is charming,
So let us hope she'll win at last her long-sought coronet.

TIPS FROM THE TAPE.

(*Picked up in Mr. Punch's own Special City Corner.*)

IN my last I announced that I was busily giving my mind to the launching of a new "Combination Pool" over the satisfactory results of which to all concerned in it, under certain contingencies, I had no shadow of a doubt. This I have since managed to float on the market, and, though I worked it on a principle of my own, which, for want of a better description, I have styled amalgamated "Profit and Loss," I regret to have to inform those clients who have entrusted me with their cheques in the hopes of getting, *as I really fully believed they would*, 700 per cent. for their money in three days, that I have had to close the speculation rather suddenly, and I fear, as the following illustrative figures will show in a fashion that not only deprives me of the pleasure of enclosing them a cheque for Profits, but obliges me to announce to them that their cover has disappeared. The Stocks with which I operated were "Drachenfonteim Catapults," "Catawanga Thirty-fives," and "Blinker's Submarine Explosives." The ILLUSTRATION, I hoped, *would have stood as follows*:—

£100 invested in Drachenfonteim Catatpults, showing profit of 1 per cent.	£100
£100 invested in Catawanga Thirty-fives, showing profit of 2½ per cent.	£250
£300 invested in Blinker's Submarine Explosives, showing profit of 3 per cent.	£900
Gross Profits	£1250

Unfortunately, however, the real figures came out rather differently, for they stood, I regret to say, as under:—

£100 invested in Drachenfonteim Catapults, at a loss of 5 per cent.	£500
£100 invested in Catawanga Thirty-fives, at a loss of 7 per cent.	£700
£300 invested in Blinker's Submarine Explosives, at at a loss of 4 per cent.	£1200
Total loss	£2400

This, I need scarcely say, has at present not only eaten up every halfpenny of cover, but a great deal besides; and I am not sure that I shall not have to come down on my clients to make good the balance. I cannot account for the result, except from the fact that a new clerk read out the wrong tape; and when I telephoned to my West-End Private Inquiry Agent about these very three Stocks, he appears not to have heard me distinctly, and thought I was asking him about Goschens, the old Three-per-Cents., and Bank Stock, about which, of course, he could only report favourably. It is an awkward mistake, but, as I point out to all my clients, one must not regard the Dealer as infallible. These things will occur. However, I am going to be more careful in future; and I may as well announce now, that on Monday next I am about to open a new Syndicate Combination Pool, with a Stock about which I have made the most thorough and exhaustive inquiries, with the result that I am convinced an enormous fortune will be at the command of anyone who will entrust me with a sufficiently large cheque in the shape of cover to enable me to realise it.

For obvious reasons I keep the name of this Stock at present a dead secret. Suffice it to say, that the operation in question is connected with an old South-American Gold Mine, about to be reworked under the auspices of a new company who have bought it for a mere song. When I tell my clients that I have got all my information from the Chairman, *who took down under his greatcoat a carpet-bag full of crushed quartz carefully mixed with five ounces of gold nuggets*, and emptied this out at the bottom of a disused shaft, and then got a Yankee engineer to report the discovery of ore in "lumps as big as your fist," and state this in the new prospectus, they will at once see what a solid foundation I have for this new venture, which must inevitably fly upwards by leaps and bounds as soon as the shares are placed upon the market. Of course, when the truth comes out, there will be a reaction, but my clients may trust me to be on the look-out for that, and, after floating with all their investments to the top of the tide, to get out of the concern with enormous profits before the bubble eventually bursts. It is by a command of information of this kind that I hope to ensure the confidence and merit the support of my friends and patrons. Remember Monday next, and bear in mind a cheque for three-and-sixpence covers £5000. The subjoined is from my correspondence:—

SIR,—I have as trustee for five orphan nieces to invest for each of them £3 18*s.* 9*d.*, left them by a deceased maternal cousin. How ought I to invest this to the greatest advantage with a due regard to security. What do you say to Goschens? Or would you recommend Rio Diavolos Galvanics! These promise a dividend of 70 per cent., and although they have not paid one for some time, are a particularly cheap stock at the present market price, the scrip of the Five per Cent. Debenture Stock being purchased by a local butterman at seven pounds for a halfpenny. A Spanish Nobleman who holds some of this, will let me have it even cheaper. What would you advise me to do? Yours, &c., A TRUSTEE IN A FOG.

Don't touch Goschens, they are not a speculative Stock. You certainly might do worse than the Rio Diavolos Galvanics. Do not hesitate, but put the little all of your five orphan nieces into them at once, and *wait for the rise*.

ON THE CARDS.

(*By a Whist-loving Malade-Imaginaire.*)

Oh, where shall I hit on a "perfect cure"?
(What ails me I am not quite sure that I'm sure)
To Nice, where the weather is nice—with vagaries?
The Engadine soft or the sunny Canaries?
To Bonn or Wiesbaden? My doctor laconic
Declares that the Teutonic air is too tonic.
Shall I do Davos-Platz or go rove the Riviera?
Or moon for a month in romantic Madeira?
St. Moritz or Malaga, Aix, La Bourboule?
Bah! My doctor's a *farceur* and I am—a fool.
I will *not* try Switzerland, Norway, or Rome.
I'll go in for a rest and a rubber—at home.
A Windermere wander, *and* Whist, I feel sure,
Will give what I'm seeking, a true "Perfect Cure."

A BUBBLE FROM THE SUDS.—A Firm of Soap-boilers have been sending round a circular to "Dramatic Authors" of established reputation, and (no doubt) others, offering to produce gratis the best piece submitted to them at a "*Matinée* performance at a West End Theatre." The only formality necessary to obtain this sweet boon is the purchase of a box of the Firm's soap, which will further contain a coupon "entitling the owner to send in one new and original play for reading." The idea that a Dramatic Author of any standing would submit his work to such a tribunal, even with the dazzling prospect of a *Matinée in futuro*, is too refreshing! However, as literary men nowadays fully appreciate the value of their labour, the idea, in spite of the soap with which it is associated, may be dismissed with the words, "Won't Wash!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHY doesn't some publisher bring out *The Utterbosh Series*, for, upon my word, says the Baron, the greater part of the books sent in for "notice" are simply beneath it. Here's one on which I made notes as I went on, as far as I could get through it. It is called *Nemesis: a Moral Story*, by SETON CREWE. Its sole merit would have been its being in one volume, were it not that this form, being a bait to the unwary, aggravates the offence. The heroine is *Lucinda*, a milliner's apprentice. Being compromised by a young gentleman under age, who suddenly quits the country, she goes to confess her sin to the simple-minded Curate, who sees no way out of the difficulty except by marrying his penitent, which he does, and after the christening of her first-born, a joyous event that occurs at no great interval after the happy wedding-day, the Curate, the *Reverend Mr. Smith*, is transferred by his Bishop from this parish to somewhere else a considerable distance off, whence, after a variety of troubles, he goes abroad as a travelling watering-place clergyman. After this, his wife becomes a Roman Catholic for six months, and then developes into a thoroughpaced infidel of generally loose character. She takes up with a Lion Comique of the Music-Halls, who is summarily kicked down-stairs by the *Reverend Mr. Smith* on his return home one evening. And at this point I closed the book, not caring one dump what became of any of the characters, or of the book, or of the writer, and unable to wait for the moral of this highly "moral story," which, I dare say, might have done me a great deal of good. So I turned to *Vanity Fair*, and re-read for the hundredth time, and with increased pleasure, the great scene where *Rawdon Crawley*, returning home suddenly, surprises *Becky* in her celebrated *tête-à-tête* with my *Lord Steyne*.

With pleasure the Baron welcomes Vol. No. IV. of ROUTLEDGE'S *Carisbrooke Library*, which contains certain *Early Prose Romances*, the first and foremost among them being the delightful fable of *Reynart the Fox*. Have patience with the old English, refer to the explanatory notes, and its perusal will well repay every reader. How came it about that modern *Uncle Remus* had caught so thoroughly the true spirit of this Mediæval romance? I forget, at this moment, who wrote *Uncle Remus*—and I beg his pardon for so doing—but whoever it was, he professed only to dress up and record what he had actually heard from a veritable *Uncle Remus*. *Brer Rabbit*, *Brer Fox*, and *Old Man Bar*, are not the creatures of *Æsop's Fables*; they are the characters in *Reynart the Fox*. The tricks, the cunning, the villany of *Reynart*, unredeemed by aught except his affection for his wife and family, are thoroughly amusing, and his ultimate success, and increased prosperity, present a truer picture of actual life than novels in which vice is visibly punished, and virtue patiently rewarded. And once more I call to mind the latter days of *Becky's* career.

Speaking of THACKERAY, Messrs. CASSELL & Co. have just brought out a one-and-threepenny edition ("the threepence be demmed!") of the *Yellowplush Papers*, with a dainty canary-coloured *Jeames* on the cover. At the same time the same firm produce, in the same form, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Last Days of Palmyra*, and *The Last of the Mohicans*. Odd, that the first issue of this new series should be nearly all "Lasts." *The Yellowplush Papers* might have been kept back, and *The Last of the Barons* been substituted, just to make the set of lasts perfect. The expression is suggestive of Messrs. CASSELL going in for the shoemaking trade. *The Last Days of Palmyra* I have never read. "I will try it," says the bold Baron.

But what means this new style of printing on thin double sheets? One advantage is that no cutting is required. If this form become the fashion, better thus to bring out the *Utterbosh Series*, which shall then escape the critics' hands,—no cutting being required. There are, as those who use the paper-knife to these volumes will discover, in this new issue of Messrs. CASSELL'S, two blank pages for every two printed ones, so that a new novel might be written in MS. inside the printed one. The paper is good and clean to the touch; but I prefer the stiff cover to the limp, "there's more backbone about it," says the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Scarcely time to bring out a pocket edition (like those genuine pocketable and portable editions, the red-backed ROUTLEDGES) of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, between now and the date of its production, next Saturday, at the Lyceum. But worth while doing it as soon as possible. *Advice gratis.* B. DE B.-W.

P.S.—(*Important to Authors and Scribblers.*)—Unfortunately the Baron has been compelled to take to his bed (which he doesn't "take to" at all—but this by the way), and there write. Once more he begs to testify to the excellence both of *The Hairless Author's Pad* —no *The Author's Hairless Pad*—and of the wooden rest and frame into which it fits. Nothing better for an invalid than rest for his frame, and here are rest and frame in one. Given these (or, if not "given," purchased), and a patent indelible-ink-lead pencil (whose patent I don't know, as, with much use, the gold-lettering is almost obliterated from mine, and all I can make out is the word "Eagle"), and the convalescent author may do all his work in comfort, without mess or muddle; and hereto, once again, I set my hand and seal, so know all men by these presents, all to the contrary nevertheless and notwithstanding. B. DE B.-W.

GREEN PASTURES *OR* PICCADILLY?

To the Editor.

SIR,—I see that you have opened your columns to a discussion of the relative advantages of life in London and the Suburbs. I don't think that really the two can be compared. If you want *perfect quietude*, can you get it better than in a place where, between nine and six, not a single male human being is visible, all of them being in town? Some people may call this dull; but I like it. Then everything is so cheap in the Suburbs! I only pay £100 a year for a nice house in a street, with a small bath-room, and a garden quite as large as a full-sized billiard-table. People tell me I could get the same thing in London, but of course a suburban street must be nicer than a London one. We are just outside the Metropolitan main drainage system, and our death-rate is rather heavy, but then our rates are light. My butcher only charges me one-and-twopence a pound for best joints, and though this is a little dearer than London, the meat is probably more wholesome from being in such good air as we enjoy. In winter-time the journey to town, half-an-hour by train, has a most bracing effect on those capable of bearing severe cold. For the rest, the incapables are a real blessing to those who sell mustard-plasters and extra-sized pocket-handkerchiefs. Our society is so select and refined that I verily believe Belgravia can show nothing like it! Yours obediently,

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

SIR,—The Suburbs are certainly delightful, if you have a good train service; but this you seldom get. I do not complain of our Company taking three-quarters of an hour to perform the distance of eight and a half miles to the City, as this seems a good average suburban rate, but I do think the "fast" train (which performs the distance in that time) might start a little later than 8·30 A.M. Going in to business at 10·30 by an "ordinary" train, which stops at sixteen stations, and takes an hour and a half, becomes after a time rather monotonous. It involves a painful "Rush in Urbe" to get through business in time to catch the 4·30 "express" back, a train which (theoretically) stops nowhere. COUNTRY CUSSIN'.

SIR,—No more London for me! I've tried it, and know what it's like. I have found a delightful cottage, twenty miles from town, and mean to live in it always. Do we ever have one of your nasty yellow fogs here? Never! Nothing more than a thick white mist, which rises from the fields and envelopes the house every night. It is true that several of our family complain of rheumatism, and when I had rheumatic fever myself a month ago, I found it a little inconvenient being six miles from a doctor and a chemist's shop. But then my house is so picturesque, with an Early English wooden porch (which can be kept from falling to pieces quite easily by hammering a few nails in now and then, and re-painting once a week), and no end of gables, which only let the water into the bedrooms in case of a *very* heavy shower. Then think of the delights of a garden, and a field (for which I pay £20 a year, and repair the hedges), and chickens! I don't think I have spent more than £50 above what I should have done in London, owing to the necessity of fitting up chicken-runs and buying a conservatory for my wife, who is passionately fond of flowers. Unfortunately my chickens are now moulting, and decline to lay again before next March; so I bring back fresh eggs from town, and, as my conservatory is not yet full, flowers from Covent Garden; and I can assure you that, until you try it, you cannot tell the amount of pleasure and exercise which walking a couple of miles (the distance of my cottage from the station), laden with groceries and other eatables, can be made to afford.

Yours chirpily, FIELD-FARE.

GOOD FOR SPORT!—A well-known chartered accountant, with a vulpine patronymic, complains of the unkind treatment he recently received in Cologne at the hands of the German police. He should be consoled by the thought, that his persecution marked in those latitudes the introduction of Fox-hunting.

YANKEE EXCLUSIVENESS.

Young Britisher. "YOUR FATHER 'S NOT WITH YOU THEN, MISS VAN TROMP?"
Fair New York Millionnairess (one of three). "WHY, NO—PA 'S MUCH TOO VULGAR! IT 'S AS MUCH AS WE CAN DO TO STAND MA!"

THE QUICKSAND!

Is this the Eagle-hunter,
The valiant fate-confronter,
The soldier brave, and blunter
Of speech than BISMARCK's self?
This bungler all-disgracing,
This braggart all-debasing,
This spurious sportsman, chasing
No nobler prey than pelf?

The merest "fly in amber,"
He after eagles clamber?
Nay, faction's ante-chamber
Were fitter place for him,
A trifler transitory,
To gasconade of "glory"!
He 'd foul fair France's story,
Her lustre pale and dim.

Les Coulisses? Ah, precisely!
They suit his nature nicely,
Who bravely, nobly, wisely,
Can hardly even "act."
Histrio all *blague* and blather,
Is it not pity, rather,
One Frenchman should foregather
With him in selfish pact?

In selfish pact—but silly.
His neighbouring, willy-nilly,
Must smirch the Bee, the Lily,
Or stain the snow-white flag.
Wielder of mere stage-dagger,
Loud lord of empty swagger,
In peril's hour a lagger,
A Paladin of Brag!

And now his venture faileth,
And now his valour paleth;
Et après? What availeth
His aid to those who 'd use him?
Imperial or Royal,
What "patron" will prove loyal
Unto this "dupe"? They 'll joy all
To mock, expose, abuse him!

But from the contest shrinking,
The draught of failure drinking,
In trickery's quicksand sinking,
Pulls he not others down?
Will PLON-PLON stand securely,
The COMTE pose proudly, purely,
Whilst slowly but most surely
Their tool must choke or drown?

Indifferent France sits smiling.
And what avails reviling?
Such pitch without defiling
Can "Prince" or "Patriot" touch?
This quicksand unromantic
Closes on him, the Antic,
Whose hands with gestures frantic
Contiguous coat-tails clutch.

The furious factions splutter,
Power's cheated claimants mutter,
And foiled fire-eaters utter
Most sanguinary threats.
"*He* Freedom's fated suckler?
The traitor, trickster, truckler!"
So fumes the fierce swash-buckler,
And his toy-rapier whets.

But will that quicksand only
Engulph *him* lost and lonely?
The fraud exposed, the known lie,
The bribe at length betrayed,
Must whelm this sham detected,
But what may be expected
From "Honour" shame-infected,
And "Kingship" in the shade?

THE RAVENSTEIN.

[MR. RAVENSTEIN, at the British Association, considered the question, how long it will be before the world becomes over-populated.]

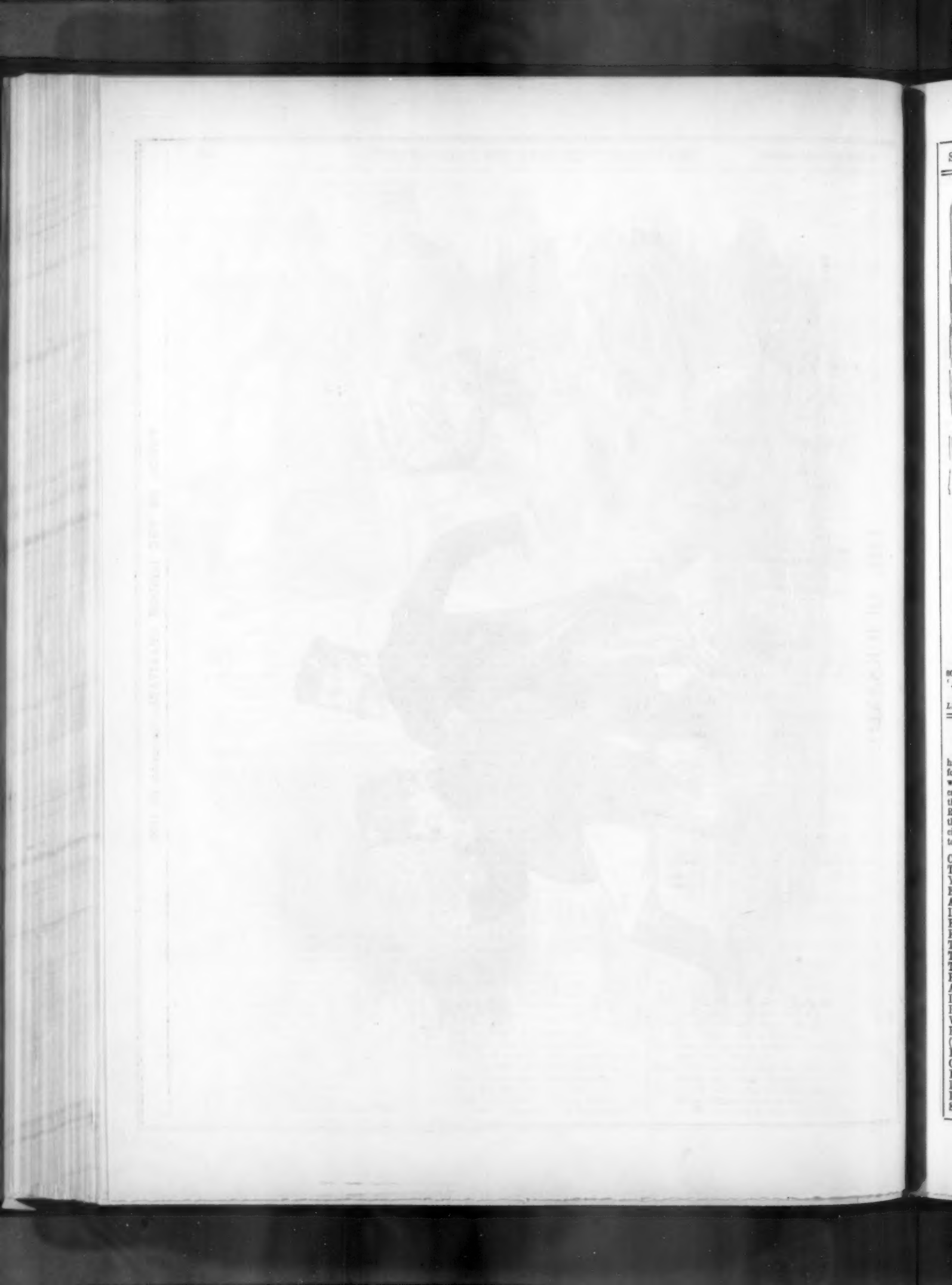
Punch to the Prophet.

PROPHET of o'er-population, your ingenious calculation, [mind
Causeth discombobulation only in the anxious
That forecasts exhausted fuel, or the period when the duel
Will have given their final gruel to French journalists; a kind
Of cantankerous, rancorous spitfires, blusterous, braggart, boyish, blind,
Who much mourning scarce would find.

Prophet of o'er-population, when the centuries in rotation
Shall have filled our little planet till it tends to running o'er,
Will this world, with souls o'erladen, be a Hades or an Aidenn?
Will man, woman, boy and maiden, be less civilised, or more?
That's the question, RAVENSTEIN! What boots a billion, less or more,
If Man still is fool or boor?

"Seek not to proticipate" is *Mrs. Gamp's* wise maxim. Great is
Mankind's number *now*, but "take 'em as they come, and as they go,"
Like the philosophic *Sairey*; and though the sum total vary,
Other things may vary likewise, things we dream not, much less know,
Don't you think, my RAVENSTEIN, our state ten centuries hence or so
We may prudently—let go?

THE QUICKSAND!



PREPARING FOR BLACK MONDAY.

Paterfamilias (*reading School Report*). "AH, MY BOY, THIS ISN'T SO GOOD AS IT MIGHT BE. 'LATIN INDIFFERENT,' 'FRENCH POOR,' 'ARITHMETIC NOTHING'!"

Tommy. "AH, BUT LOOK DOWN THERE, PAPA. '*HEALTH EXCELLENT*'!"

TO A TRUMPETING DEMOCRAT.

[MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, the Iron King and millionnaire of Pittsburg, has been addressing big audiences in Scotland. Amongst his remarks were the following:—"It is said that in America, although we have no aristocracy, we are cursed with a plutarchy. Let me tell you about that. A man who carries a million dollars on his back carries a load.... When I speak against the Royal Family I do not condescend to speak of the creatures who form the Royal Family—persons are so insignificant.... We laugh at your ideas in this petty little country having anything to say to the free and independent citizens who walk through Canada, Australia, and America. You know how to get rid of a Monarchy. Brazil has taught you."—&c., &c.]

CARNEGIE, pray take notice, since I know that it would blister
The thin skin of a democrat, I drop the title "Mr.,"
You have talked a lot of bunkum, all mixed up with most terrific cant.
But you truly said that "persons are so very insignificant;"
And the author of a speech I read, part scum and partly dreggy,
Is perhaps the least significant—that windbag named CARNEGIE.
But your kindness most appals me, Sir; how really, truly gracious,
For one whose home is in the States, free, great, and most capacious,
To come to poor old England (where the laws but make the many fit
To lick a Royal person's boots), and all for England's benefit.
To preach to us, and talk to us, to tell us how effete we are,
How like a flock of silly sheep who merely baa and bleat we are.
And how "this petty little land," which prates so much of loyalty,
Is nothing but a laughing-stock to Pittsburg Iron-Royalty.
How titles make a man a rake, a drunkard, and the rest of it,
While plain (but wealthy) democrats in Pittsburg have the best of it.
How, out in Pennsylvania, the millionnaires are panting [banting.
(Though there's something always keeps them fat) for monetary
How free-born citizens complain, with many Yankee curses,
Of fate which fills, in spite of them, their coffers and their purses.
How, if the man be only poor, there's nothing that can stop a cit
In Yankeeland, while here with us the case is just the opposite.
How honest British working-men who fail to fill their larder
Should sail for peace and plenty by the very next Cunarder.
And how, in short, if Britishers want freedom gilt with millions,
They can't do wrong to imitate the chivalrous Brazilians.

Well, well, I know we have our faults, quite possibly a crowd of them,
And sometimes we deceive ourselves by thinking we are proud of them;
But we never can have merited that *you* should set the law to us,
And rail at us, and sneer at us, and preach to us, and "jaw" to us.
We're much more tolerant than some; let those who hate the law go
And spout sedition in the streets of anarchist Chicago;
And, after that, I guarantee they'll never want to roam again,
Until they get a first-class hearse to take their bodies home again.

But stay, I've hit upon a plan: We'll, first of all, relieve you
Of all your million dollars that so onerously grieve you;
Then, if some loud, conceited fool wants taking down a peg, he
Shall spend an hour or so in talk with democrat CARNEGIE.
For all men must admit 'twould be an act of mere insanity
To try to match this Pittsburger in bluster or in vanity.
And oh, when next our Chancellor is anxious for a loan, Sir,
He'll buy you in at our price, and he'll sell you at your own, Sir.
And if you don't like English air, why, dash it, you may lump it,
Or go and blow in other climes your most offensive trumpet!

ROBERT UP THE RIVER.

I ATENDED on a Party larst week as went up the River (our nice little Stream, as the aughty Amerrycanes calls it) to Ship Lake, tho' why it's called so I coodn't at all make out, as there ain't no Ship nor no Lake to be seen there, ony a werry little Werry, and a werry littel River, and a werry littel Hiland; and it was prinsepally to see how the appy yung Gents who sumtimes lives on the same littel Hiland, in littel Tents, was a gitting on, as injuced all on us, me and all, to go there. It seems that for years parst quite a littel Collony of yung Gents as gets their living in the grand old Citty has been in the habit of spending their littel summer Hollydays there, but, somehows or other, as I coodn't quite understand, the master of the littel Hiland made up his mind for to sell it, and all the yung Gents was in dispair, and wundered where on airth they shood spend their Hollydays in future. But they needn't have been afeard—there was a grand old hinstitushun called "The Copperashun!" as had both their ears and both their eyes open when they heard about it. So when the time came for it to be sold, they jest quietly says to one of their principel Chairmen (who is sich a King of Good Fellers that they all calls him by that name, and he arnsers to it jest as if it was the werry name as was guv him by his Godfathers and his Godmothers, as I myself heard with my own ears), "Go and buy it!" So off he goes at wunce and buys it, and the kindly Copperashun Gents as I went with larst week, went to take possesshun on it acordingly, and to see if anythink coud be done to make the yung Campers-out ewen more cumferabel than they ewer was afore! Ah, that's what I calls trew Pattriotizm, and trew Libberality, if you likes, and that's what makes 'em so much respeckted.

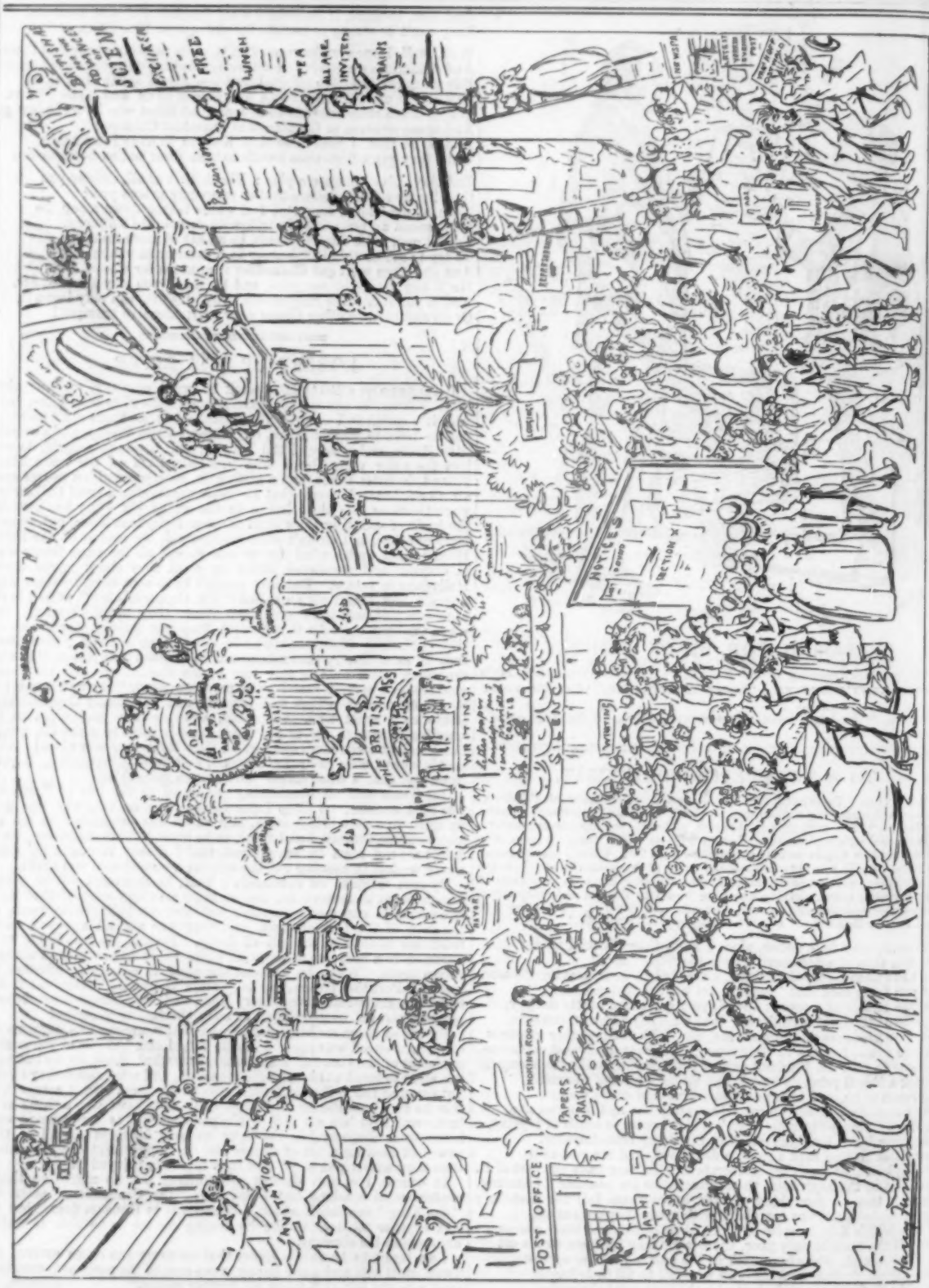
Our Gents was all considrably surprized at the lots of Tents as was all a standing on Ship Lake Island; one on 'em, who was got up quite in a naughtical style, said as he was estonished to see so many on 'em pitched, but I think as he must ha' bin mistaken, for I didn't see not none on 'em pitched, tho' I dessay it might ha' been werry usefool in keeping out the rain on a remarkabel wet night.

By sum mistake on sumboddy's part, there wasn't not no yung Campers-out to receeve us, and so fears was hentertaned that they wood have to cum again shortly; but they are bold plucky gents, is the men of the Copperashun, and they one and all xpressed their reddiness to do it at the call of dooty. Besides, we had sich a reel Commodore a board as made us all quite reddy to brave the foaming waves again. Why, he guv out the word of command, whether it was to "Port the Helem," or to "Titen the mane braces," as if he had bin a Hadmiral at the werry least, and his galliant crew obeyed him without not no grumbling or ewen thretening to strike!

By one of them striking and remarkabel ocurrences as happens so offen, who shood we appen to find at Ship Lake, but one of the werry poplarest of the Court of Haldermen, and what shood he do but ask 'em all in to lunch at his splendid manshun, and what shood they all do but jump at the hoffer, and what does he do, for a lark, I serppose—if so be as a reel Poplar Alderman ewer does have sich a thing as a lark—and give 'em all sich a glorjous spread, as I owerheard one henergetick Deperty describe it, as hutterly deprived 'em all of the power of heating a bit of dinner till the werry next day, to which time they wisely put it off, and then thorowly injoyed it.

In course, I'm not allowed to menshun not no names on these conferdential ocasions, but I did hear "the Commodore" shout to "the King" sumthink about "Hansum is as Hansum does," but it was raythor too late in the heavening for me to be able to quite unnerstand his elusions.

I am 'appy to be able to report that we every one on us arrived in Town quite safe and quite happy, xcep sum of the pore hard-working crew who are left at Marlow till further orders. ROBERT.



MEETING OF THE B. A. FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE. LEEDS TOWN-HALL.

A FAIR PROPOSAL.

Johnson (at window—having offered to tame a vicious Horse for his Friend). "NOW, TOM, JUST COLLAR HOLD OF HIS HEAD, AND I'LL PUT THE MUZZLE ON!"

A SPORTING STYLE.

(Third Example.)

Two examples of a correct sporting style have been already laid before the public. For convenience of reference they may be defined as the mixed-pugilistic and the insolent. There is, however, a third variety, the equine, in which everyone who aspires to wield the pen of a sporting reporter must necessarily be a proficient. It may be well to warn a beginner that he must not attempt this style until he has laid in a large stock of variegated metaphoric expressions. As a matter of fact one horse-race is very much like another in its main incidents, and the process of betting against or in favour of one horse resembles, more or less, the process of betting about any other. The point is, however, to impart to monotonous incidents a variety they do not possess; and to do this properly a luxuriant vocabulary is essential. For instance, in the course of a race, some horses tire, or, to put it less offensively, go less rapidly than others. The reporter will say of such a horse that he (1) "shot his bolt," or (2) "cried *peccavi*," or (3) "cried a go," or (4) "compounded," or (5) "exhibited signals of distress," or (6) "fired minute guns," or (7) "fell back to mend his bellows," or (8) "seemed to pause for reflection."

Again, in recording the upward progress of horses in the betting market, it would be ridiculous to say of all of them merely that they became hot favourites. Vary, therefore, occasionally, by saying of one, for example, that "here was another case of one being eventually served up warm"; of another, that "plenty of the talent took 7 to 4 about *Mousetrap;*" of a third, that "*Paradox* had the call at 4 to 1;" and of a fourth, that "a heap of money, and good money too, went on *Backslide.*" After these preliminary instructions, *Mr. Punch* offers his

Third Example.—Event to be described: A horse-race. Names of horses and jockeys, weights, &c., supplied.

Considerable delay took place. *Little Benjy* made a complete hole in his manners by bolting. Eventually, however, the flag fell to a capital start. *Burglar Bill* on the right cut out the work* from *Paladin*, who soon began to blow great guns, and after a quarter of a mile had been negotiated yielded his pride of place to *Cudlums* with *The P'liceman* in attendance, *Sobriety* lying fourth, and *D. T.* close behind. Thus they raced to the bend, where *Burglar Bill* cried *peccavi*, and *Cudlums* having shot her bolt, *Sobriety* was left in front, only to be challenged by *Cropeared Sue*, who had been coming through her horses with a wet sail. Rounding the bend SIMPSON called upon *Mrs. Brady* and literally took tea with her rivals,† whom he nailed to the counter one after another. The favourite compounded at the distance, and *Mrs. Brady* romped home the easiest of winners, four lengths ahead of *Cropeared Sue;* a bad third. The rest were whipped in by *Flyaway*, who once more failed to justify the appellation bestowed upon him.

Mr. Punch flatters himself that, upon the above model, the report of any race-meeting could be accurately constructed at home. In future, therefore, no reporter should go to the expense of leaving London for Epsom, Newmarket, Ascot, or Goodwood.

* Note this sentence. It is essential.

† At first sight it would appear more natural that SIMPSON (presumably a jockey) having called upon *Mrs. Brady*, should take tea with *her* rather than with her rivals. But a sporting style involves us in puzzles.

A CENTENARIAN.

"This is the centenary of the tall hat."
Daily News.

A HUNDRED years of hideousness,
Constricted brows, and strain, and stress!
And still, despite humanity's groan,
The torturing "tall-hat" holds its own!
What proof more sure and melancholy
Of the dire depths of mortal folly?

Mad was the hatter who invented
The demon "topper," and demented
The race that, spite of pain and jeers,
Has borne it—for One Hundred Years!

HAMLET AT THE VEGETARIAN CONGRESS.

YEA, from the table of my dining-room,
I'll take away all tasty joints and *entrées*.

All sorts of meat, all forms of animal diet
That the carnivorous cook hath gathered there;
And, by commandment, will entirely live
Within the bounds of vegetable food,
Unmixed with savoury matters. Yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious Meat!
O mutton, beef, and pork, digestion-spoiling!
My tables, my tables! Meat? I'll put it down;
For men may dine, and dine, and do no killing,
At least I'm sure it may be so—on lentils.
So, *gourmand*, there you are! Now to my *menu*:
It is, "*All Vegetables and no Meat!*"
I have sworn't!

INTERVIEWING À LA MODE.

(*Quite at the Service of some of Mr. Punch's Contemporaries.*)

ONE of our Representatives called a few days since upon Mr. BROWN, senior member of the well-known firm of Messrs. BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON. The Eminent General Dealer was seated "in his counting-house," as the nursery-song hath it, "counting out his money."

"Come in, come in!" said Mr. BROWN, cordially, as he somewhat hurriedly locked up the coin in a safe out of our reach. "I am delighted to see you."

"Glad to hear it," we replied, rather drily. "We want to put a few questions to you, in the interest of the public."

"As many as you please. I am, as you know, a man of business; still, the resources of our establishment are so vast, that my place can be supplied without inconvenience to our thousands, I may say millions of customers. And now, Sir, what can I do for you?"

"Well, Mr. BROWN, speaking in the name of civilisation, I would wish to ask you if you have much sale for SMASHUP'S Concentrated Essence of Cucumbers (registered), in the larger bottles?"

"Yes, Sir, we have; although the smaller sizes are, possibly, a trifle more popular."

"What do you think of COTTONBACK'S Fleur de Lyons Putney Satin?"

"A most admirable material for home wear, although we do not recommend it for use at a party, a ball, or a reception. For festive occasions we do a very large trade in GIGGLEWATER'S Superfine Velvet South American *Moiré Antique* as advertised."

"Indeed! Perhaps, you can mention a few more articles that in your judgment you believe it will interest our readers to learn about."

"Pardon me, but don't you put that sentence a trifle clumsily?"

Our Representative smiled and blushed. Then he admitted that Mr. BROWN might be right.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Senior Partner, in great glee. "You see I have my head screwed on the right way! But to answer you, GOTEMON'S Patent Alligator's Skin Braces are attracting much attention just now, so is WIPE'S Castle 2 Imperial William Champagne, which finds (I may observe confidentially) a ready sale at thirty-two shillings the dozen. Then there are AKE'S Electric Tooth-brushes, and CRAX'S Stained-glass Solid Mahogany Brass-mounted Elizabethan Mantel-boards. Then, of course, I must not forget BOLTER'S Washhandstands and BOUNDER'S Anti-agony Aromatic Pills."

"And all these articles sell largely?"

"Very largely, indeed. And so they should; for they are well worth the money they cost."

"Indeed they are, or I should not find them in your establishment."

"You are very good. And now, *à propos* of your journal, will you permit me to pay a return compliment?"

"Certainly," we replied. "You have noticed an improvement in our columns?"

"Unquestionably I have," returned Mr. BROWN, emphatically. "I have observed that of late you have given much interesting matter in the body of your paper that heretofore used to be reserved for the pages exclusively devoted to advertisements. I congratulate you!"

And with a courteous wave of his hand and a bow of dismissal, the Eminent Pillar of Commerce delicately intimated to us that our interview was at an end.

'ARRY ON THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Your faviour to 'and in doo course, as the quill-drivers say; Likeways also the newspaper cuttins enclosed. You 're on Rummikey's lay.

Awful good on yer, CHARLIE, old chummy, to take so much trouble for me;
But do keep on yer 'air, dear old pal; *I* am still right end uppards, yer see.

You are needled along of some parties,—er course you ain't fly to their names,—
As has bin himitating Yours Truly. Way-oh! It's the oldest o' games, [was right, anyhow,
Himitation is, CHARLIE. It makes one think DARWIN
And that most on us did come from monkeys, which some ain't so fur from 'em now.

You start a smart game, or a paying one—something as knocks 'em, dear boy, [or a sixpenny toy;
No matter, mate, whether it 's mustard, or rhymes,
They 'll be arter you, nick over nozzle, the smuggers of notions and nips,
For the mugs is as 'ungry for wrinkles as broken-down bookies for tips.

Look at DICKENS, dear boy, and Lord TENNYSON—ain't they bin copied all round?
Wy, I 'm told some as liked ALFRED'S verses at fust, is now sick of the sound;
All along o' the parrots, my pippin. Ah, that 's jest the wust o' sech fakes!
People puke at the shams till they think the originals ain't no great shakes.

'Tain't fair, CHARLIE, not by a jugful, but anger 's all fiddle-de-dee;
They may copy my style till all 's blue, but they won't discombobulate me.
Names and metres is anyone's props; but of one thing they don't get the 'ang;
They ain't fly to good patter, old pal, they ain't copped the straight griffin on slang.

'Tisn't grammar and spellin' makes patter, nor yet snips and snaps of snide talk.
You may cut a moke out o' pitch-pine, mate, and paint it, but can't make it walk.
You may chuck a whole Slang Dixionary by chunks in a stodge-pot of chat,
But if 'tisn't *alive*, 'tain't chin-music, but kibosh, and corpsey at that.

Kerrectness be jolly well jiggered! Street slang isn't Science, dear pal,
And it don't need no "glossery" tips to hinterpret my chat to my gal.
I take wot comes 'andy permiskus, wotever runs slick and fits in,
And when smugs makes me out a "philolergist,"—snuffers! it do make me grin!

Still there 's fitness, dear boy, and *un*fitness, and some of these jossers, jest now,
Who himitate 'ARRY'S few letters with weekly slapdabs of bow-wow,
'Ave about as much "fit" in their "slang" as a slop-tailor's six-and-six bags.
No, Yours Truly writes only to you, and don't spread *hisself* out in the Mags.

Mister P. prints my letters, occasional, once in a while like, dear boy;
For patter 's like love-letters, CHARLIE, too long and too frequent, they cloy.
I agree there with *Samivel Veller*. My echoes I 've no wish to stop,
But I 'd jest like to say 'tisn't *me* as is slopping all over the shop.

It do give me the ditherums, CHARLIE, it makes me feel quite quisby snitch,
To see the fair rush for a feller as soon as he 's found a good pitch.
Jest like anglers, old man, on the river; if one on 'em spots a prime swim,
And is landing 'em proper, you bet arf the others 'll crowd about *him*.

But there 's law for the rodsters, I 'm told, CHARLIE; so many foot left and right;
And you 'll see the punts spotted at distance, like squodrons of troops at a fight.
But in Trade, Art, and Littery lines, CHARLIE, 'anged if there 's any fair play,
And the "cullerable himitation" is jest the disgrace of the day.

Sech scoots scurryfunging around on the gay old galoot, to go snacks
In the profits of other folks' notions, have put you, old pal, in a wax.
Never mind their shenanigan, CHARLIE; it don't do much hurt, anyhow;
I was needled a trifle at fust, but I 'm pooty saroodnoodleous now.

I 'm all right and a arf, mate, I am, and ain't going to rough up, no fear!
Becos two or three second-hand 'ARRIES is tipping the public stale beer.
The old tap 'll turn on now and then, not too often, and as for the rest,
The B. P. has a taste for sound tipple, and knows when it 's served with the best.

If mine don't 'old its own on its merits, then way-oh! for someone's as does!
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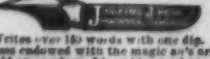
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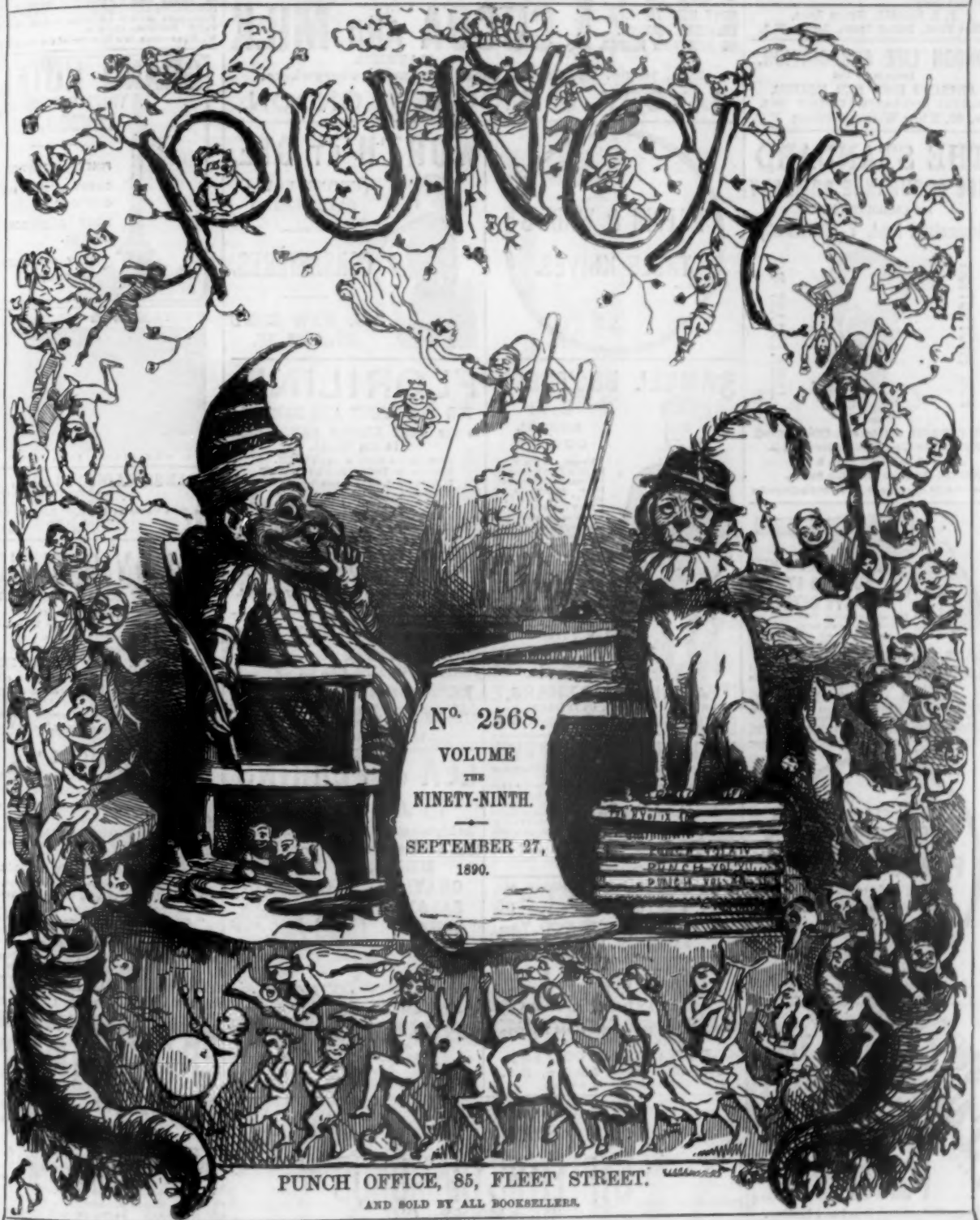

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No. XIX.—THE SERVANT OF SOCIETY.

THE Servant of Society is one who, having in early life abdicated every claim to independent thought or action, is content to attach himself to the skirts and coat-tails of the great, and to exist for a long time as a mere appendage in mansions selected by the unerring instinct of a professional tuft-hunter. It is as common a mistake to suppose that all tuft-hunters are necessarily of lowly birth and of inferior social position, as it is to believe them all to be offensive in manner and shallow in artifice. The coarse but honest Snob still perhaps exists, and here and there he thrusts and pushes in the old familiar way; but more often than not the upstart who has won his way to wealth and consideration finds himself to his own surprise courted and fawned upon by those whose boots his abilities would have fitted him to black, and his disposition prompted him to lick. Noble sportsmen are proud to be seen in his company, aristocratic guinea-pigs are constantly in his pocket in the congenial society of the great man's purse, art willingly reproduces his features, journalism enthusiastically commemorates his adventures, and even Royalty does not thrust away a votary whose ministrations are as acceptable as they are readily performed. Without much effort on his own part he is raised to pinnacles which he imagined impossible of access, and soon learns to look down with a contempt that might spring of ancient lineage and assured merit, upon the hungry crowd whose cry is that of the daughter of the horse-leech.

But the genuine Servant of Society is of a different stamp. Ordinarily he is of a good family, and of a competence which both differs from and resembles his general character in being possessed at once of the attributes of modesty and assurance. From an early age he will have been noted for the qualities which in after-life render him humbly celebrated in subordinate positions. At school he will have had the good fortune to be attached as fag to a big boy who occupied an important place as an athlete, and whose condescending smiles were naturally an object of greater ambition to the small fry than the approval of the school authorities. For him he performed with much assiduity the various duties of a fag, happy to shine amongst his companions as the recipient of the great boy's favours. To play the jackal without incurring universal dislike is (at school) no very easy task, but he accomplishes it with discretion and with a natural aptitude that many maturer jackals might envy.

At the age of seventeen he is withdrawn from school. His own marked disinclination saves him from a military career, and he is subsequently sent to pass a year or two upon the Continent of Europe, in order that he may first of all pass the examination for the Diplomatic Service, and subsequently foil foreign statesmen with their own weapons, and in their own language. Returning, he secures his nomination, and faces the Examiners. Providence, however, reserves him for lower things. The Examiners triumph, and the career of the Servant of Society begins in earnest. The position of his parents secures for him an entrance into good houses. He is a young man of great tact and of small accomplishments. He can warble a song, aid a great lady to organise a social festivity, lead a cotillon, order a dinner, and help to eat it, act in amateur theatricals, and recommend French novels to inquiring matrons. His manners are always easy, and his conversation has that spice of freedom which renders it specially acceptable in the boudoirs of the smart. The experience of a few years makes plain to him that, in social matters, the serious person goes down before the trifler. He therefore cultivates flippancy as a fine art, and becomes noted for a certain cheap cynicism, which he sprinkles like a quasi-intellectual pepper over the strong meat of risky conversation. Moreover, he is constantly self-satisfied, and self-possessed. Yet he manages to avoid giving offence by occasionally assuming a gentle humility of manner, to which he almost succeeds in imparting a natural air, and he studiously refrains from saying or doing anything which, since it may cause other men to provoke him, may possibly result in his being forced to pretend that he himself has been ruffled. Yet it must be added that he is always thoroughly harmless. He flutters about innumerable dovecots, without ever fluttering those who dwell in them, and, in course of time, he comes to be known and accepted everywhere as a useful man. As might be supposed, he is never obtrusively manly. The rough pursuits of the merely athletic repel him, yet he has the knack of assuming an interest where he feels it not, and is able to prattle quite pleasantly about sports in which he takes little or no active part. At the same time it must be admitted that he holds a gun fairly straight, and does not disgrace himself when the necessity of slaughtering a friend's pheasants interrupts for a few hours the rehearsals of private theatricals, in company with the friend's wife. Certainly he is not a fool. He gauges with great accuracy his own capacities, and carefully limits his ambition to those smaller desires which, since they exact no vaulting power, are never likely to bring about a fall on the other side. The objects of his admiration are mean; and since he meanly admires them, he comes quite naturally under the Thackerayan definition of a Snob.

Whilst he is still a year or two on the fair side of thirty, it may happen that a turn of the political wheel will bring into high office a statesman who is quite willing to be served by those who are able to make themselves useful to him, without exacting from them solidity either of character or of attainments. With him the Servant of Society, with an instinct that does credit to his discernment, will have established friendly relations. The politician was first amused and then impressed by his versatility; now, having the opportunity, he offers to him the position of Assistant Private Secretary (unpaid), and it is scarcely necessary to say that the young man accepts it with a gratitude which proves that he believes his patron capable of conferring further favours. From this time forward he begins to abandon the merely frivolous air that has hitherto distinguished him. He lays in a mixed stock of solemnity, mystery, and importance, and occasionally awes the friends of his flippant days by assuming the reticent look and the shake of the head of one who is marked off from common mortals by the possession of secrets the revelation of which might, perhaps, imperil the peace of the world. In country-houses, in London drawing-rooms, and at Clubs, where he had hitherto been mentioned with a laugh as "Little So-and-So," he comes to be talked of as "So-and-So—of course you know him—Lord BLANK'S Private Secretary." Thus he becomes quite a personage. But he is far from abandoning the *rôle* of Servant of Society. Indeed, he only enlarges and glorifies the scope of his ministrations, without in any way ceasing to cultivate those smaller trifles which stood him in such good stead at the outset of his career. He now has the satisfaction of seeing many of those who desire anything that a Cabinet Minister can give, cringing to one whom they despise, and who rejoices in the knowledge that he can afford to patronise them, and perhaps crush them by obtaining for them that which they want.

When, in the course of a few years, Lord BLANK'S party ceases to direct the government of the country, his Assistant Private Secretary follows him into the cold shade of adversity and opposition, and stands by him with exemplary usefulness and fidelity. But, though he is often pressed, he never contests a constituency, feeling, perhaps, that it is impossible to serve both Society and the Caucus. In time his name becomes the common property of all Society journals—his biography is published in one, his discreet service is extolled in another, while a third goes so far as to hint that, if the truth were known, it would be found that the various departments of the State could not possibly carry on their affairs without his enlightened counsel. He adopts an antique fashion of dress, in order to emphasise his personality. He wears a stock, and a very wide-brimmed hat, and carries a bunch of seals dangling from a fob.

At forty-five he marries the daughter of a powerful Peer, and, shortly afterwards, insures so much of the favour of Royalty as to be spoken of as a *persona grata* at Court. Henceforward his services are often employed in delicate negotiations, which may necessitate the climbing of many back-stairs. On such occasions, and after it has been announced in the papers that "Mr. So-and-so was the bearer of an important communication" from one great person to another, it is his custom to show himself in his Clubs and in crowded haunts, so that he may enjoy the pleasure of being pointed out, *digita prætereuntium*, and of catching the whispers of those who nudge one another as they mention his name.

Finally, it will be rumoured that he has been collecting materials for the Memoirs which he proposes shortly to publish. But though he never disclaims the intention, and is even understood, on more than one occasion, to allude in conversation to the precise period of his life to which his writing has then brought him, it is quite certain that he will never carry out the intention, or bring out the book. At the age of sixty he will still be a young man, with a gay style of banter peculiarly his own. Towards the end of his life he will often talk darkly of great events in which he has played a part, and of extraordinary services which only he could have performed; and when he dies, the country will be called upon to mourn for one who has saved it from social degradation, and from political disaster.

A PIG IN A POKE.

[According to the *Standard*, by the new Meat Inspection Law, just come into force in the United States, American cattle and pigs for export to England, France, or Germany, are to be inspected before leaving America, with a view to removing the grounds of objection on the part of those Governments to the unrestricted reception of these important American exports. Should any foreign Government, fearful of pleuro-pneumonia or trichinosis, refuse to trust to the infallibility of the American inspectors, the President of the United States is authorised to retaliate by directing that such products of such foreign State as he may deem proper shall be excluded from importation to the United States.]

O SENATOR EDMONDS, of verdant Vermont,
Of wisdom you may be a marvellous font;
But you 'll hardly get JOHN,—'tis too much of a joke!—
To buy in your fashion a Pig in a Poke;
Which nobody can expect!

To slaughter your Cattle when reaching our shore,
You probably think is no end of a bore;
But even your valiant Vermonters to please,
We cannot afford to spread Cattle-disease,
Which nobody can desire.

A Yankee Inspector is all very fine,
But if pleuro-pneumonia crosses the line,
And with BULL's bulls and heifers should play up the deuce,
A Yankee Inspector won't be of much use,
Which nobody can dispute.

A Yankee Inspector you seem to suppose is
A buckler and barrier against trichinosis;
But trichinæ pass without passports. Bacilli
And microbes that Yankee *might* miss willy-nilly,
Which nobody can deny.

Port-slaughter restrictions may limit your trade.
Well, your Tariffs Protective to help *us* aren't made,

And we cannot run dangers to plump up your wealth,
Until you can show us a clean bill of health,
Which nobody can assert.

And as to that cudgel tucked under your arm,
You fancy, perhaps, it will act as a charm.
No, JONATHAN! JOHN to your argument's dull, [his skull,
And you will not convince him by cracking
Which nobody can suppose.

The Gaul and the Teuton seem much of my mind, [find
And, despite your new Law, you will probably
That Yankee Inspectors, plus menaces big,
Rehabilitate not the American Pig,
Which nobody can affirm.

No, JONATHAN, JOHNNY feels no animosity,
He'd like, with yourself, to have true Reciprocity; [stroke,
But neither your Law, nor a smart cudgel-
Will make him—or them—buy your Pig in a Poke—
Which nobody can particularly wonder at, after all; now can they, JONATHAN?

LATEST FROM THE LYCEUM.—With a view to supplying the entire world with the current number, *Mr. Punch* goes to press at a date too early to permit of a criticism of *Ravenswood*. So he contents himself (for the present) by merely recording that at the initial performance on Saturday last all went as happily ("merrily," with so sombre a plot, is *not* the word) as a marriage-bell. There was a striking situation towards the end of the drama which was both novel and interesting. Mr. IRVING received and deserved a grand reception, and it was generally admitted that amongst the many admirable impersonations for which Miss ELLEN TERRY is celebrated, her *Bride of Lammermoor* appropriately "takes the cake!"

MY PRETTY JANE.

(*Latest Version.*)

[It is said that the price of wheat and the marriage-rate go together, most people getting married when wheat is highest.]

MY pretty JANE, my dearest JANE,
Ah, never look so shy,
But meet me, meet me in the market,
When the price of wheat rules high.
The glut is waning fast, my love,
And corn is getting dear;
Good (Hymen) times are coming, love,
Ceres our hearts shall cheer.
Then pretty JANE, though poorish JANE,
Ah, never pipe your eye,
But meet me, meet me at the Altar,
For the price of wheat rules high!

Yes, name the day, the happy day,
I can afford the ring;
For corn rules high, the marriage rate
Mounts up like anything;
The "quarter" stands at fifty, love,
Which, for Mark Lane is dear.
Our wedding day is coming, love,
Our married course is clear.
Then, pretty JANE, if poorish JANE,
Ah, never look so shy;
But meet me, meet me at the Altar,
When the price of wheat rules high!

"NOMINE MUTATO." — For some weeks there was a considerable amount of correspondence in the *Times*, anent "Ecclesiastical Titles," which suddenly disappeared. Was the topic resumed one day last week under the new heading, "*The Symbolical Representation of Ciphers?*"

TAKEN ON TRUST.

Viscount Conamorey (whose recollections of the antique are somewhat hazy). "AW—A—WHAT BEAUTIFUL ARMS AND HANDS YOU 'VE GOT, MRS. BOUNDER! THEY REMIND ME OF THE VENUS OF MILO'S!" *Mrs. B. (who has never even seen the Venus of Milo).* "OH! YOU *FLATTERER!*"

AN INVOCATION.

(*By a Town Mouse.*)

COME back to Town! Why wander where
The snow-clad peaks arise?
Our English sunsets are as fair,
With red September skies.

Soft is the matutinal mist
Through which the trees loom brown;
Come back, if only to be kist,—
Come back to Town!

For evermore, in days like these,
When musing on your face,
My sad imagination sees
Another in my place.

Say, do you listen to his prayer,
Or slay him with a frown?
At any rate I can't be there.
Come back to Town!

Why linger by some far-off lake
Or Continental strand?
St. Martin's Summer comes to make
A glory in the land.

The river runs a golden stream
Where WREN's great dome looks down,
Thine eyes, methinks, have brighter gleam;
Come back to Town!

I hear your voice upon the wind,
In dreamland you appear;
But do you wonder that I find
The day so long and drear?
Lentis adhærens brachiis come
Once more my life to crown;
Without thee 'tis too burdensome.
Come back to Town!

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

AT AN AFTERNOON CALL.

"*So glad to see you at last. Now don't let me interrupt your talk with Mrs. VERBEER;*" *i.e.*, "If I do, I shall be let in for being button-holed."

"*Do let me get you some tea—you must be dying for a cup;*" *i.e.*, "Know I am."

"*So sorry—I fear everything is cold. Do let me have some fresh tea made for you;*" *i.e.*, "He can't accept *that* offer."

IN A NON-SMOKING CARRIAGE.

"*You don't mind my cigar, do you?*" *i.e.*, "I know he does, but I'm not going to waste it."

(*Reply to the above query.*)

"*Oh, not at all!*" *i.e.*, "Beastly thing! If he wasn't so confoundedly selfish and stingy, he'd throw it away."

I'M AFLOAT!"

(NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE VERSION.)

I'M afloat, I'm afloat on the coaly black Tyne!
The draft licence sent me I begged to decline;
Though other chaps had 'em, they were not for me;
I prefer a free flag, on the strictest Q. T.
A sly "floating factory" thus I set up
(I'm a mixture of RUPERT the Rover and KRUPP).
At Jarrow Slake moored, my trim wherry or boat
I rejoiced in, and sung "I'm afloat! I'm afloat!"
For quick-firing guns ammunition I made,
Engaging (says FORD) in the contraband trade.
An inquest *was* held, but its verdict cleared *me*.
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is free!

I fear not the Government, heed not its law.
Much rumpus is made, we shall hear lots of jaw:
An explosion took place on October the third,
My sly "floating factory" blew up like a bird.
It killed one poor fellow, and damaged a lot,
But I am a Great Gun, and got off like a shot;
Indeed all were well, but for cold Colonel FORD,
Who blames *me*, the Rover! Too bad, on my word!

The Pirate of Elswick shall not be the sport
Of a fussy Commission's ill-tempered Report.
To bring me to book is all fiddledeedee—
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is free!

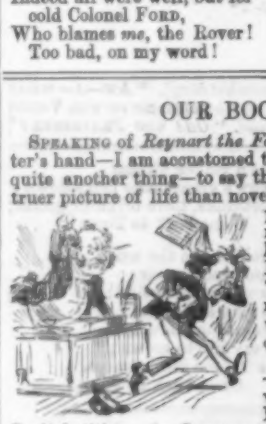
Contraband, careless? Why, everyone owns
That is natural, 'neath the black flag and cross-bones.
No mere paltry maker of fireworks am I,
But a Rover who's free, whose sole roof is the sky.
The law of the land may the petty appal,
But frighten the Rover? Oh no, not at all!
And ne'er to Commissions or Colonels I'll yield,
Whilst there's Black Tyne to back me or Whitehall to shield.
Unfurl the Black Flag! shake its folds to the wind!
And I'll warrant we'll soon leave sea-lawyers behind.
Up, up with the flag! Pirate's licence for me!
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is free!

DEFINITION OF MILITARY MANŒUVRES.—"Peace-work."

DARWINITES.—"The Evolutionary Squadron."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SPEAKING of *Reynart the Fox*, I was made, by a slip of the printer's hand—I am accustomed to seeing slips *from* his hand, which is quite another thing—to say that this mediæval romance "presents a truer picture of life than novels in which vice is punished and virtue patiently rewarded." After considering for some time what on earth I could have meant by "patiently rewarded," I remembered that I had written "patently rewarded." The printer put my "i" out, and without an "i" it was very difficult to perceive the sense of the phrase.



Nutshell Novels, by that crack writer—no, not "crack'd"—and poet, whose verses send a frill right through us, Mr. J. ASHBY-STERRY, are coming out. Capital title. As SHAKSPEARE says, "Sermons in stones, novels in nutshells, and good in everything." SHELLEY's poems might be brought out in pocketable form under a similar title, *Nut-Shelley Poems*. I have not yet seen the volume in question, only heard tell of it, and should not be surprised to hear that the central novel and the best was a short military novel, entitled *The Kernel*. Messrs. HUTCHINSON & Co. are the publishers. I hope Mr. STERRY has illustrated them himself. He can draw and paint, but he won't, and there's an end on't. He must follow up the *Nutshells* with a volume of *Crackers*, about Christmas time.

Just been looking through *London Street Arabs*, by Mrs. H. M. STANLEY, published by CASSELL & Co., which firm—whose telegraphic address is "Caspeg, London," and a good name too—writes to the Baron thus:—"*In forwarding you an early copy*"—small and early—"*of Mrs. Stanley's book, we will ask you to be good enough*"—("I am 'good enough'" quoth the Baron)—"*to confine your extracts from the Introduction to an extent not exceeding one-third of the whole.*" "Willingly, my dear 'Caspeg,'" replies the Baron, who does not like being dictated to, and, to gratify your wish to the utmost, he will make no extracts at all from the book, a proceeding which ought mightily to delight "Caspeg, London." What next? Will publishers send to the Baron, and request him not even to breathe the names of their books? By all means. He has no objection, as, whether sent to him for review, or purchased by him *pour se distraire*, the Baron only mentions those he likes, or, if he mentions those he dislikes, 'tis *pro bono publico*, and there's an end on't. Mrs. STANLEY appreciates humour, as the following anecdote will show——But, dear me, the Baron is forgetful—he begs "Caspeg's" pardon; he mustn't quote. Mrs. STANLEY can be truly sympathetic with sorrow, as the following story proves——no, "Caspeg," the story must *not* follow. Never mind—the Baron's dear readers will read it for themselves if they feel "so disposed." The Baron supposes that all this was written and drawn while Mrs. STANLEY was Miss DOROTHY TENNANT, because her recorded opinion, probably, as a spinster, is (and here the Baron "quotes" not, but "alludes"), that you can find better artistic material in this line at home, than you can obtain by seeking it abroad; yet when she married, off she went to Milan, Venice, and so forth. For pleasure, of course, not work; but work to her is evidently pleasure. May happiness have accompanied her everywhere! The drawings are pretty, rather of the goody-good "Sunday-at-home-readings" kind of illustrations. And what on earth has a sort of pictorial advertisement for "Somebody's Soap" got to do with Street Arabs? *Washed Ashore; or, Happy At Last*," might be the title of this mer-baby picture, in which two naked children, not Street Arabs, or Arabs of any sort, are depicted as examining the inanimate body of a nondescript creature, half flesh and half fish, which has been thrown up by the waves "to be left till called for" by the next high-tide, when, perhaps, its sorrowing parents, Mr. and Mrs. MERMAN, or its widowed mother, Mrs. MERWOMAN, arrayed in sea-"weeds," may come to claim it and give it un-christian burial. But that the Baron, out of deference to the wishes of "Caspeg, London," does not like to quote one single line, he could give Mrs. STANLEY's own account of how this picture of the Mer-baby came to be included in the Street Arab Collection. For such explanation the Baron refers the reader to the book itself. "Caspeg," farewell!

I have, the Baron says, commenced the first pages of *The Last Days of Palmyra*. Good, so far; but several new books have come in, and *Palmyra* cannot receive my undivided attention, says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—My faithful "Co." has been reading *Ferrers Court*, by JOHN STRANGE WINTER, author of *Bootle's Baby* and a number of other

novelettes of like kind. He says that he is getting just the least bit tired of *Mignon*, and the plain-spoken girls, and the rest of them. By the way, he observes that it seems to be the fashion, judging from the pages of *Ferrers Court*, in what he may call "Service Suckles," to talk continually of a largely advertising lady's tailor. If this custom spreads, he presumes that that popular topic of conversation, the weather, will have to give place to the prior claims for consideration of Somebody's Blacking, or Somebody-else's Soap. This is to be regretted, as, in spite of the sameness of subject of the *Bootle's Baby* series, JOHN STRANGE WINTER is always more amusing than nine-tenths of his (or should it be her?) contemporaries.

B. DE B.-W. & Co.

P.S. No. 2.—The Baron wishes to add that on taking up the *Bride of Lammermoor* in order to refresh his memory before seeing the new drama, he was struck by a few lines in the description of *Lucy Ashton*, which, during rehearsals, must have been peculiarly appropriate to her representative at the Lyceum, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Here they are:—"To these details, however trivial, *Lucy* lent patient and not indifferent attention. They moved and interested *Henry*, and that was enough to secure her ear." "Great Scott!" indeed! Perfectly prophetic, and prophetically perfect.

B. DE B.-W.

STALKING THE SAGACIOUS STAG.

Sporting Notes from Our Special Representative.

I HAD an invite from JEPSON, a Stock Exchange acquaintance, who has rented a Moor for the winter months, and who, happening to hear that I and my two foreign friends were in the neighbourhood, most kindly asked me to come and have a look at his box, and bring them with me.

"I hear," he writes, "that the deer are very lively, and if you want to show your foreign friends some first-rate British Sport, you can't do better than bring them."

Need I say that I jumped at this. Coming along on the top of the coach, that takes us to Spital-hoo, the place my friend has rented, I have been endeavouring to describe what I *imagine* to be the nature of the sport of Deer-stalking to the Chief and the Bulgarian Count. The former, who has been listening attentively, says that, from my description, stalking a stag must be very much the same as hunting the double-humped bison in Mwangumbloola, and that the only weapon he shall take with him will be a pickaxe. I have pointed out to him that I don't think this will be any use, as in deer-stalking I fancy you follow the stag *at some distance*, but he seems resolute about the pickaxe, and so, I suppose, I must let him have his way. The Bulgarian Count was deeply interested in the matter, and says that evidently the proper weapon to use is a species of quick-firing, repeating Hotchkiss, and that he has one now on its way through Edinburgh, the invention of a compatriot, that will fire 2700 two-ounce bullets in a minute and a-half. I fancy, if he uses this, he will surprise the neighbourhood; but, of course, I have not said anything to interfere with his project.

We have arrived at Spital-hoo all safe and sound, and JEPSON has given us a most cordial welcome. But I must now have once more recourse to my current notes.

I have now been something like five hours on the tramp, plodding my way through a deep glen in a pine forest, but have not yet come across any sign of a stag. I started with the Chief and the Count, but the former soon went off at a tangent somewhere on his own hook, and the latter, who had got his Hotchkiss with him and found it heavy work to drag it up and down the mountain paths, I have left behind to take a rest and recuperate himself. I pause in my walk and listen. The forest is intensely still. Not a sign of a stag anywhere.

JEPSON is left at home, as he is expecting a couple of local Ministers to tea, but he has told me I'm "bound to come across whole herds of them," if I only tramp long enough. Well, I've been at it five hours, and I certainly ought to have spotted something by this time. By Jove, though, what's that moving in the path ahead of me? It is! *It is a stag!* A magnificent fellow—though he appears to have only one horn. But, how odd! I believe he has seen me, and yet doesn't seem scared! Yes, he is actually approaching in the most leisurely fashion in the world. But that isn't the correct thing. In deer-stalking, I'm sure you ought to stalk the deer, not the deer stalk you. And this creature is absolutely coming down on me. Oh! I can't stand this. I shall have a shot at him.

AN EFFECTIVE MILITARY MANŒUVRE.

"The day of cocked hats and plumes is past and gone. This head-dress is utterly unsuited for active service."—*Military Correspondent's Letter to Times.*

SUGGESTION, IN CONSEQUENCE, FOR NEW COSTUME FOR GENERAL OFFICERS—SO THAT THEY MIGHT BE MISTAKEN BY THE ENEMY FOR HARMLESS GENTLEMEN-FARMERS ENGAGED IN AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS.

Bang! Have fired—and *missed!* And, by Jove, the stag doesn't seem to mind! He is coming nearer and nearer. He actually comes close to where I am kneeling, and with facetious friendliness removes my Tam o'Shanter! But, hulloah! who is this speaking? "Ha, and would ye blaze awa wi' your weepons upon poor old Epaminondas, mon!" It is an aged Highlander who is addressing me, and he has just turned out of a bye-path. He is fondling the creature's nose affectionately, and the stag seems to know him. I remark as much.

"Ha! sure he does," he replies, "Why there's nae a body doon the glen but has got a friendly word for puir Old Epaminondas. You see he's blind o' one 'ee, and he's lost one o' his antlers, and he's a wee bit lame, and all the folk here about treat him kindly, when ye thought to put that bit o' lead into him just noo, sure he was just comin' to ye for a bit o' oatmeal cake."

I express my regret for having so nearly shot the "Favourite of the Glen" through inadvertence! I explain that I came out deer-stalking, and did not expect, of course, to come across a perfectly tame and domestic stag.

"A weel, there's nae mischief done," continues my interlocutor; "but it's nae good a stalking Epaminondas, for he's just a sagacious beastie altogether."

* * * * * *

Here we are at the Lodge. But, hulloah! what's this uproar on the lawn? A herd of deer dashing wildly over everything, flower-beds and all, and, yes, absolutely five of them bursting into the house, through one of the drawing-room windows, while JEPSON and the two kirk Ministers emerge hurriedly, terrified, from the other. Crash! And what's *that?* Why, surely it *can't* be—but yes, I believe it is—yes, it *positively is* the Chief's pickaxe that has flown through the air, and just smashed through the upper panes, scattering the glass in a thousand fragments in all directions!

And thus ends my Stalking for the Present, and (probably) the Future!

BLACK SYRENS.

This is how the lovely and accomplished Miss B——ns (of —, Portland Place) managed to defray the expenses of their Sea-side Trip, this Autumn, without anybody being any the wiser!

"O-HI-O! O-HI-HO!
THERE NEVER WAS A FINER
GIRL THAN DINAH,
DOWN BY THE OHIO!"

THE BRITISH LION AND THE GERMAN FOX; OR, A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

THE SEQUEL OF A FABLE.

(*See "The German Fox and the British Lion," Punch, November 17, 1888.*)

"WHEN FOX with Lion hunts, one would be sorry
To say who gains—until they've shared the quarry!"
Such was the Moral
Of the first chapter of our modern Fable.
Is the co-partnership still strong and stable,
Or are there signs of quarrel
More than mere querulous quidnuncs invent
To break companionship and mar content?

Reynard has settled down into that latitude,
Pilgrim, perhaps, but certainly a Trader.
Does he not show a certain change of attitude,
Suggestive rather less of the Crusader,
Eager to earn the black-skinned bondsman's gratitude,
Than of the Bagman with his sample-box?
Ah, Master Fox!
Somehow the scallop seems to slip aside,
And that brave banner, which, with honest pride
You waved, like some commercial Quixote—verily
'Tis not to-day so valorously flaunted,
And scarce so cheerily.

You boast the pure knight-errantry so vaunted,
Some two years since,
Eh? You unfeigned Crusading zeal evince?
Whence, then, that rival banner
Which you coquet with in so cautious manner?
Hoisting it? Humph! Say, rather, just inspecting it.
But whether with intention of rejecting it,
Or temporising with the sly temptation
And making Proclamation
Of views a trifle modified, and ardour
A little cooled by thoughts of purse and larder,
Why, that's the question.
Reynard will probably resent suggestion
Of playing renegade, in the cause of Trade,
To that same Holy, Noble, New Crusade.
"Only," he pleads, "don't fume, and fuss, and worry,
The New Crusade is not a thing *to hurry*;
I never meant hot zealotry or haste—
Things hardly to the solid Teuton taste!

And Leo? Well, he always had his doubts,
Yet to indulge in fierce precipitate flouts
Is not his fashion.
The Anti-Slavery zeal, with him a passion,
He knows less warmly shared by other traders;
But *soi-disant* Crusaders
Caught paltering with the Infidels, like traitors,
And hot enthusiast Emancipators
Who the grim Slavery-demon gently tackle,
Wink at the scourge, and dally with the shackle,
Such, though they vaunt their zeal and orthodoxy,
Seem—for philanthropists—a trifle foxy!

RÉCLAME (GRATIS).—Where is the Lessee of the Haymarket? He ought to have been in India. He was wanted there. The *Daily News*, last week, told us in its Morning News Columns that "at a place called Beerbhoom"—clearly the Indian spelling of Beerbohm—"there was a desirable piece of land lying waste"—the very spot for a theatre—"because it was reputed to be haunted by a malignant goddess,"—that wouldn't matter as long as the "gods" were well provided for. Then it continues, "They" (who?) "did all they could to propitiate her, setting apart a tree——." Yes; but it wasn't the right tree: of course it ought to have been a BEERBHOOM TREE. His first drama might have shown how a Buddhist priest couldn't keep a secret. Thrilling!

Woman's Happiest Hour.

(*By a Sour old Cynic.*)

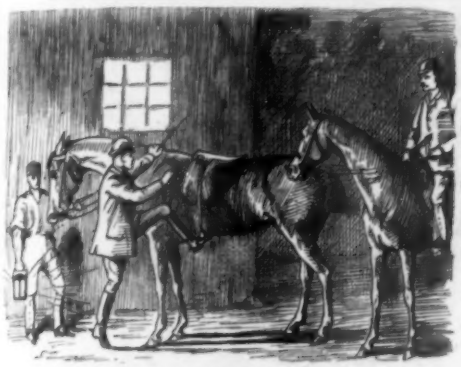
A YANKEE Journal raises wordy strife
About "the happiest hour of Woman's life."
I'll answer in less compass than a sonnet:—
"When she outshines her best friend's smartest bonnet!"

THE BRITISH LION AND THE GERMAN FOX;

OR, A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE!

(*Vide Cartoon, Nov.* 17, 1888.)

THE PLEASURES OF GETTING UP EARLY TO GO 'CUBBING."



1. The Meet was to be at Cropper's Gorse, 5·30. At 4·30 Thompson called for me. He said he knew the way perfectly.

2. After we had gone a couple of miles, a steady rain came on. I didn't think much of the beauties of early morning.

3. "Well, my man," said Thompson, "seen the hounds? This is Cropper's Gorse, I suppose?" "Noa, Sur; this be Cropper's Plantation. The Gorse be four miles over yonder!"

4. "Extraordinary thing I should have been mistaken," said Thompson. "Never mind. Let 's canter on, and we 'll see some fun yet."

5. "Hi! my boy, is this Cropper's Gorse?" asked Thompson. "Noa, Sur. This be Cropper's Common. The Gorse be five miles over yonder!"

6. Then Thompson had the decency to say, "Let's go back and have breakfast."

RATS IN COUNCIL.

A MASS meeting of Rats was held (unknown to the Park-keepers) under the Reformer's Oak in Hyde Park, at midnight of last Sunday. The object of the gathering was to protest against the proposal made by a Correspondent of *The Times*, that the "sewer-rats who had established themselves in the sylvan retreat" known as Hyde Park Dell, should be exterminated by means of "twenty ferrets and a few capable dogs."

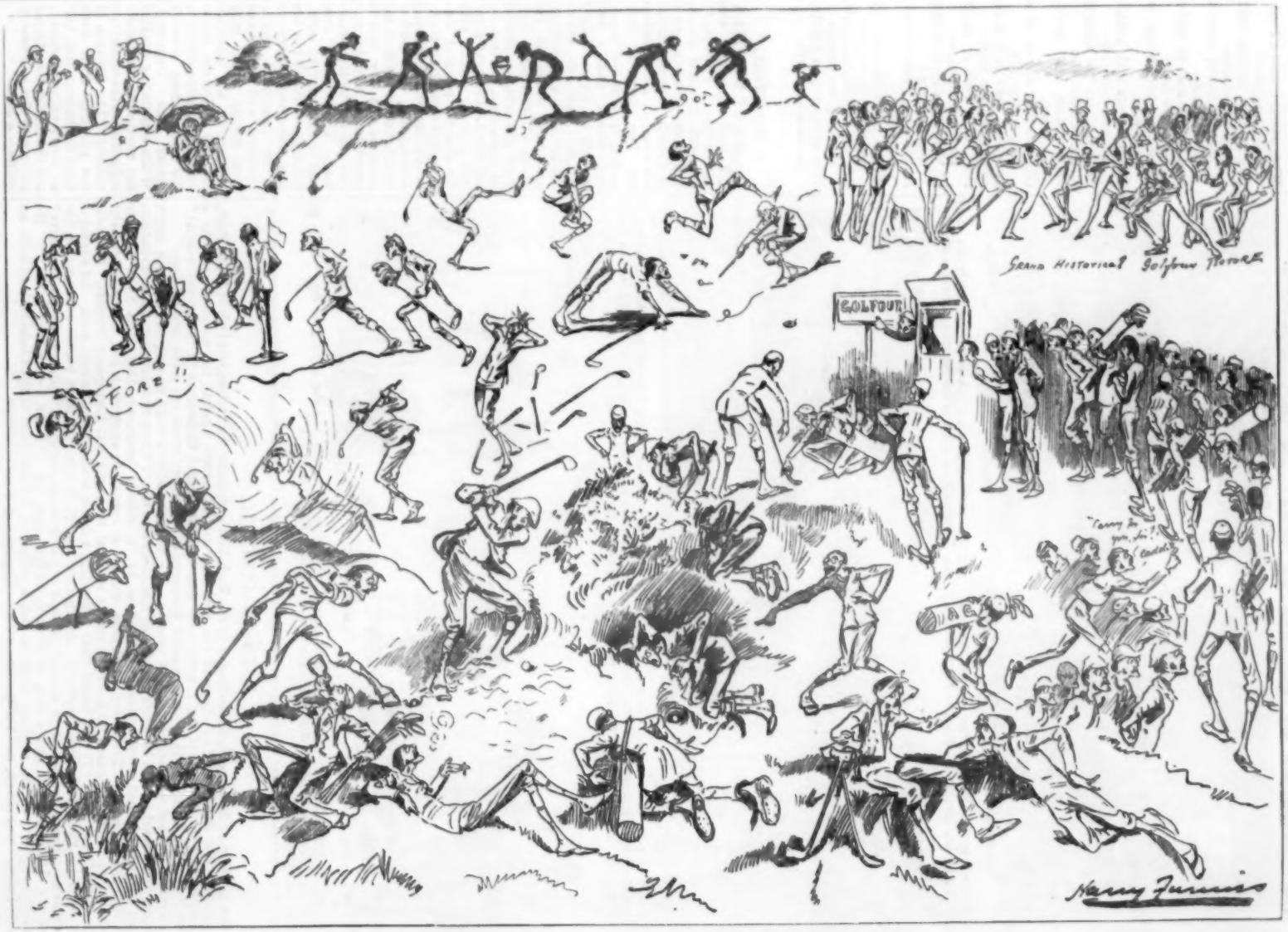
Mr. RODENT (Senior) was called upon to preside. He took the hillock amid waving of tails and much enthusiasm, and remarked that he trusted that that vast assembly, one of the most magnificent demonstrations that even Hyde Park had ever known, would show by its orderly behaviour, that Rats knew how to conduct business. (*Cheers.*) They lived in strange times. A barbarous suggestion had been made to evict them—to turn them out of house and home, by means of what he might call Emergency Ferrets. (*Groans, and cries of "Boycott them!"*) He feared that boycotting a ferret would not do much good. (*A squeak—"Why not try rattening?"—and laughter.*) Arbitration seemed to him the most politic course under the circumstances. (*Cheers.*) They were accused of eating young moor-chicks. Well, was a Rat to starve? ("*No, no!*") Did not a Rat owe a duty to those dependent upon it? (*Cheers, and cries of "Yes!"*) He appealed to the opinion of the civilised world to put a stop—— At this point in the Chair-rat's address, an alarm of "Dogs!" was raised, and the meeting at once dispersed in some confusion.

THE JOURNALIST-AT-ARMS.

WHO would not be a Journalist-at-Arms?
Life for that paladin hath poignant charms.
Whether in pretty quarrel he shall run
Just half an inch of rapier—in pure fun—
In his opponent's biceps, or shall flick
His shoulders with a slender walking-stick.
The "stern joy" of the man indeed must rise
To raptures and heroic ecstacies.
Oh, glorious climax of a vulgar squabble,
To redden your foe's nose, or make him hobble
For half a week or so, as though, perchance,
He 'd strained an ancle in a leap or dance!
Feeble sword-play or futile fisticuffs
Might be disdained by warriors—or roughs;
But to the squabbling scribe the farce has charms.
Who would not be a Journalist-at-Arms?

"WANTED!"

A THOROUGHLY well appointed and handsomely furnished COUNTRY MANSION (Elizabethan or Jacobean period preferred) wanted immediately. It must contain not less than 50 bedrooms, appropriate reception-rooms, and a hall capable of being utilised for *fêtes* and gala entertainments on a large scale, and must stand in the midst of extensive timbered grounds, surrounded by orangeries, hot-houses, and beautifully kept pleasure grounds replete with the choicest pieces of statuary and ornamental fountains arranged for electrical illumination, the perfect installation of which on the premises, on the newest principles, is regarded as a *sine quâ non* by the Advertiser. The shooting over four or five hundred acres, and the meeting of not less than three packs of hounds in the immediate neighbourhood, with salmon and trout fishing within easy distance of the mansion, are also considered indispensable. Particulars as to the surrounding country gentry are requested. Write also stating whether any recognised race-meeting is held in the immediate vicinity. The distance of the property from town must not be more than half an hour's railway journey, and the inclusive rent must not exceed *five and twenty shillings a week.*



THE POPULAR GAME OF ARTHUR GOLFOUR.

AS UNDERSTOOD BY THE MASS OF THE PUBLIC.

THE DEMON ALPS.

(Our Artist's Dream, after reading the numerous Accidents to Mountain-Climbers.)

ODE TO OZONE.

(By a Poor Paterfamilias.)

"London is a terrible consumer of ozone."
Standard.

AIR—"*The Dutchman's Little Dog.*"

O WHERE and O where, is our treasured Ozone?
O where, and O where can it be?
From London to leeward 'tis utterly gone,
To windward but little floats free.

Since SCHÖNBEIN of Basle discovered the stuff,
We've lived half a cen-tu-ree.
If of it we only could swallow enough,
How healthy, how happy were we!

Condensed form of oxygen, essence of air
That's fresh, or electricitee,
Ozone is the stuff shaken health to repair.
'Tis for it we all fly to the sea!

Solidified Ozone they talk about now,
To be bought in small bricks like pressed tea,
The air that is cheering when breathed on one's brow
In cubic foot-blocks would bring glee.

How pleasant to buy one's Ozone, like one's coal,
And store it up an-nu-al-lee!
And not fly for it to some dull cockney hol
Just because it is dug by the Sea!

Ah yes, let us have it, this needful Ozone,
In portable parcels! Ah me!
No longer need Paterfamilias groan
At the cost of that month by the Sea!

SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTO FOR THE NEW UNIONISM.—(*Dedicated to the Artisan left out in the cold.*)—"In the ambush of my name, strike home!"—*Measure for Measure.*

TO MY UMBRELLA.

'TWERE hard indeed to try to get
A theme without some poem on it—
A vilanelle, a triolet,
An ode, an epic, or a sonnet.
CASTARA's charms were sung of old,
Both SWIFT and SIDNEY wrote to STELLA,
But mine it is to first unfold
The praise of my beloved Umbrella.

You are not difficult to please,
Although no doubt a trifle "knobby;"
Whilst I'm reclining at mine ease,
I leave you standing in the lobby.
I ever treat you thus, and yet
I haven't got a friend who's firmer;
In point of fact, you even let
Me shut you up without a murmur.

Now some seek solace sweet in smoke,
And make a pipe their AMARYLLIS;
So think not that I do but joke
In calling you my darling PHYLLIS.
And though the gossips never spare
For ill-report to seek a handle,
The (indiarubber) ring you wear
Prevents the very thought of scandal.

"Fair weather, friend," we've often heard
Used as a term to throw discredit,
Though clearly it were quite absurd
If speaking of yourself one said it.
When skies are blue (a thing that's rare)
I in the coolest way forsake you,
But when the Forecast tells me "Fair,"
Or "Settled Sunshine," then I take you.

I like to think of one sweet day
When cats and dogs it kept on raining,
(Why "cats and dogs," it's right to say,
Who will oblige me by explaining?)
When someone, who had golden hair,
And I were walking out together,
And underneath your sheltering care,
Were happy spite of wind and weather.

One day I asked a friend to dine,
The friend I most completely trusted.
We sat and chatted o'er the wine,
He liked the port—my fine old crusted.
At length we said "Good-night." He went
But not alone. For to my sorrow
My mind with jealousy was rent,
To find you missing on the morrow.

You had eloped! Yet all the same
I felt quite sure you were his victim,
When back a sorry wreck you came,
I very nearly went and kicked him!
Did Love take wings, and fly away?
Grew my affection less? No, never!
To tell the truth, I'm bound to say
I fondly loved you more than ever!

With him—the man who was my friend—
It's pretty clear you got on badly;
Your ribs, somehow, seem prone to bend,
Your silken dress seems wearing sadly.
It's very hard, I know, to part,
And sentimental feelings smother,
But even though it break my heart,
I'm going, next week, to get another.

EPITAPH ON A PLATE OF VENISON (*a suggestion, at the service of those who collect menu cards*).—"Though lost to sight, to memory dear!"

HISTORY AS SHE IS WROTE!

LAST week the *St. James's Gazette* published an article proving that the Bastille, so far from being a gloomy prison, was the most delightful of hotels. This historical record has, however, caused no surprise in 85, Fleet Street, because the following extract from a very old diary has for years been awaiting publication. The time has now arrived for it to see the light.

GAY MOMENTS AT THE ANCIENT BAILEY.

Newgate, September 29, 17—.—Got up with the assistance of my valet, and held my customary *levée*. The Governor of the place asked my permission to enter my luxuriously furnished apartments,

to show me an amusing set of irons that had been discovered in one of the cells used during the last two hundred years for the storage of fire-wood. The droll things were called the "Little Ease," and seemingly, were intended to create merriment. One of the officers was complacent enough to assume them, and caused great diversion by his eccentric gestures. My *levée* was not quite so successful, as is generally the case, as that tedious old gossip, GUIDO FAUX, obtained admission. As usual he had a grievance. It appears that a report has got abroad that he was executed in the days of our late lamented Monarch, JAMES THE FIRST of Great Britain, and SIXTH of Scotland. Says GUIDO, "If this be believed by the multitude there will be a demand for my expulsion, and what shall I do if I be turned out?" Condoled with him, and escaped his importunities by joining with Master JOHN SHEPPARD, and Squire TURPIN in a game of "Lorne Ten Hys," a recreation recently introduced by my good neighbour Monsieur CLAUDE DU VAL. Failed in making a goal, and put out thereat. However, regained my usual flow of spirits on receiving a polite request from the Governor to join him and his good Dame in a visit to the Tower of London, to call upon Lady JANE GREY—once Queen—and now a guest in that admirable institution. Was graciously received by Her Ladyship, who is now of advanced age. Her Ladyship was vastly amused at the news that had reached her that some chroniclers do insist that she has lost her head. "I have in good sooth lost my teeth," laughed the venerable gentlewoman; "but my head is as firmly set upon my shoulders as ever. I do verily believe that it must be some mad piece of waggery of that Prince of good fellows, Sir WALTER RALEIGH. The aged Knight is always up to some of his nonsense!" After playing a game of quoits with Lord BALMARINO and the Tower Headsman (whose office is a well-paid sinecure), I returned to Newgate, greatly pleased with my morning's promenade. In the afternoon, entertained the Governor at dinner, who declared that he could never get so good a meal in his own quarters. "Strap me, no!" I exclaimed; "and, were it not that our food was excellent, who would stay at Newgate?" For I confess that, although there are pleasure-gardens, and every sort of amusement and comfort, Newgate, at times, is decidedly damp. Then I raised a glass of punch to my lips, and wished him the same luck that I myself enjoyed. "And that I had!" quoth he. "Would I were prisoner instead of Governor. But it would not be meet. I am not a man of sufficient quality!" And now I must bring this entry to a conclusion, for there is to be a theatrical performance in the dining-hall. Little DAVID GARRICK is to play the principal male character, while Mistress NELLIE GWYNE, Mistress SIDDONS, and Mistress PEG WOFFINGTON, are also in the cast. The title of the piece is *Hamlet*, and I am told it is written by a young man new to Town. The name of the author is either SHAKSPEARE or SMITH. I am not sure which, but think SMITH.

* * * * * *

P.S.—Open my Diary once again. *Hamlet* a poor piece. It is now said that it was written by BACON or BUCHANAN. Of the former I know nothing, and posterity must discover the identity of the latter. For the rest, if again I am pressed to go to the Play—strap me! but, comfortable as I am, I will pack up my traps, and be off from Newgate—for ever!

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(*Before* Mr. COMMISSIONER PUNCH.)

A Shareholder in a Gas Company introduced.

The Commissioner (*sharply*). Well, Sir, what is it?

Shareholder. I have come to complain about the Gas Companies——

The Com. I am not surprised. They are generally causing some one or other trouble.

Shareh. No, I beg your pardon, Sir, but you misunderstand me. I am interested in the prosperity of Gas Companies——

The Com. Then I pity you, for they are certain, sooner or later, to be superseded by the Electric Light.

Shareh. Will you allow me to continue? I am annoyed that some one has been complaining in the *Times* that "A Chief of a Rental Department" (invariably a person of the highest respectability) has a right to the title of "an arbitrary cove!"

The Com. No doubt someone (who showed his wisdom in appealing to so powerful a tribunal) gave his reasons?

Shareh. Well, yes; he certainly had been served with a demand to pay £1 4*s.* 10*d.* within three days, to "prevent the necessity" of the gas supply to his premises being discontinued at a time when he and his family were out of Town, and his house was closed for the recess.

The Com. Primâ facie, that seems a strong order! And I suppose the complainant wrote to the Gas Company, and got no redress?

Shareh. Well, yes. But then, you see, this demand for payment within three days may have been a final notice.

The Com. (*drily*). Seems to have been very final indeed! Was there anything on the face of the notice to distinguish it from an ordinary unstamped circular?

Shareh. No, I believe not. But, then, possibly, the account had been submitted to him before.

The Com. How do you know? Speaking from my own experience, a demand-note is generally left at the house when the master is away, and the Collector does not take the slightest trouble to *collect* the money. He leaves it to chance whether the money is *sent* or not. Surely *you* must know that in your character of a householder?

Shareh. Well, yes; I fancy that the collector does sometimes act in a very perfunctory manner.

The Com. And that servants frequently are unable to distinguish between the open circular of a Gas Company asking for the settlement of an account, and the open circular of a touting coal merchant asking for custom? And when this happens, both find a home in the dust-hole. Is not that so?

Shareh. Well, yes—very likely—but the law is——

The Com. (*sternly*). The Law and its name should not be lightly taken in vain. I have seen on a Gas Company's circular the terrors of a statute invoked to secure prompt payment of a few shillings! After all, the Gas Companies (albeit monopolists) are merely traders, and the Public are the customers. If a butcher, a baker, or a candle-stick maker invariably attempted to secure immediate payment by reference on the invoice to the usefulness of the County Court, it is more than possible that that butcher, that baker, or that candle-stick maker, would speedily have to retire from business and the Bankruptcy column of *The London Gazette*. Thus Gas Companies, who adopt a like unpleasant tone, are regarded as the natural enemies of the Public generally. You have a grievance—as a shareholder of one of these Associations—but this is not the place to obtain redress. If you want to improve your position, keep your eye upon your *employés*, and teach them the meaning of that well-worn phrase, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re!* You may go!

[*The Witness then retired, with difficulty repressing a painful exhibition of the most acute emotion.*

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PASS IT BY IF YOU LIKE, BUT IT IS TRUE!

WHAT MIND CAN GRASP THE LOSS TO MANKIND, and the misery entailed, that those figures reveal? What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death! to say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes arising from the loss of the bread winners of families.

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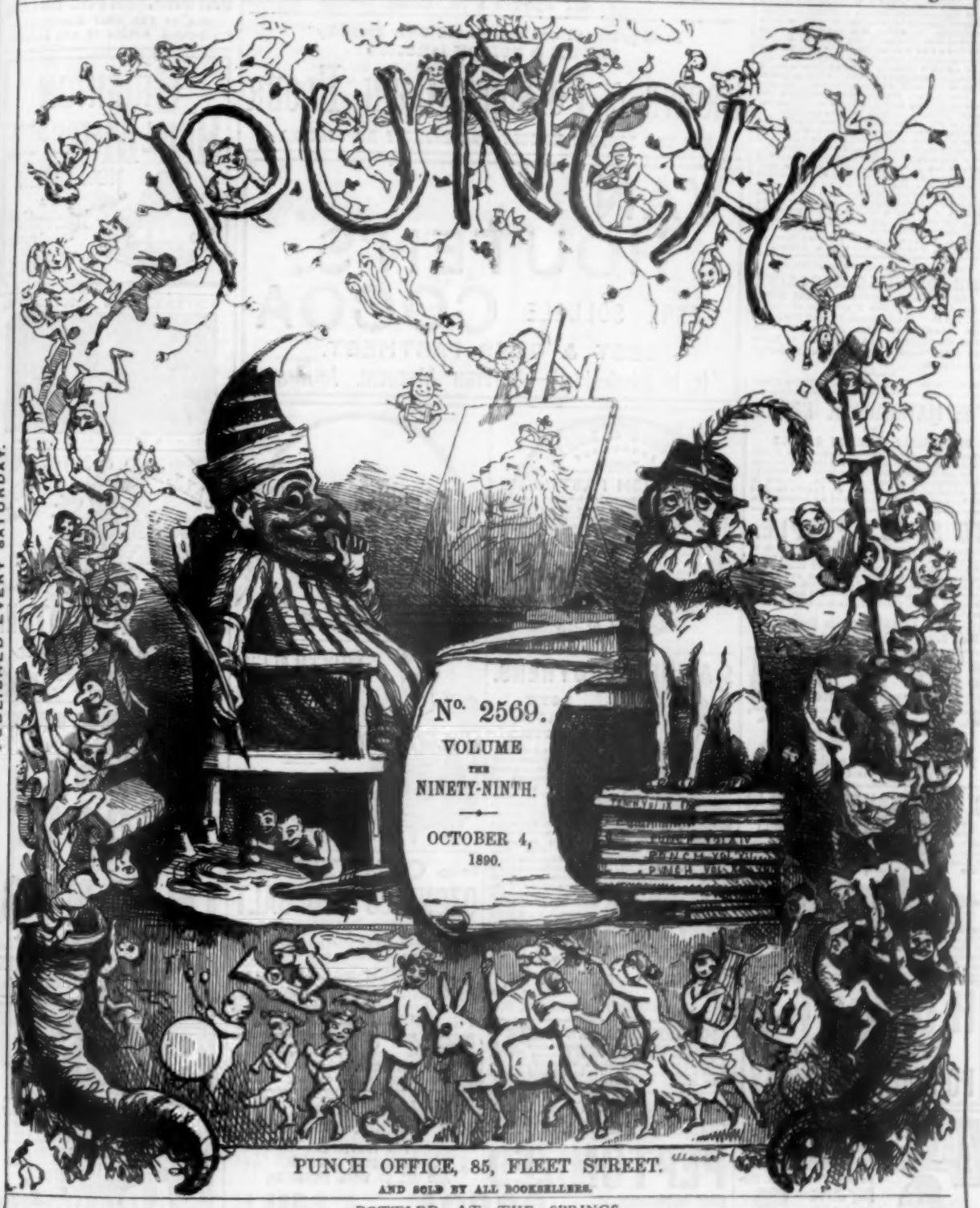

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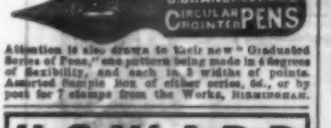

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MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

NEW SERIES.—IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

This age has been called an Age of Progress, an Age of Reform, an Age of Intellect, an Age of Shams; everything in fact except an Age of Prizes. And yet, it is perhaps as an Age of Prizes that it is destined to be chiefly remembered. The humble but frantic solver of Acrostics has had his turn, the correct expounder of the law of Hard Cases has by this time established a complete code of etiquette; the doll-dresser, the epigram-maker, the teller of witty stories, the calculator who can discover by an instinct the number of letters in a given page of print, all have displayed their ingenuity, and have been magnificently rewarded by prizes varying in value from the mere publication of their names, up to a policy of life insurance, or a completely furnished mansion in Peckham Rye. In fact, it has been calculated by competent actuaries that taking a generation at about thirty-three years, and making every reasonable allowance for errors of postage, stoppage *in transitu*, fraudulent bankruptcies and unauthorised conversions, 120 per cent. of all persons alive in Great Britain and Ireland in any given day of twenty-four hours, must have received a prize of some sort.

Novelists, however, have not as yet received a prize of any sort, at least as novelists. The reproach is about to be removed. A prize of £1000 has been offered for the best novel by the Editor of a newspaper. The most distinguished writers are, so it is declared, entered for the Competition, but only the name of the prize-winner is to be revealed, only the prize-winning novel is to be published. Such at least has been the assurance given to all the eminent authors by the Editor in question. But *Mr. Punch* laughs at other people's assurances, and by means of powers conferred upon him by himself for that purpose, he has been able to obtain access to all the novels hitherto sent in, and will now publish a selection of Prize Novels, together with the names of their authors, and a few notes of his own, wherever the text may seem to require them.

In acting thus *Mr. Punch* feels, in the true spirit of the newest and the Reviewest of Reviews, that he is conferring a favour on the authors concerned by allowing them the publicity of these columns. Sometimes pruning and condensation may be necessary. The operation will be performed as kindly as circumstances permit. It is hardly necessary to add that *Mr. Punch* will *give his own prize in his own way, and at his own time*, to the author he may deem the best. And herewith *Mr. Punch* gives a specimen of—

No. I.—ONE MAN IN A COAT.

(*By* ABBY O. K. ABBY, *Author of "Stige Fices," "Cheap Words of a Chippy Chappie," etcetterer.*)

[PREFATORY NOTE.—This Novel was carefully wrapped up in some odd leaves of MARK TWAIN'S *Innocents Abroad*, and was accompanied by a letter in which the author declared that the book was worth £3000, but that "to save any more blooming trouble," he would be willing to take the prize of £1000 by return of post, and say no more about it.—ED.]

CHAPTER I.

It was all the Slavey what got us into the mess. Have you ever noticed what a way a Slavey has of snuffling and saying, "Lor, Sir, oo'd 'a thought it?" on the slightest provocation. She comes into your room just as you are about to fill your finest two-handed meerschaum with Navy-cut, and looks at you with a far-away look in her eyes, and a wisp of hair winding carelessly round the neck of her print dress. You murmur something in an insinuating way about that box of Vestas you bought last night from the blind man who stands outside "The Old King of Prussia" pub round the corner. Then one of her hairpins drops into the fireplace, and you rush to pick it up, and she rushes at the same moment, and your head goes crack against her head, and you see some stars, and a weary kind of sensation comes over you, and just as you feel inclined to send for the cat's-meat man down the next court to come and fetch you away to the Dogs' Home, in bounces your landlady, and with two or three "Well, I nevers!" and "There's an impert'nent 'ussey, for you!" nearly bursts the patent non-combustible bootlace you lent her last night to hang the brass looket round her neck by.

POTTLE says his landlady 's different, but then POTTLE always was a rum 'un, and nobody knows what old rag-and-bone shop he gets his landladies from. I always get mine only at the best places, and advise everybody else to do the same. I mentioned this once to BILL MOSER, who looks after the calico department in the big store in the High Street, but he only sniffed, and said, "Garne, you don't know everythink!" which was rude of him. I might have given him one for himself just then, but I didn't. I always was a lamb; but I made up my mind that next time I go into the ham-and-beef shop kept by old Mother MOSER I'll say something about "'orses from Belgium" that the old lady won't like.

Did you ever go into a ham-and-beef shop? It's just like this. I went into MOSER'S last week. Just when I got in I tripped over some ribs of beef lying in the doorway, and before I had time to say I preferred my beef without any boot-blacking, I fell head-first against an immense sirloin on the parlour table. Mrs. MOSER called all the men who were loafing around, and all the boys and girls, and they carved away at the sirloin for five hours without being able to get my head out. At last an old gentleman, who was having his dinner there, said he couldn't bear whiskers served up as a vegetable with his beef. Then they knew they'd got near my face, so they sent away the Coroner and pulled me out, and when I got home my coat-tail pockets were full of old ham-bones. The boy did that—young varmint! I'll ham-bone him when I catch him next!

His Reverence. "DINNER, 7·30. I'LL GIVE YOU A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S GRACE!"

His Irreverence. "THEN COMMENCE AT 7·30, AND I'LL BE THERE AT 7·45!"

CHAPTER II.

LET me see, what was I after? Oh, yes, I remember. I was going to tell you about our Slavey and the pretty pickle she got us into. I'm not sure it wasn't POTTLE'S fault. I said to him, just as he was wiping his mouth on the back of his hand after his fourth pint of shandy-gaff, "POTTLE, my boy," I said, "you're no end of a chap for shouting 'Cash forward!' so that all the girls in the shop hear you and say to one another, 'My, what a lovely voice that young POTTLE'S got!' But you're not much good at helping a pal to order a new coat, nor for the matter of that, in helping him to try it on." But POTTLE only hooked up his nose and looked scornful. Well, when the coat came home the Slavey brought it up, and put it on my best three-legged chair, and then flung out of the room with a toss of her head, as much as to say, "'Ere's extravagance!" First! I looked at the coat, and then the coat seemed to look at me. Then I lifted it up and put it down again, and sent out for three-ha'porth of gin. Then I tackled the blooming thing again. One arm went in with a ten-horse power shove. Next I tried the other. After no end of fumbling I found the sleeve. "In you go!" I said to my arm, and in he went, only it happened to be the breast-pocket. I jammed, the pocket creaked, but I jammed hardest, and in went my fist, and out went the pocket.

Then I sat down, tired and sad, and the lodging-house cat came in and lapped up the milk for my tea, and MOSER'S bull-dog just looked me up, and went off with the left leg of my trousers, and the landlady's little boy peeped round the door and cried. "Oh, Mar, the poor gentleman's red in the face—I'm sure he's on fire!" And the local fire-brigade was called up, and they pumped on me for ten minutes, and then wrote "Inextinguishable" in their note-books, and went home; and all the time I couldn't move, because my arms were stuck tight in a coat two sizes too small for me.

CHAPTER III.

THE Slavey managed——

[No, thank you. No more.—ED.]

FAVOURITE TOOL OF RAILWAY COMPANIES.—A Screw-Driver!

"C'EST MAGNIFIQUE! MAIS——"

Mr. Bull (Paymaster). "Well, what do you think of it?"
Mr. Punch (Umpire-in Chief). "Fine Rider—fine Horse! But—as a Cavalry Soldier—has to learn his business!"

["How then about the British Cavalry of September, 1890? A spectator who has taken part in modern regular war, and has watched the manœuvres, said one day to me when I accosted him, in an apologetic tone, 'I have hitherto done your Army injustice; I will not do so again; I had no idea how well your officers and your troopers ride,—they are very fine horsemen.' There he stopped; I waited for more, but he had ended; his silence was a crushing criticism, unintentionally too severe, but very true . . . . I assert, therefore, that at this moment, our Cavalry is inefficient, and not prepared for war."—*The Times Military Correspondent.*]

Air—"*Tally-Ho!*" (*from the Balliol Song-Book.*)

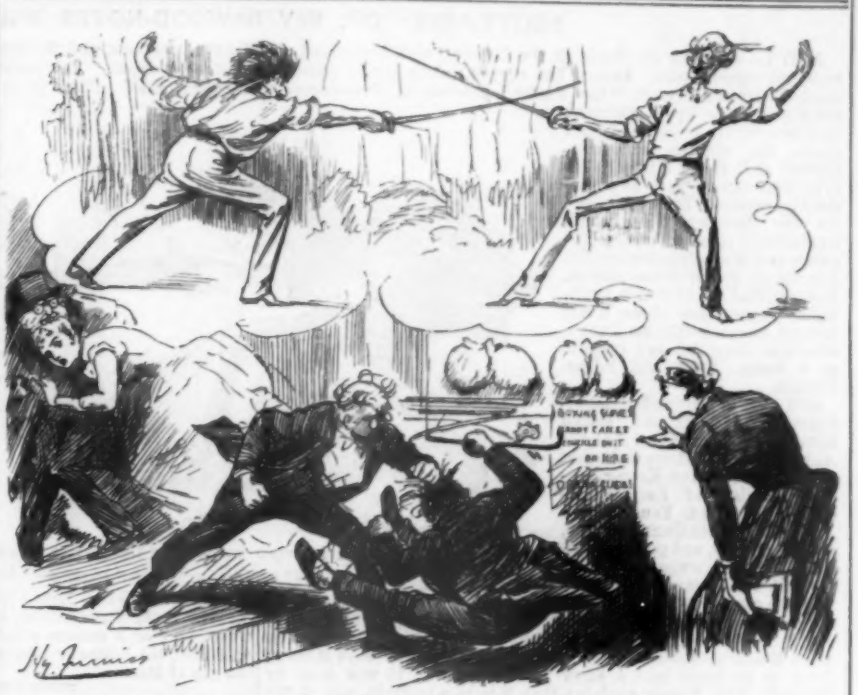
"Of all the recreations with which mortal man is blest
(Says Balliol's Song) "fox-hunting still is pleasantest and best."

A Briton in the saddle is a picture, and our pride,
In scarlet or in uniform at least our lads can *ride*.
Away, away they go,
With a tally, tally-ho!
With a tally, tally, tally, tally, tally, tally-ho!

But riding, for our Cavalry, is, after all, not all.
To lead the field, to leap a fence, to bravely face a fall,
Are well enough. And first-rate stuff from the hunting-field may come,
But something more is wanted when Bellona beats her drum,
And calls our lads to go,
With a rally, rally-ho! &c.

Good men and rattling horses are not all that England needs;
She wants sound knowledge in the men, and training in the steeds.
Scouting and reconnaissance are not needed for the fox,
Nor "leading in big masses" for the furious final shocks,
When away the troopers go,
With a rally, rally, ho! &c.

But when a squadron charges on the real field of war,
Courage and a good seat alone will not go very far;
Our lads must "know their business," and their officers must "lead,"
Not with cross-country dash alone, but skill and prudent heed,
When away the troopers go,
With a rally, rally, ho! &c.



JOURNALISM IN FRANCE. JOURNALISM IN ENGLAND.
(A CONTRAST.)

War's field will test the Cavalry, or clad in blue or red;
In all things they must "thorough" be, as well as thorough-bred.
"Heavy" or "light," they 'll have to *fight;* not such mad, headlong fray,
As marked for fame with pride—and shame—that Balaklava day,
When away our lads did go,
With a rally, rally, ho! &c.

Eh? "Inefficient," Mr. Bull, "and not prepared for war?"
That judgment, if 'tis *near* the truth, on patriot souls must jar.
And *Mr. Punch* (Umpire-in-Chief) to John (Paymaster), cries,
"You 'll have to test the truth of this before the need arise
For our lads away to go,
With a rally, rally-ho!" &c

And since that Soldier's incomplete for *Duty* unprepared,
Although he 's game to dare the worst that ever Briton dared,
To supplement our trooper's skill in saddle, pluck and dash, [*cash!*
You must have more manœuvres, John, and—if needs be,—*more*
Then away away we 'll go
With a tally rally-ho!
And never be afraid to face the strongest, fiercest foe!

HAD HE SUCCEEDED!

(*A Possible Page in French History that probably will never be written.*)

The General-President had been established at the Elysée for some three months, when his *aides-de-camp* found their labours considerably increased. At all hours of the day and night they were called up to receive persons who desired an interview with their chief and master. As they had received strict orders from His Highness never to appear in anything but full uniform (cloth of gold tunics, silver-tissue trousers, and belts and epaulettes of diamonds) they spent most of their time in changing their costume.

"I am here to see anyone and everyone," said His Highness; "but I look to you, Gentlemen of the Ring, I should say Household, to see that I am disturbed by only those who have the right of *entrée*. And now, *houp-là!* You can go."

Thus dismissed, the unfortunate *aides-de-camp* could but bow, and retire in silence. But, though they gave no utterance to their thoughts, their reflections were of a painful character. They felt what with five reviews a day, to say nothing of what might be termed scenes in the circle (attendances at the Bois, dances at the Hôtel de Ville, and the like), their entire exhaustion was only a question of weeks, or even days.

One morning the General-President, weary of interviews, was about to retire into his *salle-à-manger*, there to discuss the twenty-five courses of his simple *déjeuner à la fourchette*, when he was stopped by a person in a garb more remarkable for its eccentricity than its richness. This person wore a coat with tails a yard long, enormous boots, a battered hat, and a red wig. A close observer would have doubted whether his nose was real or artificial. The strangely-garbed intruder bowed grotesquely.

"What do you want with me?" asked the General-President, sharply. "Do you not know I am busy?"

"Not too busy to see me," retorted the unwelcome guest, striking up a lively tune upon a banjo which he had concealed about his person while passing the Palace Guard, but which he now produced. "I pray you step with me a measure."

Thus courteously invited, His Highness could but comply, and for some ten minutes host and guest indulged in a breakdown.

"And now, what do you want with me?" asked the General-President when the dance had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

"My reward," was the prompt reply.

"Reward!" echoed His Highness. "Why, my good friend, I have refused a Royal Duke, an Imperial Prince, a Powerful Order, and any number of individuals, who have made a like demand."

"Ah! but they did not do so much for you as I did."

"Well, I don't know," returned the General-President, "but they parted with their gold pretty freely."

"Gold!" retorted the visitor, contemptuously, "I gave you more than gold. From me you had notes. Where would you have been without my songs?" He took off his false nose, and thus enabled the General-President to recognise the "Pride of the Music Halls!"

"You will find I am not ungrateful," said the Chief of the State, with difficulty suppressing his emotion.

His Highness was as good as his word. The next night at the *Café des Ambassadeurs* there was a novel attraction. An old favourite was described in the *affiches* as *le Duc de Nouveau-Cirque*.

The reception that old favourite received in the course of the evening was fairly, but not too cordial. But enthusiasm and hilarity reached fever-heat when, on turning his face from them, the audience discovered that their droll was wearing (in a somewhat grotesque fashion) the *grand cordon* of the Legion of Honour on his back! Then it was felt that France *must* be safe in the hands of a man whose sense of the fitness of things rivalled the taste of the pig whose soul soared above the charm of pearls!

SCOTT-FREE; OR, RAVENSWOOD-NOTES WILD.

ACT I.—A grand old Castle in the distance, with foreground of rude and rugged rocks. Around the rugged rocks a quaint funeral service. Henry Irving, "the Master" not only of *Ravenswood*, but the art of acting (as instanced by a score of fine impersonations), flouts the veteran comedian, Howe; and, Howe attired? He is in some strange garb as a nondescript parson. Then "Master" (as the *Sporting Times* would irreverently speak of him) soliloquises over Master's father's coffin. Arrival of *Sir William Ashton*. Row and flashing of steel in torchlight. Appearance of one lovely beyond compare—Ellen Terry, otherwise *Lucy Ashton*; graceful as a Swan. Swan and Edgar. Curtain.

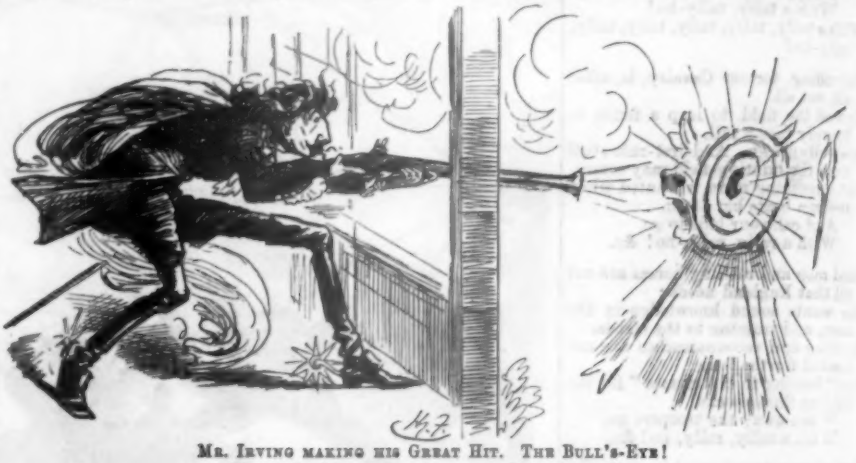
ACT II.—Library and Armoury. Convenient swords and loaded blunderbusses. *Lord Keeper Ashton* appears. Quite right that there should be the Keeper present, in view of *Lucy* subsequently going mad. Young *Henry Ashton*, the youth Gordon Craig, a lad of promise, and performance, has the entire stage to himself for full two minutes, to show what he can do with a speech descriptive of some pictures. Master alone with Keeper, suggests duel. Why arms in Library, unless duel? Fight about to commence according to Queensberry rules, when Master sees portrait. Whose? *Lucy's*? "No," says Master; "not to be taken in. I know Lucy's picture; it was done by 'Ward.'" The Keeper explains that this is a portrait, not of the author of *The History of Two Parliaments*, and *Fleecing Gideon*, but of his daughter *Lucy*, which has never yet been seen in any exhibition or loan collection. "Oho," says Master, "then I won't fight a chap who has a daughter like that." Ha! Mad bull "heard without"—one of the "herd without,"—Master picks up blunderbuss, no blunder, makes a hit and saves a miss; *i.e.*, *Lucy*. What shall he have who kills the bull with a bull'it? Why, a tent at Cowshot, near Bisley.

Next Scene.—Wolf's Crag. Grand picture—thunder—music—Dr. Mackenzie—Mr. Macintosh—"the two Macs"—doing excellent work in orchestra, and on stage—storm—Miss Marriott admirable as old Witch—red light in fire-grate—blank verse by Merivale, and on we go to

What Mr. Mackintosh ought to have done. "Balancing the Feather." An entertainment on the sands.

ACT III.—A Scene never to be forgotten—the Mermaiden's Well (quite well, thank you), by Hawes Craven, henceforth to be Hawes McCravenswood. Pines, heather, sunlight, and two picturesque lovers, Master and Miss, exchanging vows. Master gloomy, Miss lively. Miss promises to become Missus. Enter Master's future Modern Mother-in-law. Intended to be vindictive, but really a comfortable and comely body. Might be *Mrs. McBouncer* in *McBox and McCox*. Naturally enough, off goes Master to France.

ACT IV.—Another splendid scene. Magnificently attired, *Hayston of Bucklaw* attempts to raise a laugh. Success. *Mrs. MacBouncer* coerces *Lucy* in white satin to sign the fatal contract that will settle Master. Ah! that awful laugh—far more tragic than the one secured by *Bucklaw!* It is *Lucy* going mad! She has already shown signs of incipient insanity by calling Mr. Howe, otherwise *Bide-the-Bent*, a "holy Father,"—much to that excellent comedian's surprised content. Contract signed. Return of "Master." *Dénoûment* must be seen to be appreciated. Here McMerivale bids Sir Walter good-bye, and finishes in his own way. Last scene of all, and the loveliest. The earliest rays of the sun shining on the advancing tide! *Caleb* picks up all that is left of "Master"—a feather! With Miss Ellen, Master Henry, McMarriott, McMerivale, Mackintosh, Mackenzie, and Hawes McCravenswood, here is a success which the advancing tide of popular favour will float till Easter or longer, and will then leave a new feather in the cap of Master.



Mr. Irving making his Great Hit. The Bull's-Eye!
After such a hit,—"there is no cause for fear now!"

AN EMPEROR'S WILL.

[The German Emperor is an accomplished Sportsman. He appears to be able to bring down his birds at will.—*Daily News.*]

Would you like to be an Emperor, and wear a golden crown,
With fifty different uniforms for every single day;
To make the nations shudder with the semblance of a frown,
And, if Bismarcks should oppose you, just to order them away?
With your actions autocratic,
And your poses so dramatic;
Yours the honour and the glory, while the country pays the bill,
With your shouting sempiternal,
And your Grandmamma a Colonel,
And the power—which is best of all—to shoot your birds by will.

Then the joy of galloping with a helmet and a sword,
While the thunder of your cannons wakes the echoes from afar.
And if, while you're in Germany, you happen to be bored,
Why, you rush away to Russia, and you call upon the Czar.
With your wordy perorations,
And your peaceful proclamations,
While you grind the nation's manhood in your military mill.
And whenever skies look pleasant
Out you go and shoot a pheasant,
Or as many as you want to, with your double-barrelled will.

You can always flout your father, too—he's dead, but never mind;
He and all who dream as he did are much better in their graves.
And you cross the sea to Osborne, and, if Grandmamma be kind,
You become a British Admiral, and help to rule the waves;
With Jack Tars to say "Ay, Ay, Sir!"
To this nautical young Kaiser,
Who is like the waves he sails on, since he never can be still.
Who to every other blessing
Adds the proud one of possessing
A gun-replacing, bird-destroying, game-bag-filling will.

"Hats Off!"—Mr. Edward Crossley, M.P., is to be congratulated on a narrow escape, according to the report in the *Times* last week. During service in the Free Church at Brodick, some portion of the ceiling gave way, Mr. Crossley was covered with plaster—better to be covered with plaster before than after an accident—and "*his hat was cut to pieces.*" From which it is to be inferred that "hats are much worn" during Divine service in the Free Church, as in the Synagogue. And so no fanatic can be admitted who has "a tile off." How fortunate for Mr. E. Crossley that this ancient custom of the Hebrews is still observed in the Free Kirk. Since then Mr. Crossley has bought a new tile, and is, therefore, perfectly re-covered.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Baron says that he has scarcely been able to get through the first morning of *The Last Days of Palmyra*, which story, so far, reminds him—it being the fashion just now to mention Cardinal Newman's works—of the latter's *Callista*. And *à propos* of *Callista* let me refer my readers to one of the best written articles on the Cardinal that I have seen. It is to be found in *Good Words* for October, and is by Mr. R. H. Hutton. The Baron is coaching himself up for a visit to the Lyceum to see *Ravenswood*, of which, on all hands, he hears so much that is good. What a delightful scene where *Caleb* steals the wild-fowl from the spit, and the subsequent one, where *Dame Lightbody* cuffs the astonished little bairn's head! "As fresh to me," protests the Baron, "laughing in my chair, as I have been doing but a minute ago, as it was when I read it, the Council and Kirk-session only know how long ago!" And this farcical scene was considered so "grotesquely and absurdly extravagant" by Sir Walter's contemporary critics (peace be to their hashes! Who *were* they? What were their names? Who cares?) that the great novelist actually explains how the incident was founded on one in real life.

Reviewing.

Now to my books. Gadzooks, what's here? Another volume of *Obiter Dicta*? By one author this time, for if my memory fails me not, the previous little book was writ by two scribes. Well, no matter—or rather lots of matter—and by Augustine Birrell, who represents *Obiter* and *Dicta* too. With an unclassical false quantity anyone who so chooses to unscholarise himself, can speak of him as the *O'Biter*, so sharp and pungent are some of his remarks. Ah! here is something on Lamb. For me, quoth the Baron, Lamb is always in season, serve up the dish with what trimmings you may, but, if you please, no sauce. Size and shape are the only things against friend *Obiter*. It is not what this sort of book ought to be, portable and potable, like the craftily qualified contents of a pocket-flask, refreshing on a tedious journey. Had *Obiter* been the size of either *The Handy Volume Shakespeare*, or of Messrs. Routledge's Redbacks—both the Baron's prime favourites—the Baron would have been able to dip into it more frequently, as he would into that same pocket-flask aforementioned.

"Next, please!" Blackie's *Modern Cyclopedia*. Vol. VII., so we're getting along. I'll just cast my eye over it; one eye, not two, says the Baron, out of compliment to the Cyclops. This Volume deals with the letters "P," "R," "S," and any person wishing to master a few really interesting subjects for dinner conversation will read and learn up all about Procyon, Pizemysi, and Pyrheliometer, Quotelet, Quintal, and Quito, Regulus, Ramazan, Rheumatism, Rhynchops, Rum-Shrub, and Rupar, Samoyedes, Semiquaver, Sahjehanpur, Silket, Sinter, and Size. When it is known what a gay conversationalist he is, he may induce some one to put him up for a cheery Club, where he will be Blackie-balled. Still, by studying the Cyclopedia carefully, with a view to being ready with words for charades and dumb-crambo during the festive Christmastide, he may once again achieve a certain amount of popularity, on which, as on fresh laurels, he had better retire.

"Next, please!" *How Stanley Wrote his Darkest Africa*. By Mr. E. Marston. A most interesting little book, published by Sampson Low & Co., illustrated with excellent photographs, and with a couple of light easy sketches, by, I suppose, the Author, which makes the Baron regret that he didn't do more of them. "Buy it," says the Baron. The Baron recommends the perusal of this little book, if only to understand the full meaning of the old proverbial expression "Going on a wild-goose chase." The author is a wonderfully rapid-act traveller. He apparently can "run" round every principal city in Europe and see everything that's worth seeing in it in about an hour and a half at most. In this manner, and by not comprehending a word of the language wherever he is, or at all events only a very few of the words, he continues to pick up much curious information which probably would be novel to slower coaches than himself.

Interesting account of Josef Israels in the *Magazine of Art*; but his portrait makes him look gigantic, which Josef is in Art, but not in stature. Those who "know not Josef," if any such there be, will learn much about him, and desire to know more. "Baroness," says the Baron, "you are right: let Hostesses and all dinner-givers read 'Some Humours of the Cuisine' in *The Woman's World*." The parodies of the style of Mr. Pater, and of a translation of a Tolstoian Romance in *The Cornhill Magazine*, are capital. In the same number, "Farmhouse Notes" are to The Baron like the Rule of Three in the ancient rhyme to the youthful student, —"it puzzles *me*." It includes a few anecdotes of some Farm'ous Persons; so perhaps the title is a crypto-punnygraph.

All Etonians should possess *The English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan's), 1889-90, for the sake of the series of papers and the pictures of Eton College. There is also an interesting paper on the Beefsteak Room at the Lyceum by Frederick Hawkins. Delightful Beefsteak Room! What pleasant little suppers—— But no matter—my supper time is past—"Too late, too late, you cannot enter here," ought to be the warning inscribed over every Club or other supper-room, addressed chiefly to those who are of the Middle Ages, as is the mediæval

Baron de Book-Worms.

FASHIONS IN PHYSIC.

[The President of the British Pharmaceutical Conference lately drew attention to the prevalence of fashion in medicine.]

A fashion in physic, like fashions in frills:
The doctors at one time are mad upon pills;
And crystalline principles now have their day,
Where alkaloids once held an absolute sway.
The drugs of old times might be good, but it's true,
We discard them in favour of those that are new.

The salts and the senna have vanished, we fear,
As the poet has said, like the snows of last year;
And where is the mixture in boyhood we quaff'd,
That was known by the ominous name of Black Draught?
While Gregory's Powder has gone, we are told,
To the limbo of drugs that are worn out and old.

New fads and new fancies are reigning supreme,
And calomel one day will be but a dream;
While folks have asserted a chemist might toil
Through his shelves, and find out he had no castor oil;
While as to Infusions, they 've long taken wings,
And they 'd think you quite mad for prescribing such things.

The fashion to-day is a tincture so strong,
That, if dosing yourself, you are sure to go wrong.
What men learnt in the past they say brings them no pelf,
And the well-tried old remedies rest on the shelf.
But the patient may haply exclaim, "Don't be rash,
Lest your new-fangled physic should settle my hash!"

"Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star!"—Professor John Tyndall wrote to T. W. Russell last week commencing:—"Here, in the Alps, at the height of more than 7,000 feet above the sea, have I read your letter to the *Times* on 'the War in Tipperary.'" Prodigious! "7,000 feet" up in the air. "How's that for high?" as the Americans say. How misty his views must be in this cloudland—and that the Professor's writing should be above the heads of the people, goes without saying.

Female Athleticism.—If Ladies go in for "the gloves," not as formerly by the coward's blow on the lips of a sleeping victim—often uncommonly wide-awake—the noble art of self-defence can be taught under the head of "Millin-ery."

"Change of Air—Wanted," by a party much broken up, a new tune to replace the "*Boulanger March!*" If the new tune cannot be found, we can at least suggest a change of title for the old one. So, instead of "*En revenant de la Revue*," let it be "*En rêvant à la Revue*." It should commence brilliantly, then intermediate variations, in which sharps and flats would play a considerable part, and, finally, after a chromatic scale, down not up, of accidentals, it should finish in the minor *rallentando diminuendo*, and end like the comic overture (whose we forget—Haydn's?), where all the performers sneak off, and the conductor is left alone in his glory.

The British Fire Brigade representatives took with them a dog, to be presented to President Carnot. Why only one dog? Two fire-dogs are to be found on the hearth of every old French Château. Why only half do it?

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

Brown (whose prize St. Bernard has just snatched a fillet of Veal from a Butcher's slab). "HI! COME AND TAKE YOUR CONFOUNDED MEAT AWAY FROM HIM! *HE'S EATING THE SKEWERS!*"

"DEATH AND HIS BROTHER SLEEP."

Queen Mab.

[Major MARINDIN, in his Report to the Board of Trade on the railway collision at Eastleigh, attributes it to the engine-driver and stoker having "failed to keep a proper look-out." His opinion is, that both men were "asleep, or nearly so," owing to having been on duty for sixteen hours and a-half. "He expresses himself in very strong terms on the great danger to the public of working engine-drivers and firemen for too great a number of hours."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

Who is in charge of the clattering train?
The axles creak, and the couplings strain.
Ten minutes behind at the Junction. Yes!
And we're twenty now to the bad—no less!
We must make it up on our flight to town.
Clatter and crash! That's the last train down,
Flashing by with a steamy trail.
Pile on the fuel! We must not fail.
At every mile we a minute must gain!
Who is in charge of the clattering train?

Why, flesh and blood, as a matter of course!
You may talk of iron, and prate of force;
But, after all, and do what you can,
The best—and cheapest—machine is Man!
Wealth knows it well, and the hucksters feel
'Tis safer to trust them to sinew than steel.
With a bit of brain, and a conscience, behind,
Muscle works better than steam or wind.
Better, and longer, and harder all round;
And cheap, so cheap! Men superabound
Men stalwart, vigilant, patient, bold; [cold,
The stokehole's heat and the crow's-nest's
The choking dusk of the noisome mine,
The northern blast o'er the beating brine,
With dogged valour they coolly brave;
So on rattling rail, or on wind-scourged wave,
At engine lever, at furnace front,
Or steersman's wheel, *they* must bear the brunt
Of lonely vigil or lengthened strain.
Man is in charge of the thundering train!

Man, in the shape of a modest chap
In fustian trousers and greasy cap;
A trifle stolid, and something gruff,
Yet, though unpolished, of sturdy stuff.
With grave grey eyes, and a knitted brow,
The glare of sun and the gleam of snow
Those eyes have stared on this many a year.
The crow's-feet gather in mazes queer
About their corners most apt to choke
With grime of fuel and fume of smoke.
Little to tickle the artist taste—
An oil-can, a fist-full of "cotton waste,"
The lever's click and the furnace gleam,
And the mingled odour of oil and steam;
These are the matters that fill the brain
Of the Man in charge of the clattering train.

Only a Man, but away at his back,
In a dozen cars, on the steely track,
A hundred passengers place their trust
In this fellow of fustian, grease, and dust.
They cheerily chat, or they calmly sleep,
Sure that the driver *his* watch will keep
On the night-dark track, that he will not fail.
So the thud, thud, thud of wheel upon rail
The hiss of steam-spurts athwart the dark,
Lull them to confident drowsiness. Hark!

What is that sound? 'Tis the stertorous breath
Of a slumbering man,—and it smacks of death!

Full sixteen hours of continuous toil
Midst the fume of sulphur, the reek of oil,
Have told their tale on the man's tired brain,
And Death is in charge of the clattering train!

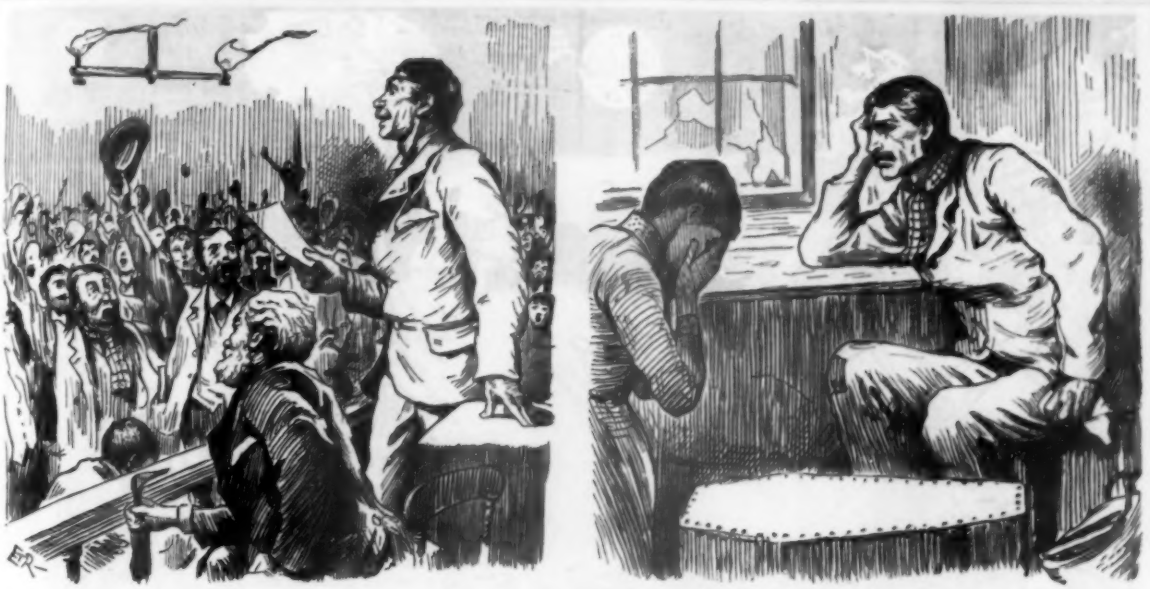
Sleep—Death's brother, as poets deem,
Stealeth soft to his side; a dream
Of home and rest on his spirit creeps,
That wearied man, as the engine leaps,
Throbbing, swaying along the line;
Those poppy-fingers his head incline
Lower, lower, in slumber's trance;
The shadows fleet, and the gas-gleams dance
Faster, faster in mazy flight,
As the engine flashes across the night.
Mortal muscle and human nerve
Cheap to purchase, and stout to serve,
Strained *too* fiercely will faint and swerve.
Over-weighted, and underpaid,
This human tool of exploiting Trade,
Though tougher than leather, tenser than steel.
Fails at last, for his senses reel. [eyes,
His nerves collapse, and, with sleep-sealed
Prone and helpless a log he lies!
A hundred hearts beat placidly on,
Unwitting they that their warder's gone;
A hundred lips are babbling blithe,
Some seconds hence they in pain may writhe.
For the pace is hot, and the points are near,
And Sleep hath deadened the driver's ear;
And signals flash through the night in vain.
Death is in charge of the clattering train!

"WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GIRLS." (*Paterfamilias's answer.*)—Give them away! (Matrimonially, of course.)

"DEATH AND HIS BROTHER SLEEP."

SHELLEY.

(See Major Marindin's Report to the Board of Trade on the Railway Collision near Eastleigh.)



"THE CAUSE" AND THE EFFECT.

Mr. —— moved, "That this Mass-meeting pledges itself to support the efforts of Messrs. —— & Co.'s men, by joining the Union, and further pledges itself to take all legal efforts to prevent anyone obtaining a job there so long as the dispute lasts." The resolution was carried by acclamation.

Coroner. How is it the child's father cannot get work?
Witness. Because he has no Union card.
Coroner. Then if men do not belong to the different Trades Unions they must starve. *Coroner's Inquest Report.*

ALL VERY VINE!

(*With acknowledgments to the White Knight in "Through the Looking-Glass."*)

["One of the most interesting exhibits (at the Royal Horticultural Society's Grape and Dahlia Show at Chiswick) were clusters of grapes with the scent and taste of strawberries and raspberries, as grown in Transatlantic hothouses."—*Daily Paper.*]

I'll tell thee everything I can;
There's little to relate:
I met a simple citizen
Of some "United State."
"Who are you, simple man?" I said,
"And how is it you live?"
And his answer seemed quite 'cute from one
So shy and sensitive.

He said, "I make electric cats
That prowl upon the leads,
To prey upon the brutes who raise
Mad music o'er our heads.
I also make all sorts of things
Which much convenience give;
In fact, I'm an inventor spry,
And that is how I live.

"And I am thinking of a plan
For artificial hens,
And automatic dairy-maids,
And self-propelling pens."
"Such things are stale," I made reply,
"They're old, and flat, and thin.
Tell me the last thing in your pate,
Or I will cave it in!"

His accents mild took up the tale:
He said, "I've tried to make
A sirloin out of turnips, and
A vegetable steak."
I shook him well, from side to side,
To stimulate his brain;
"You've got some newer dodge," I cried,
"And that you must explain."

He said, "I always willingly
Do anything to please.
What do you say to growing grapes
That taste like strawberr-ees!
They're showing off at Chiswick now,
As I a sinner am,
Some big black Hamburgs which, when pressed,
Taste just like raspberry jam."

So now whene'er I drink a glass
Of wine that seems like rum,
Or peel myself an orange that
Reminds me of a plum,
Or if I come across a peach
With flavour like a bilberry,
I weep, for it reminds me so
Of Chiswick's Grape and Dahlia Show,
And that 'cute man I used to know,
Who could at will transform a sloe
Into a thing with the aro-
-ma of all fruits known here below,
From apricot to mulberry.

NATIVE GROWTH.

According to a case about oysters—instead of a case, it ought to have been a barrel—heard before Mr. Alderman Wilkin,—and as the case may be still *sub-Aldermanice*, we have nothing to say as to its merits or demerits,—it appears, that in September, 1889, the price of Royal Whitstable Natives was 14*s.* per 100; *i.e.*, 1*s.* 3*d.* for a baker's dozen of thirteen. Though why a baker should be allowed "a little one in," be it oysters or anything else, only Heaven and the erudite Editor of *Notes and Queries* know. But, without further allusion to the baker, who has just dropped in accidentally as he did into the conversation between *Mrs. Bardell* and *Mrs. Cluppins*, when *Sam Weller* joined in, and they all "got a talking," it is enough to make any oyster-lover's mouth water—no doubt the worthy Alderman's did water,—did water "like Wilkin!—to hear that while everybody, including the worthy Alderman aforesaid, was paying 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 3*s.*, and even 3*s.* 6*d.* for real Natives, some people were gratifying their molluscous tastes at the small charge of One Shilling and Threepence for thirteen, or were getting six oysters and a half—the half be demm'd—for sixpence. Long time is it since we paid 1*s.* 3*d.* for Real Royal Natives. They may have left Whitstable at that price, but they never came to our Wits' Table at anything like that figure. Still, to the truly Christian mind it is pleasant, if not consoling, to know that some of our fellow-creatures, not generally so well-favoured as ourselves, should have been able to take advantage of the most favoured Native clause in the Oyster Season of 1889.

*** By the way, in answer to a Correspondent, who signs himself "An Artful Dredger, who Wishes to Live out of Town," we beg to inform him that "Beds" is *not* a county specially celebrated for oysters.

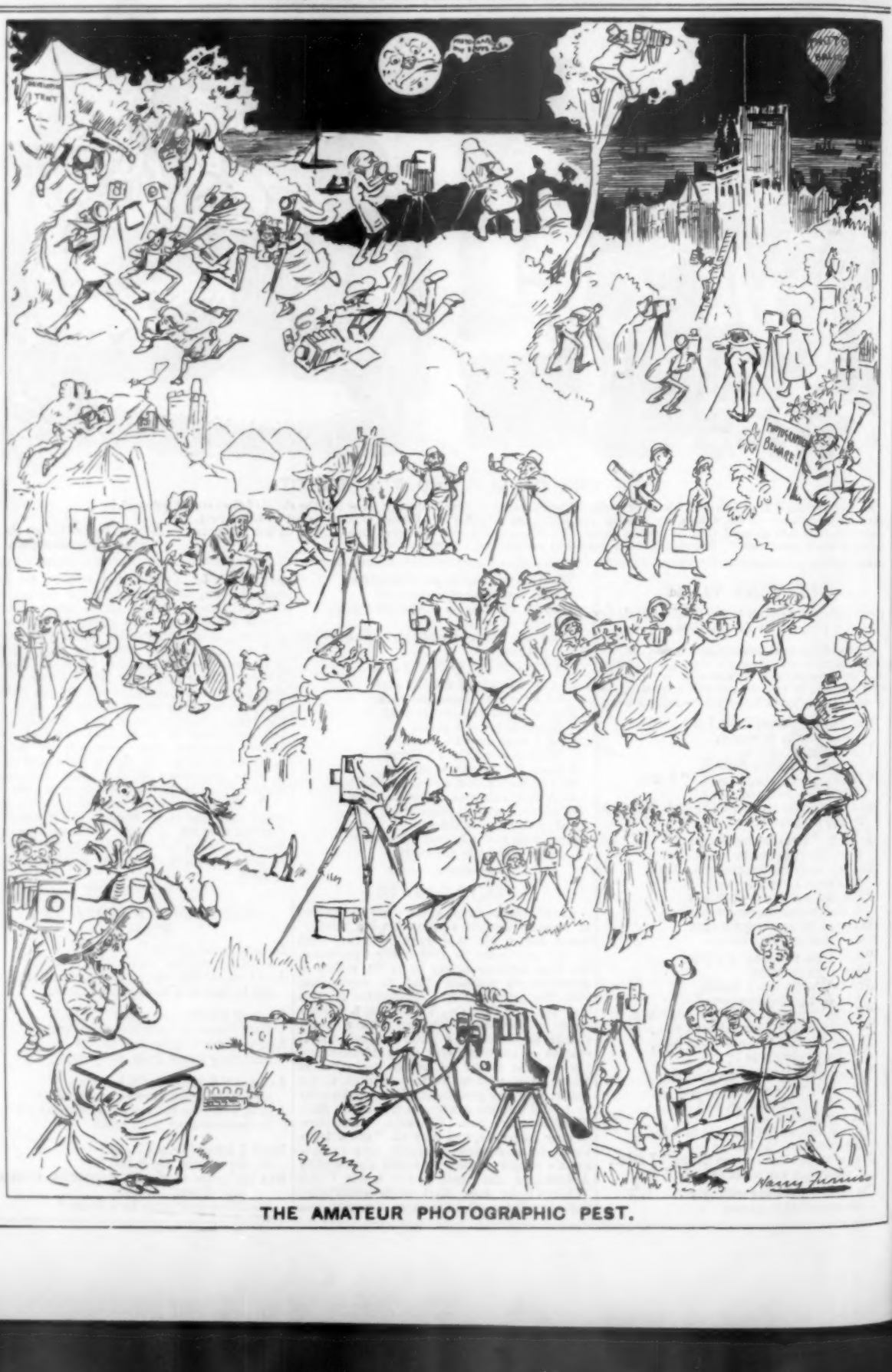
BREAKING A *RECORD* ON A WHEEL!

Break, break, break!
On thy "Safety" swift, oh, "crack!"
And I would that my tongue could utter
My thoughts on the cyclist's track.

Oh, well for Mecredy, the "bhoy,"
That "records" for him won't stay;
And well for Osmond and Wood
That they break them every day.

And the "Safeties" still improve,
And their riders develope more skill;
And it 's oh! for the records of yesterday!
To-morrow they 'll all be nil!

Break! break! break!
On thy wheels, oh, S.B.C.!
But the grace of Keith Falconer, Cortis, and Keen,
Will they ever come back to me?



THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC PEST.

LOST HAIRS-AT-LAW.

"Sequel to a Breach of Promise Case" is the heading to a paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph*, recording how *Turner* v. *Avant* was heard before Mr. Commissioner Kerr, who adjourned the case for three weeks, because, as Mr. Agabeg, the Counsel for the Plaintiff, observed, without agabegging the question, they couldn't get any information essential to the proceedings as to the whereabouts of the Miss Hairs, who, after failing in her action against Sir George Elliott, M.P., gave up minding her own business, which she sold, and retired to the Continent; and Plaintiffs also wanted to know the present address of a certain, or uncertain, Mr. Holland, somewhile Secretary to the Avant Company. Odd this. Not find Hairs in September! Cry "*En Avant!*" and let loose the harriers!—a suggestion that might have been appropriately made by the Commissioner whose name alone, with respect be it said, should qualify him for the Chief Magistracy in the Isle of Dogs. In the meantime the Plaintiffs have three weeks' adjournment in order to search the maps and find Holland.

Titled Months.—In the list given by the *Figaro* of those present at Cardinal Lavigerie's great anti-slavery function at Saint Sulpice was "*un ancien ministre plénipotentiare le Baron d'Avril.*" What a set of new titles this suggests for any creation of new Peers in England! Duke of December! Earl of February! Of course, the nearest title to Baron d'Avril with us is the Earl of March. The Marquis of May sounds nice; Lord August, Baron July; and, should a certain eminent ecclesiastical lawyer ever become a Law Lord, there will be yet another British cousin to Baron d'Avril and the Earl of March in—Lord Jeune.

No More Law Officers!—"An Automatic Recorder on the Forth Bridge" was a heading to a paragraph in the *St. James's* last Saturday. The announcement must have startled Sir Thomas Chambers, Q.C. Heavens! If there is one Automatic Recorder in the North, why not another in the South? Automatic Recorders would be followed by Automatic Common Serjeants, and——Isn't it too awful!

RATHER A LARGE ORDER.

The Herr Professor. "Ach—best Miss Rosy, vill you kindly turn me over!"

LOOKING FORWARD.

(*Extract from "The Daily Prize-fighter," September* 24, 1900.)

Yesterday morning Loo Bobbett and Ben Mousetrap had an interview with Mr. Pheasant, the Magistrate presiding in the North-West London Police Court. The approaches to the Court were crowded from an early hour. Amongst those in the street we noticed Billy Blowfroth, and Sam Sneezer, the well-known pot-boys from "The Glove and Wadding" and "The Tap o'Claret" Hotels, Shiny Moses, Aaron Isaacs, and Sandy the Sossidge (so-called by his friends on account of his appearance), the celebrated bankers from the West-end of Whitechapel, and a large gathering of the *élite* of the Lambeth Road. Inside the Court the company was, if possible, even more select. Mr. Titan Chapel, the proprietor of the Featherbed Club, was the first to arrive in his private brougham, and he was followed at short intervals by the Earl of Arriemore, Lord Trimi Gloverson, Mr. Toowith Yew, Mr. Brandic Ohld, Mr. Splitts Oder, Mr. Gincock Tale, and Mr. Angus Tewrer, with a heap more of the best known patrons of sport in the Metropolis. Little time was cut to waste in the preliminaries, and it was generally acknowledged at the end of the day that no prettier set-to had been witnessed for a long time than that which took place at the North-West London Police Court. We append below some of the more salient portions of the evidence.

Inspector Chizzlem. I produce a pair of gloves ordinarily used at London boxing matches. [*Produces them from his waistcoat pocket.*

Mr. Pheasant (*the Magistrate*). Pardon me. I don't quite understand. Were the gloves that you produce to be used at this particular competition?

Inspector Chizzlem. No, your Worship. These are one ounce gloves. The gloves with which these men were to fight are known as "feather-weight" gloves.

Mr. Pheasant. Ah, I see. Feather-weight, not feather-bed, I presume. (*Loud Laughter, in which both the accused joined.*) Have you the actual gloves with you?

Mr. Titan Chapel (*from the Solicitor's table*). I have brought them, Sir. Here——dear me, what can I have done with them? I thought I had them somewhere about me. (*Puts his various pockets. A thought strikes him. He pulls out his watch.*) Ah, of course, how foolish of me! I generally carry them in my watch-case.

[*Opens watch, produces them, and hands them up to Magistrate.*

Mr. Pheasant. Dear me!—so these are gloves. I know I am inexperienced in these matters, but they look to me rather like elastic bands. (*Roars of laughter.* Mr. Pheasant *tries them* on.) However, they seem to fit very nicely. Yes, who is the next witness?

The Earl of Arriemore (*entering the witness-box*). I am, my noble sportsman.

Mr. Pheasant. Who are you?

The Earl of Arriemore. Arriemore's my name, yer Washup, wich I'm a bloomin' Lord.

Mr. Pheasant. Of course—of course. Now tell me, have you ever boxed at all yourself?

The Earl of Arriemore. Never, thwulp me, never! But I like to set the lads on to do a bit of millin' for me.

Mr. Pheasant. Quite so. Very right and proper. What do you say to the gloves produced by the inspector?

The Earl of Arriemore. Call *them* gloves? Why, I calls 'em woolsacks, that's what I calls 'em. [*Much laughter.*

Mr. Pheasant. No doubt, that would be so. But now with regard to these other gloves, do you say they would be calculated to deaden the force of a blow; in fact, to prevent such a contest from degenerating into a merely brutal exhibition, and to make it, as I understand it ought to be, a contest of pure skill?

The Earl of Arriemore. That's just it. Why, two babbies might box with them gloves and do themselves no harm. And, as to skill, why it wants a lot of skill to hit with 'em at all.

[*Winks at* Lord Trimi Gloverson, *who winks back.*

Mr. Pheasant. Really? That is very interesting, very interesting indeed! I think perhaps the best plan will be for the two principals to accompany me into my private room, to give a practical exemplification of the manner in which such a contest is generally conducted. (*At this point the learned Magistrate retired from the Bench, and was followed into his private room by* Loo Bobbett, Ben Mousetrap, *and their Seconds. After an hour's interval,* Mr. Pheasant *returned to the Bench alone.*) I will give my decision at once. The prize must be handed over to Mr. Mousetrap. That last cross-counter of his fairly settled Mr. Bobbett. I held the watch myself, and I know that he lay on the ground stunned for a full minute. (*To the* Usher.) Send the Divisional Surgeon into my room at once, and fetch an ambulance. The Court will now adjourn.

[*Loud applause, which was instantly suppressed.*

Mr. Pheasant (*sternly*). This Court is not a Prize-Ring.

"A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE" AT THE AVENUE.

First of all, the title of the piece is against it. *The Struggle for Life* suggests to the general British Public, unacquainted with the name of Daudet, a melodrama of the type of *Drink*, in which a variety of characters should be engaged in the great struggle for existence. It is suggestive of strikes, the great struggle between Labour and Capital, between class and class, between principal and interest, between those with moral principles and those without them. It is suggestive of the very climax of melodramatic sensation, and, being suggestive of all this to the majority, the majority will be disappointed when it doesn't get all that this very responsible title has led them to expect. Those who know the French novel will be dissatisfied with the English adaptation of it, filtered, as it has been, through a French dramatic version of the story. So much for the title. For the play itself, as given by Messrs. Buchanan and Horner,—the latter of whom, true to ancestral tradition, will have his finger in the pie,—it is but an ordinary drama, strongly reminding a public which knows its Dickens of the story of *Little Em'ly*, with *Vaillant* for *Old Peggotty*, *Lydie* for *Little Em'ly*, *Antonin Caussade* for *Ham*, and *Paul Astier* for *Steerforth*. Perhaps it would be carrying the resemblance too far to see in *Rosa Dartle*, with her scorn for "that sort of creature," the germ of *Esther de Sélény*. Mix this with a situation from *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, spoilt in the mixing, and there's the drama.

Alexander the Less and the preux Chevalier.

For the acting—it is admirable. Miss Genevieve Ward is superb as *Madame Paul Astier*, and it is not her fault, but the misfortune of the part; and, while they profess to have adapted freely, the mistake of the adapters, that the wife of *Paul* is a woman old enough to be his mother, with whose sufferings,—she, with her eyes wide open, having married a man of whose worthlessness she was aware,—it is impossible to feel very much sympathy. She is old enough to have known better. Mr. George Alexander's performance of the scoundrel *Paul* leaves little to be desired, but he must struggle for dear life against his—of course, unconscious—imitation of Henry Irving. Shut your eyes to the facts, occasionally, especially in the death-scene, and it is the voice of Irving; open them, and it is Alexander agonising. No one can care for the fine lady, statuesquely impersonated by Miss Alma Stanley, who yields as easily to *Paul's* seductive wooing as does *Lady Anne* to *Richard the Third*. After Miss Ward and Mr. Alexander, the best performance is that of Miss Graves as *Little Em'ly Lydie*, and of Mr. Frederick Kerr as *Antonin Ham Caussade*,—the last-named enlisting the genuine sympathy of the audience for a character which, in less able hands, might have bordered on the grotesque. The comic parts have simply been made bores by the adapters, and are not suited to the farcical couple, Miss Kate Phillips and Mr. Albert Chevalier, who are cast for them. If this play is to struggle successfully for life, the weakest, that is, the comic element, should at once go to the wall, and the fittest alone, that is, the tragic, should survive. Also, as the play begins at the convenient hour of 8·45, it should end punctually at eleven. The only realistic scene is in *Paul Astier's* room, when he is dressing for dinner, and washes his hands with real soap, uses real towels, and puts real studs and links into his shirt, and then suddenly reminded, as it were, by a titter which pervades the house, that there are "ladies present," he disappears for a few seconds, and returns in his evening-dress trousers and nice clean shirt, looking, except for the absence of braces, like a certain well-known haberdasher's pictorial advertisement. It is vastly to the credit of the management that all the articles of *Paul's* toilet, including Soap (!!), are not turned to pecuniary advantage in the advertisements on the programmes. But isn't it a chance lost in *The Struggle for Life* at the Avenue?

The Avenger.

CITY VESTRIES AND CITY BENEFACTIONS.

I have lately had the distinguished honour conferred upon me of being unanimously elected a Vestryman of the important Parish of Saint Michael-Shear-the-Hog, which I need hardly say is situate in the ancient and renowned City of London. I owe my election I believe, to the undoubted fact that I am what is called—I scarcely know why—a tooth-and-nail Conservative, no one of anything approaching to Radicalism being ever allowed to enter within the sacred precincts of our very select Body. Our number is small, but, I am informed, we represent the very pick of the Parish, and we have confided to us the somewhat desperate task of defending the funds entrusted to us, centuries ago, from the fierce attack of Commissioners with almost unlimited powers, but with little or no sympathy with the sacred wishes of deceased Parishioners.

Our contention is that wherever, from circumstances that our pious ancestors could not have foreseen, it has become simply impossible to carry out literally their instructions, the funds should be applied to strictly analogous purposes. For instance, now in a neighbouring Parish, I am not quite sure whether it is St. Margaret Moses, or St. Peter the Queer, a considerable sum was bequeathed by a pious parishioner in the reign of Queen Mary, of blessed memory, the income from which was to be applied to the purchasing of faggots for the burning of heretics, which it was probably considered would be a considerable saving to the funds of the Parish in question. At the present time, as we all know, although there are doubtless plenty of heretics, it has ceased to be the custom to burn them, so the bequest cannot be applied in accordance with the wishes of the pious founder. The important question therefore arises, how should the bequest be applied? Would it be believed that men are to be found, and men having authority, more's the pity, who can recommend its application to the education of the poor, to the providing of convalescent hospitals, or even the preservation of open spaces for the healthful enjoyment of the masses of the Metropolis! Yet such is the sad fact. My Vestry, I am proud to say, are unanimously of opinion that, in such a case as I have described, common sense and common justice would dictate that, as the intentions of the pious founder cannot be applied to the punishment of vice, it should be devoted to the reward of virtue, and this would be best accomplished by expending the fund in question in an annual banquet to those Vestrymen who attended the most assiduously to the arduous duties of their important office.

Joseph Greenhorn.

ANOTHER TERC-ISH ATROCITY.

(By a Sceptical Sufferer.)

[An Austrian physician, Dr. Terc, prescribes bee-stings as a cure for rheumatism!]

How doth the little Busy Bee
Insert his poisoned stings,
And kill the keen rheumatic pain
That mortal muscle wrings!

Great Scott! It sounds so like a sell!
Bee-stings for rheumatiz?

As well try wasps to make one well.
That Terc must be a quiz.

Rather would I rheumatics bear
Than try the Busy Bee.
No, Austrian Terc, your cure *may* work!
But won't be tried on *me!*

"Il ira Loin."—Great day for England in general, and for London in particular, when Augustus Glossop Harris,—the "Gloss-op"-portunely appears nothing without the gloss up-on him,—popularly known by the title of Augustus Druriolanus, rode to the Embankment with his trumpeters,—it being *infra dig.* to be seen blowing one himself,—with his beautiful banners, and his footmen all in State liveries designed by Lewis Le Grand Wingfield, he himself (Druriolanus, not Lewis Le Grand) being seated in his gorgeous new carriage; Sheriff Farmer, too, equally gorgeous, and equally new, but neither so grand nor so great as Druriolanus The Magnificent. Then followed "the quaint ceremony of admission." Not "Free Admission," by any means, for no man can be a Sheriff of London for nothing. There were loud cheers, and a big Lunch. *Ave Cæsar!*

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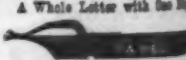

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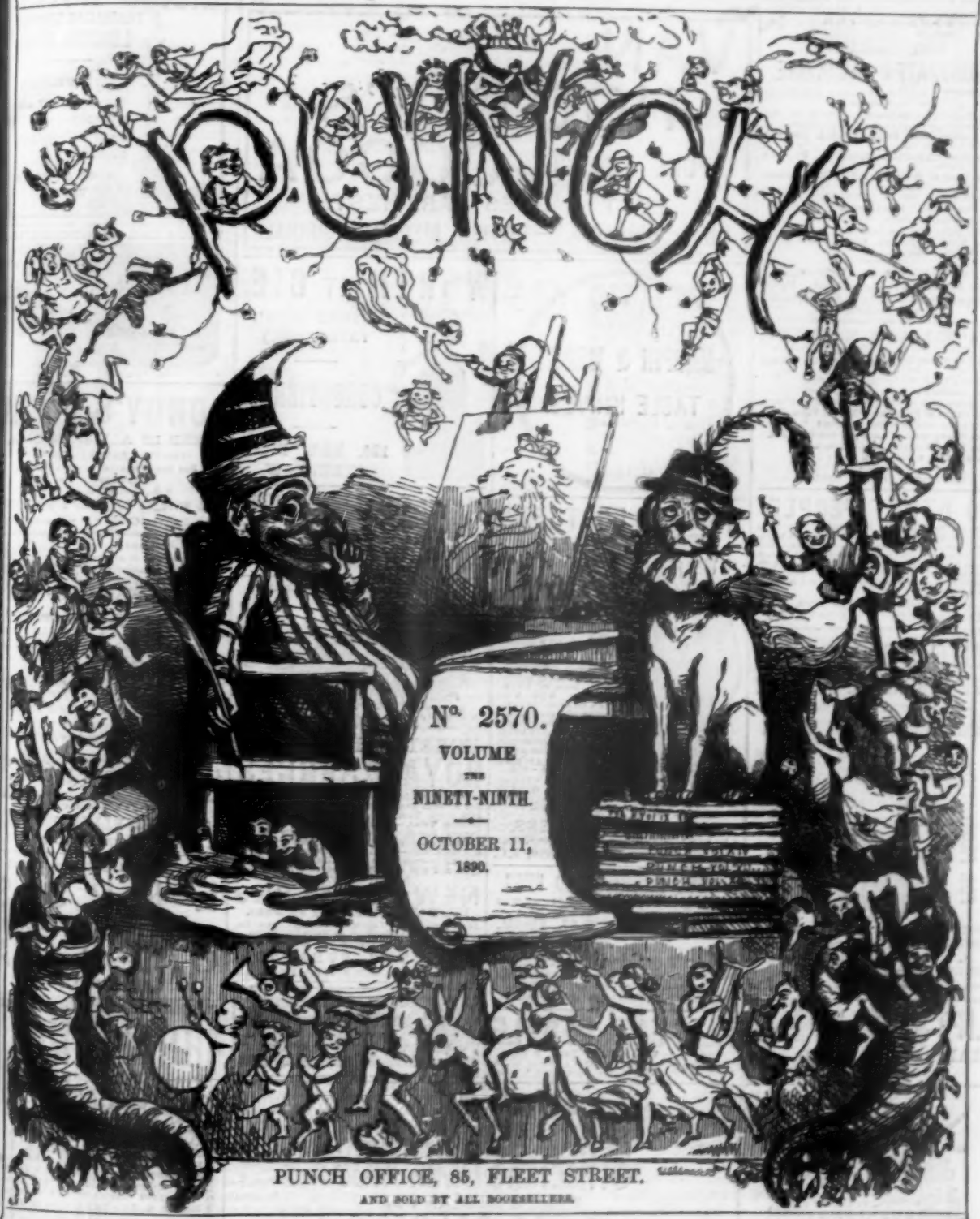

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MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's own Type Writer.)

No. XX.—THE DIVORCÉE.

The Court over which Sir James Hannen presides was instituted for the purification of morals by the separation of ill-assorted couples. Matrimonial errors, which had hitherto stood upon the level of political grievances, capable of redress only after the careful and unbiassed attention of British legislators had been, at much expense both of time and money, devoted to them, were henceforth to form the subject of a special procedure in a division of the Courts of Law created for the purpose, and honestly calculated to bring separation and divorce within the reach even of the most modest incomes. The tyrant man, as usual, favoured himself by the rules he laid down for the playing of the game. For whereas infidelity on the part of the wife is held to be, in itself, a sufficient cause for pronouncing a decree in favour of the husband, a kind, though constantly unfaithful husband, is protected from divorce, and only punished by separation from the wife he has wronged. It is necessary for a man to add either cruelty or desertion to his other offence, in order that his wife may obtain from the laws of her country the opportunity of marrying someone else. But the wit of woman has proved equal to the emergency. Nowhere, it may be safely stated, have more tales of purely imaginative atrocity been listened to with greater attention, or with more favourable results, than in the Divorce Court. On an incautious handshake a sprained wrist and an arm bruised into all the colours of the rainbow have been not infrequently grafted. A British imprecation, and a banged door, have often become floods of invective and a knock-down blow; and a molehill of a pinch has, under favourable cultivation, been developed into a mountain of ill-treatment, on the top of which a victorious wife has in the end, triumphantly planted the banner of freedom.

Hence the Divorce Court, after some years of suspicion, has gradually come to be looked upon as one of the sacred institutions of the country. And, speaking generally, those who make use of its facilities, however much certain of the more strait-laced may frown, are considered by society at large to have done a thing which is surprisingly right and often enviable. The result at any rate is that the number of the divorced increases year by year, and that a lady whose failings have been established against her by a judicial decree, may be quite sure of a band of ardent sympathisers of both sexes, amongst whom she can hold her head as high as her inclination prompts her without exciting a larger number of spiteful comments than are allotted to her immaculate and undecreed sisters. She may not have been able to abide the question of the Counsel who cross-examined her, but she is certainly free, even in a wider sense than before. She may not, perhaps, stand on so lofty a social pinnacle as the merely-separated lady whose husband still lives, and to whose male friends the fact that she is practically husbandless, and at the same time disabled from marriage, gives a delightful sense both of zest and security. On the other hand, the separated lady must be to a certain extent circumspect, lest she should place a weapon for further punishment in the hands of her husband. But to the Divorcée all things apparently, are permitted.

When she left the Court in which, to use her own words, "all her budding hopes had been crushed by the triumph of injustice," the beautiful Divorcée (for in order to be truly typical the Divorcée is necessarily beautiful) might have proceeded immediately to plant them afresh in the old soil. The various gentlemen who had sustained their reputation as men of honour by tampering on her behalf and on their own, with the strict letter of the truth, naturally felt that the boldness of their denials entitled them to her lasting regard, and showed themselves ready to aid her with their counsel. But, though she never ceased to protest her innocence of all that had been laid to her charge and proved against her, she was sufficiently sensible to give them to understand that for a time, at least, her path in the world would be easier if they ceased to accompany her. They accepted the sentence of banishment with a good grace, knowing perfectly well that it was not for long. The Divorcée then withdrew from the flaming placards of the daily papers, on which she had figured during the past week, and betook herself to the seclusion of her bijou residence in the heart of the most fashionable quarter. Here she pondered for a short time upon the doubtful unkindness of fate which had deprived her of a husband whom she despised, and of a home which his presence had made insupportable. But she soon roused herself to face her new lack of responsibility, and to enjoy it. At first she moved cautiously. There were numerous sympathisers who urged her to defy the world, such as it is, and to show herself everywhere entirely careless of what people might say. Such conduct might possibly have been successful, but the Divorcée foresaw a possible risk to her reputation, and abstained. She began, therefore, by making her public appearances infrequent. In company with the devoted widow, whose evidence had almost saved her from an adverse verdict, she arranged placid tea-parties at which the casual observer might have imagined that the rules of social decorum were more strictly enforced than in the household of an archbishop. Inquiry, however, might have revealed the fact that a large proportion of the ladies present at these gatherings had either shaken off the matrimonial shackles, or proposed to do so, whether as plaintiffs or as defendants, whenever a favourable opportunity presented itself. The men, too, who were, after a time, admitted to these staid feasts, were not altogether archiepiscopal, though they behaved as they were dressed, quite irreproachably. To counter-balance them to some extent, the Divorcée determined to secure the presence and the countenance of a clergyman.

After some search, she discovered one who was enthusiastic, deficient in worldly knowledge, and susceptible. To him she related her own private version of her wrongs, which she seasoned with quite a pretty flow of tears. The amiable cleric yielded without a struggle, and readily placed at her service the protection of his white tie. Thus strengthened, she moved forward a little further. She revisited theatres; she was heard of at Clubs; she shone again at dinner-parties, and in a year or so had organised for herself a social circle which entirely satisfied her desires. Sometimes she even allowed herself to dabble in good works. She was accused of having written a religious poem for a serious Magazine; but all that was ever proved against her was, that a remarkable series of articles on *The Homes of the Poor* bore traces of a style that was said to be hers. Evil tongues still whispered in corners, and cynics were heard to scoff occasionally; but the larger world, which abhors cynics, and only believes what is good, began to smile upon her. She did not appear to value its smiles,—but they were useful. Whenever London tired her, she flitted to Paris, or to the Riviera, or even to Egypt or Algiers. She subscribed to charities, and acted in Amateur Theatricals. Finally, she married a gentleman who was believed by his friends to be a poet, and who certainly qualified for the title by the romance he had woven about her. With him she lived for many years a poetic and untrammelled existence, and, when she died, many dowagers sent wreaths as tokens of their sorrow at the loss of an admirable woman.

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In old days of Art the painter much applause would surely win,
When he showed us Saint Cecilia playing on the violin.

I've no skill of brush and palette like those unforgotten men;
My Cecilia must content herself with an unworthy pen.

Fairy fingers flash before me as the bow sweeps o'er each string;
Like the organ's *vox humana*, Hark! the instrument can sing.

That *sonata* of Tartini's in my ears will linger long;
It might be some *prima donna* scaling all the heights of song.

Every string a different language speaks beneath her skilful sway.
Does the shade of Paganini hover over her to-day?

All can feel the passion throbbing through the music fraught with pain:
Then, with feminine mutation, comes a soft and tender strain.

Gracious curve of neck, and fiddle tucked 'neath that entrancing chin—
Fain with you would I change places, O thrice happy violin!

THE TOURNEY.

["Golf is superseding Lawn-Tennis."—*Daily Paper.*]

The Champions are mounted, a wonderful pair,
And the boldest who sees them must e'en hold his breath.
Their breastplates and greaves glitter bright in the air;
They have sworn ere they met they would fight to the death.
And the heart of the Queen of the Tournament sinks
At the might of Sir Golf, the Red Knight of the Links.

But her Champion, Sir Tennis, the Knight of the Lawn,
At the throne of the lady who loves him bows low:
He fears not the fight, for his racket is drawn,
And he spurs his great steed as he charges the foe.
And the sound of his war-cry is heard in the din,
"Fifteen, thirty, forty, deuce, vantage, I win!"

But the Red Knight, Sir Golf, smiles a smile that is grim,
And a flush as of triumph has mantled his cheek;
And he shouts, "I would scorn to be vanquished by *him*,
With my driver, my iron, my niblick and cleek.
Now, Tennis, I have thee; I charge from the Tee,
To the deuce with thy racket, thy scoring, and thee!"

And the ladies all cry, "Oh, Sir Tennis, our own,
Drive him back whence he came to his bunkers and gorse."
And the men shake their heads, for Sir Tennis seems blown,
There are cracks in his armour, and wounds on his horse.
But the Umpire, Sir Punch, as he watches says, "Pooh!
Let them fight and be friends; *there is room for the two.*"

A LAMB-LIKE GAMBOL.

Some little time ago we noticed with great satisfaction, that the Committee of the Sunday School Union had advertised in the *Athenæum* for the "best Tale on Gambling," for which they were anxious to pay One Hundred Pounds sterling. The principal "condition" that the C. S. S. U. attached to their competition was that "the tale must be drawn as far as possible from actual life, and must vividly depict the evils of gambling, setting forth its ruinous effects sociably and morally on the young people of our land." Perhaps the following short story may serve as a model to the candidates. This romance must be considered "outside the competition." Here it is.

PLEASANT POVERTY BETTER THAN WICKED WEALTH!

Peter was a good boy. He went to Sunday school regularly, and always took off his hat to his superiors—he so objected to gambling that he never called them "betters." One day Peter found a sovereign, and fearing, lest it might be a gilded jubilee shilling, decided to spend it upon himself, rather than run the risk of possibly causing the Police to put it in circulation, under the impression that it was a coin of the higher value. He spent ten shillings on a ticket to Boulogne-sur-Mer, and with the remaining half-sovereign played at *Chemin de Fer* at the Casino. And, alas! this was his first straying from the path of virtue. Unfortunately he was most unlucky (from a moral point of view) in his venture, leaving the tables with a sum exceeding forty pounds. Feeling reluctant that money so ill-gained should remain for very long in his possession, he spent a large slice of it in securing a ticket for Monte Carlo.

Arrived at this dreadful place he backed Zero fifteen times running, was unhappy enough to break the bank, and retired to rest with over ten thousand pounds. He now decided, that he had best return to England, where he felt sure he would be safe from further temptation.

When he was once more in London, he could not make up his mind whether he should contribute his greatly scorned fortune to the Committee of the Sunday School Union, or plank his last dollar on a rank outsider for a place in the Derby. From a feeling of delicacy, he adopted the latter course, and was indescribably shocked to pull off his fancy at Epsom. Thinking that the Committee of the same useful body would refuse to receive money obtained under such painful circumstances, he plunged deeply on the Stock Exchange, and again added considerably to his much-hated store. It was at this period in his history that he married, and then the punishment he had so justly merited overtook him. His wife was a pushing young woman, whose great delight was to see her name in the Society papers. This pleasure she managed to secure by taking a large house, and giving costly entertainments to all sorts and conditions of individuals. Poor Peter soon found this mode of life intolerably wearisome. He now never knew an hour's peace, until one day he determined to run away from home, leaving in the hands of his wife all that he possessed. His absence made no perceptible difference in Mrs. Peter's *ménage*. It was generally supposed that he was living abroad. However, on one winter night there was a large gathering at his wife's house, and, it being very cold, the guests eagerly availed themselves of the services of the linkman, who had told himself off to fetch their carriages.

And, when everyone was gone, the poor linkman asked the mistress of the house for some broken victuals.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed that Lady, "if it isn't my husband! What do you mean, Peter, by so disgracing me?"

"Disgrace you!—not I!" returned Peter. "No one recognises me. Of all the guests that throng my house, and eat my suppers, I don't believe there is a solitary individual who knows me by sight."

And Peter was right. Ah, how much better would it have been had Peter remained at school, and not found that sovereign! Had he remained at school, he would some day have acquired a mass of information that would have been of immense assistance to him when his father died, and he succeeded to the paternal broom, and the right of sweep over the family street-crossing!

TOO MUCH GENIUS.

Poet. "Oh—a—I always write my Poems right off, without any Corrections, you know, and send them straight to the Printer. I never look at 'em a second time."

Critic. "No more do your Readers, my Boy!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ostrich "Farming."—We are afraid we cannot give you any sound or useful information to assist you in your project of keeping an ostrich-farm in a retired street in Bayswater; but that you should have already received a consignment of fifty "fine, full-grown birds," and managed, with the aid of five railway porters, and all the local police available, to get them from the van in which they arrived up two flights of stairs, and locate them temporarily in your back drawing-room, augurs at least for a good start to your undertaking. That three should have escaped, and, after severely kicking the Vicar, who happened to be dining with you, terrified the whole neighbourhood, and effected an entrance into an adjacent public-house, where they appear to have done a good deal of damage to the glass and crockery, upsetting a ten-gallon cask of gin, and frightening the barmaid into a fit of hysterics, being only finally captured by the device of getting a coal-sack over their heads, was, after all, but a slight *contre-temps*, and not one to be taken into account when measured against the grand fact that you have got *all your birds safely lodged for the night*. A little arnica, and a fortnight in bed, will, in all probability, set the Vicar all right. With regard to their food, we should advise you to continue the tinned lobster and muffins, which they seem to relish. You appear to be alarmed at their swallowing the tins. There is no occasion for any anxiety on this point, the tin, doubtless, serving as the proverbial "digestive" pebble with which all birds, we believe, accompany a hearty meal. We fear we cannot enlighten you as to how you make your profits out of an ostrich-farm; but, speaking at random, we should say they would probably arise by pulling the feathers out of the tails of the birds and selling them to Court Milliners. Your idea of trying them in harness in a Hansom seems to have something in it. Turn it over, by all means. Meantime, get a Shilling Handbook on the Management of the Ostrich. We think you will have to cover in your garden with a tarpaulin as you suggest. You cannot expect the fifty birds to stay for ever in your back drawing-room; and the fact that you mention, of their having already kicked down and eaten one folding-door, is significant. They will be escaping from your balcony all over the neighbourhood if you do not take care to secure them; and as they seem fresh, very aggressive, and strong in the leg, such a catastrophe might lead you into a good deal of unpleasantness. Take our advice, and get them downstairs, tight under a stout tarpaulin, as soon as possible.

HOW IT'S DONE.

A Handbook to Honesty.

No. I.—"I'm Monarch of All I *Survey!*"

Scene—*Interior of newly-erected building. Present, the* Builder *and a* Surveyor, *the former looking timidly foxy, the latter knowingly pompous, and floridly self-important;* Builder, *in dusty suit of ditto, carries one hand in his breeches-pocket, where he chinks certain metallic substances—which may be coins or keys—nervously and intermittently.* Surveyor, *a burly mass of broadcloth and big watch-chain, carries an intimidating note-book, and a menacing pencil, making mems. in a staccato and stabbing fashion, which is singularly nerve-shaking.*

Surveyor (*speaking with his pencil in his mouth*). Well, Mister—er—er—er—Wotsername, I—er—think—'m, 'm, 'm—things seem to be *pretty* right as far 's I can see; though of course——

Builder (*hastily*). Oh, I assure you I've taken the *greatest* pains to conform to—er—rules in—er—in *every* way; though if there *should* be any little thing that ketches your eye, why, you 've only to——

Surveyor. Oh, of course, of course! *We* know all about that. You see *I* can only go by rule. What 's right 's right; what 's

wrong 's wrong; that 's about the size of it. *I've* nothing to do with it, one way or another, except to see the law carried out.

Builder. Ex—ack—ly! However, if you've seen all you want to, we may as well step over to the "Crown and Thistle," and——

Surveyor (*suddenly*). By the way, I suppose this wall is properly underpinned?

Builder (*nervously*). Well—er—not exackly—but, 'er, 'er—well, the fact is I thought——

Surveyor (*sternly*). What you *thought*, Sir, doesn't affect the matter. The question is, what the Building Act *says*. The whole thing must come down!

Builder. But, I say, that 'll run me into ten pounds, at least, and really the thing 's as safe as——

Surveyor. Maybe, maybe—in fact, I don't say it isn't. But the Act says it 's got to be done.

Builder. Well, well, if there 's no help for it, I must *do* it, of course.

Surveyor (*looking somehow disappointed*). Very sorry, of course, but you see what must be must.

Builder (*sadly*). Yes, yes, no doubt. Well (*brightening*), anyhow, we may as well step over to the "Crown and Thistle," and crack a bottle of champagne.

Surveyor (*also brightening*). Well, ours is a dusty job, and I don't care if I do.

[*They do so.* Surveyor *drinks his full share of Heidsieck, and smokes a cigar of full size and flavour. He and* Builder *exchange reminiscences concerning past professional experiences, the "tricks of trade," diverse devices for "dodging the Act," &c., &c.* Surveyor *explains how stubborn builders ("not like you, you know"), who don't do the thing handsome, often suffer by having to run themselves to expenses that might have been avoided—and serve 'em right too! Also, how others, without a temper above "tips," and of a generally gentlemanly tone of mind, save themselves lots of little extras, which, maybe, the letter of the law would exact, but which a* Surveyor *of sense and good feeling can get over, "and no harm done, neither, to nobody." As the wine circulates, it is noticeable that good-fellowship grows almost boisterous, and facetiousness mellows into chuckling cynicism of the winking, waggish, "we all do it" sort.*

Surveyor (*tossing off last glass, and smacking his lips*). Well, well, the best of friends must part, and I guess I must be toddling. Very glad to have met you, I'm sure, and a better bit of building than yours yonder I haven't seen for some time. Seems a pity, hanged if it don't, that you should have to put yourself to such an additional outlay—ah, by the way, *what* did you say it would cost you?

Builder. Oh, about ten pounds, I suppose.

Surveyor (*lighting another cigar*). Humph! (*Puff! puff!*) Pity—pity! (*Puff! puff!*) Now look here, my boy—(*confidentially*)—suppose you and me just divide that tenner between us, five to you, and five to me; and, as to the "underpinning"—well, nobody 'll be a bit the wiser, and the building won't be a halfpenny the worse, *I'll* bet my boots. Come, is it a bargain?

[*After a little beating about the bush, the little "job" is arranged amicably, on the practical basis of "a fiver each, and mum's the word on both sides," thus evading the law, saving the* Builder *a few pounds, and supplementing the salary of the* Surveyor. *Ulterior results, unsanitary or otherwise, do not come within the compass of this sketch.*

STRANGER THAN FICTION!

(*Postmarks—Leeds, Hull, and Elsewhere.*)

Mr. Punch was assisting at a Congress. The large room in which that Congress was being held was crowded, and consequently the heat was oppressive. The speeches, too, were not particularly interesting, and the Sage became drowsy. It was fortunate, therefore, that a fair maiden in a classical garb (who suddenly appeared seated beside him) should have addressed him. The interruption reassembled in their proper home his wandering senses.

"I fear, *Mr. Punch*," said the fair maiden, looking at herself in a small mirror which she was holding in her right hand, "that you are inclined to go to sleep."

"Well, I am," replied the Sage, with unaccountable bluntness; "truth to tell, these orations about nothing in particular, spouted by persons with an imperfect knowledge of, I should say, almost any subject, bore me."

"The information is unnecessary," observed the young lady, with a smile. "I share your feelings. But if you will be so kind as to pay a little attention to the speakers while they are under my influence, I think you will discover a new interest in their utterances."

"Are you an hypnotist, Madam?" asked *Mr. Punch*.

"Well, not exactly. But, when I have the chance, I can make people speak the Truth."

Then *Mr. Punch* listened, and was surprised at the strange things that next happened.

"I wish to be perfectly frank with you," said a gentleman on the platform; "I am here because I wish to see my name in the papers, and all the observations I have made up to date have been addressed to the reporters. I am glad I can control my thoughts, because I would not for worlds let you know the truth. It is my ambition to figure as a philanthropist, and on my word, I think this is the cheapest and most effective mode of carrying out my intention."

Then the gentleman resumed his seat with a smile that suggested that he was under the impression that he had just delivered himself of sentiments bound to extort universal admiration.

"That is not exactly my case," observed a second speaker, "because I do not care two pins for anything save the entertainments which are invariably associated with scientific research, or philanthropical inquiry. I pay my guinea, after considerable delay, and then expect to take out five times that amount in grudgingly bestowed, but competitionally provoked (if I may be pardoned the expression) hospitality. I attend a portion—a small portion—of a lecture, and then hurry off to the nearest free luncheon, or gratuitous dinner, in the neighbourhood. I should be a tax upon my friends if I dropped in at half-past one, or at a quarter to eight, punctually, and my motives would be too wisely interpreted to a desire on my part to reduce the sum total of my butcher's book. So I merely drop in upon a place where a Congress is being held, and make the most of my membership."

"These startling statements are decidedly unconventional," said *Mr. Punch*, turning towards his fair companion, "and that your influence should cause them to be made, astounds me. I trust you will not consider me indiscreet if I ask for——"

"My name and address," returned the fair maiden, smilingly, completing the sentence; "Learn, then, that I live at the bottom of a well, to which rather damp resting-place I am about to return; and that in England I am called Truth."

And as the lady disappeared, *Mr. Punch* fell from his chair, and awoke!

"Dear me, I have been dreaming!" exclaimed the Sage, as he left the meeting. "Well, as everyone knows, dreams are not in the least like reality! But the strangest thing of all was to find Truth in a Congress!"

And it was strange, indeed.

AT THE THEATRE!

The Lyceum again. The Haymarket once more.

"Great Scott!" we exclaim,—not Critical Clement of that ilk, but Sir Walter,—on again seeing *Ravenswood*. Since then an alteration in the *modus shootendi* has been made, and *Edgar* no longer takes a pot-shot at the bull from the window, but, ascertaining from *Sir William Ashton Bishop* that *Ellen Lucy Terry* is being Terry fied by an Irish bull which has got mixed up with the Scotch "herd without," *Henry Edgar Irving* rushes off, gun in hand; then the report of the gun is, like the Scotch oxen, also "*heard* without," and *Henry* reappears on the scene, having saved *Ellen Lucy Ashton* by reducing the fierce bull to potted beef.

"What shall he have who kills the bull?" "The Dear! the Dear!" meaning, of course, *Ellen Lucy Ashton* aforesaid. After this all goes well. Acting excellent all round—or nearly all round, the one exception being, however, the very much "all-round" representative of *Lady Ashton*, whose misfortune it is to have been selected for this particular part. Scenery lovely, and again and again must Hawes McCraven be congratulated on the beautiful scene of The Mermaiden's Well (never better, in fact), Act III. The love-making bit in this Act is charming, and the classic Sibyl, *Ailsie*, superb. Nothing in stage effect within our memory has equalled the pathos of the final *tableau*. It is most touching through its extreme simplicity.

The Haymarket has re-opened with the odd mixture of the excellent French *Abbé Constantin* and the weak, muddle-headed, Tree-and-Grundy-ised "village Priest," known as the *Abbé Dubois*, or "*Abbé Do Bore*," as 'Arry might call him. Changes are in contemplation, and may have been already announced. Whatever they may be, it is some consolation to learn that this Tree-and-Grundy-ised French Abbé is not likely to be a "perpetual Curate."

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. II.—BURRA MURRA BOKO.

(*By* Kippierd Herring, *Author of "Soldiers' Tea," "Over the Darodees," "Handsome Heads on the Valets," "More Black than White," "Experimental Dittos," &c., &c.*)

[Note.—The MS. of this story arrived from India by pneumatic despatch, a few puffs having been apparently sufficient. In a letter which was enclosed with it the author modestly apologises for its innumerable merits. "But," he adds, "I have several hundred of the same sort in stock, and can supply them at a moment's notice. Kindly send £1000 in Bank of England notes, by registered letter, to K. Herring. No farther address will be required."]

Polla dan anta cat anta. What will you have, Sahib? My heart is made fat, and my eyes run with the water of joy. *Kni vestog rind, Scis sorstog rind*, the Sahib is as a brother to the needy, and the afflicted at the sound of his voice become as a warming-pan in a *fôr postah*. Ahoo! Ahoo! I have lied unto the Sahib. *Mi ais an dlims*, I am a servant of sin. *Burra Murra Boko! Burra Murra Boko!*

There came a sound in the night as of an elephant-herd trumpeting in anger, and my liver was dissolved, and the heart within me became as a *Patoph Buttah* under the noon-day sun. I made haste, for there was fear in the air, Sahib, and the *Pleez Mahn* that walketh by night was upon me. But, oh, Sahib, the cunning of the serpent was with me, and as he passed I tripped him up, and the raging river received him. Twice he rose, and the gleam of his eyes spake in vain for help. And at last there came a bubble where the man had been, and he was seen no more. *Burra Murra Boko! Burra Murra Boko!*

That night I spake unto her as she stood in the moonlight. "Oh, sister of an oil-jar, and daughter of pig-troughs, what is it thou hast done?" And she, laughing, spake naught in reply, but gave me the *Tcheke Slahp* of her tribe, and her fingers fell upon my face, and my teeth rattled within my mouth. But I, for my blood was made hot within me, sped swiftly from her, making no halt, and the noise of fifty thousand devils was in my ears, and the rage of the *Smâk duns* burnt fierce within the breast of me, and my tongue was as a fresh fig that grows upon a southern wall. *Auggrh!* pass me the peg, for my mouth is dry. *Burra Murra Boko! Burra Murra Boko!* Then came the Yunkum Sahib, and the Bunkum Sahib, and they spake awhile together. But I, like unto a *Brerra-bit*, lay low, and my breath came softly, and they knew not that I watched them as they spake. And they joked much together, and told each to the other how that the wives of their friends were to them as mice in the sight of the crouching *Tabbikat*, and that the honour of a man was as sand, that is blown afar by the storm-wind of the desert, which maketh blind the faithful, and stoppeth their mouths. Such are all of them, Sahib, since I that speak unto you know them for what they are, and thus I set forth the tale that all men may read, and understand. *Burra Murra Boko! Burra Murra Boko!*

"'Twas the most ondacint bedivilmint ever I set eyes on, Sorr. There was I, blandandhering widout"——

"Pardon me," I said, "this is rather puzzling. A moment back you were a Mahajun of Pali, in Marwur, or a Delhi Pathan, or a Wali Dad, or something of that sort, and now you seem to have turned into an Irishman. Can you tell me how it is done?"

"Whist, ye onciviliged, backslidhering pagin!" said my friend, Private O'Rammis, for it was indeed he. "Hould on there till I've tould ye. Fwhat was I sayin'? Eyah, eyah, them was the bhoys for the dhrink. When the sun kem out wid a blink in his oi, an' the belly-band av his new shoot tied round him, there was Porters and Athus lyin' mixed up wid the brandy-kegs, and the houl of the rigimint tearin' round like all the divils from hell bruk loose.

"Thin I knew there 'd be thrubble, for ye must know, Sorr, there was a little orf'cer bhoy cryin' as tho' his little heart was breakin', an' the Colonel's wife's sister, wid her minowderin' voice——"

"Look here, O'Rammis," I said, "I don't like to stop you; but isn't it just a trifle rash—I mean," I added hastily, for I saw him fingering his bayonet, "is it quite as wise as it might be to use up all your materials at once? Besides, I seem to have met that little Orf'cer bhoy and the Colonel's wife's sister before. I merely mention it as a friend."

"You let 'im go, Sir," put in Porters, with his cockney accent. "Lor, Sir, Terence knows bloomin' well wot 'e's torkin' about, an' wen 'e's got a story to tell you know there ain't one o' us wot 'll get a bloomin' word in; or leastways, Hi earn't."

"Sitha," added Jock Athus. "I never gotten but one story told mysen, and he joomped down my throaat for that. Let un taalk, Sir, let un taalk."

"Very well," I said, producing one of the half-dozen bottles of champagne that I always carried in my coat-tail pockets whenever I went up to the Barracks to visit my friend O'Rammis, "very well. Fire away, Terence, and let us have your story."

"I'm an ould fool," continued O'Rammis, in a convinced tone. "But ye know, Jock, how 'twas. I misremember fwhat I said to her, but she never stirred, and only luked at me wid her melancolious ois, and wid that my arm was round her waist, for bedad, it was pretty, she was under the moon in the ould barrick square. 'Hould on there,' she says, 'ye boiled thief of Deuteronomy. D' ye think I've kem here to be philandhering afther you. I'd make a better man than you out av empty kyartridges and putty.' Wid that she turned on her heel, and was for marching away. But I was at her soide agin before she 'd got her left fut on the beat. 'That 's quare,' thinks I to myself; 'but, Terence, me bhoy, 'tis you know the thricks av the women. Shoulder arrums,' I thinks, 'and let fly wid the back sight.' Wid that I just squeezed her hand wid the most dellikit av all squeezings, and, sez I, 'Mary, me darlint,' I sez, 'ye're not vexed wid Terence, I know;' but you never can tell the way av a woman, for before the words was over the tongue av me, the bhoys kem raging an' ramshackling——"

"Really, O'Rammis," I ventured to observe, for I noticed that he and his two friends had pulled all the other five bottles out of my pocket, and had finished them, "I'm a little disappointed with you to-day. I came out here for a little quiet blood-and-thunder before going to bed, and you are mixing up your stories like the regimental laundress's soapsuds. It 's not right of you. Now, honestly, is it?"

But the Three Musketeers had vanished. Perhaps they may re-appear, bound in blue-grey on the railway bookstalls. Perhaps not. And the worst of it is, that the Colonel will never understand them, and the gentlemen who write articles will never understand them. There is only one man who knows all about them, and even he is sometimes what my friend O'Rammis calls "a blandandhering, philandhering, misundherstandhering civilian man."

Which his name is Kippierd Herring. And that is perfectly true.

So Much for Knotting'em.—The Dean of Rochester to be henceforth known as The Dean of Knouting'em. His new motto,—

"Whack a 'Shack'
Smack on his back."

Perhaps the Dean would then like to make a Moslem of the lolloping do-nothing offender, and call him "Shackaback."

WAITING FOR THE EXPRESS. (NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELA.)

FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS:—SIR GORGIUS MIDAS, LADY MIDAS, AND GORGIUS MIDAS, ESQ., JUNR.
SECOND-CLASS DITTO:—BUTLERS, FOOTMEN, GROOMS, MAIDS, &c., OF THE HOUSE OF MIDAS.
THIRD-CLASS DITTO:—THE HON. AND REV. JAMES AND LADY SUSAN DE VERE, GENERAL SIR JOHN AND LADY HAUTCASTLE, F. MADDER LAKE, ESQ., R.A., AND DAUGHTERS, PROFESSOR PARALLAX, F.R.S., &c., &c., &c.

"HERCULES (COUNTY) CONCILIANS;"

Or, "Approaching" the Hydra.

[The London County Council adopted the Report of a Committee: "That the Committee be authorised to enter into tentative negotiations with the Water Companies, for the purpose of ascertaining upon what terms the Companies will be prepared to dispose of their undertakings to the Council." The Vice-Chairman (Sir T. FARRER) thought that the Committee "would be as wax in the hands of the clever agents of the Companies." The Chairman (Sir JOHN LUBBOCK) was in favour of deferring the question.]

THAT Hydra again! Monster huge, hydrocephalous,
Haunting our city of blunders and 'obs,
Born, it would seem, to bewilder and baffle us,
Who'll give you "one" for your numerous nobs. [you;
Many have menaced you, some had a shy at
SALISBURY stout, and bespectacled CROSS,
Each in his season has joined in the cry at you,
Little, 'twould seem, to your damage or loss.
Still you eight-headed and lanky-limbed monster, you
Sprawl and monopolise, spread and devour.
Many assail you, but hitherto, none stir you.
Say, *has* the hero arrived, and the hour?

No Infant Hercules, surely, can tackle you,
Ancient abortion, with hope of success.
It needeth a true full-grown hero to shackle
Jupiter's son, and Alcmene's, no less! [you,
Our civic Hercules smacks of the nursery,
Not three years old, though ambitious, no doubt;
You'll scarce be captured by tentatives cursory. ["spout,"
Snared by a "motion," or scared by a
Hera's pet, offspring of Typhon, the lion-clad
Hero assailed, *con amore:* but *you*,
Callous as Behemoth, hard as an iron-clad,
"Conciliation" with coldness will view
Fancy "approaching" the Hydra with honey-bait,
Tempting the monster to parley and purr!
How will Monopoly look on a money-bait?!
Hercules, too, who would "like to defer?"
Not quite a true hard-shell hero—in attitude—
Hercules (County) Concilians looks;
Thinks he to move a true Hydra to gratitude?
Real Leviathan chortles at hooks!
"Come, pretty Hydra! 'Agreement provisional,'
Properly baited with sound *L. S. D.*,
Ought to entice you!" He's scorn and derision all, [see!
Hydra, if true to his breed. We shall
Just so a groom, with the bridle behind him,
Tempts a free horse with some corn in a sieve. [him,
Will London's Hydra let "tentatives" blind
Snap at the bait, and the tempter believe?
Or will the "hero"—in form of Committee—
Really prove wax for the Hydra to mould?
Yes, there's the club, but it's rather a pity
Hercules seems a bit feeble of hold.
Tentative heroes may suit modern urgency,
LUBBOCK may win where a Hercules fails.
If we now hunt, upon public emergency,
Stymphalian Birds, 'tis with salt for their tails!

"YE GODS, WHAT A TERRIBLE TWIST!"

STATISTICS are sweet things, and full of startling surprises. Like the Frenchman in "*Killaloe*," "you never know what they'll be up to next." Here, for instance, is a "statement showing the decrease in price in the United States of many articles within the past ten years *largely consumed* by the agricultural community." And among these "many articles" "largely consumed," are "mowing machines, barb fence-wire, horse-shoes, forks, wire-cloth, slop-buckets, wheel-barrows, and putty." No wonder dyspepsia is the national disease in America. Fancy "consuming" French staples, pie-plates (though *they* sound almost edible), and putty!!! The ostrich is supposed to be capable of digesting such dainties as broken bottles, and tenpenny nails, but that voracious fowl is evidently not "in it" with the "Agricultural community" of America.

ODD.—A Correspondent says he found this advertisement in the *Guardian*:—

RECTOR of S. Michael's, Lichfield, requires help of a LAY-READER. Visiting, S.-school, cottage services, ass. in choir, &c. Good salary.

The explanation, we believe, is, that "ass." is the abbreviated form of "assisting." The Rector had better have the unabbreviated assistant in choir, particularly if he be already short of choristers; unless the Rector should be also Vicar of Bray, in which case the "ass." could be transferred from Lichfield to the more appropriate living.

"HERCULES (COUNTY) CONCILIANS."

"The Special Committee on Water Supply, appointed by the London County Council, said, in their Report, 'Before entering upon the inquiry, the Committee thought it would be desirable to approach the Water Companies with a view to ascertaining whether it would be possible for the Companies and the Council to make some provisional agreement as to the terms upon which the Companies' Water undertakings should be transferred to the Council, if Parliament gave the necessary authority.'"—*The Times' Report.*

MOSSOO IN EGYPT.

Mr. Punch (to French Guardian of Egyptian Monuments). "Come, I say, Sir! do you call this looking after the Monuments? Wake up, or you 'll have to go!"—*See "Times" Leader, Oct. 3rd*, 1890.

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

Seventh Entry.

To my intense surprise—shared, as far as I can see, by all my friends and relatives—I have managed to pass the "Bar Final"! I attribute the portentous fact to the Examiners having discreetly avoided all reference to the "Rule in Shelley's Case."

Find that the Students who are going to be "called within the Bar," have to be presented to the Benchers on one special evening, after dinner, in Hall. Ceremony rather funereal, at *my* Inn—but not the same at all Inns. About twenty of us summoned one by one to the High Table; several go up before me, and as there is a big screen I can't see what happens to them. Only—most remarkable circumstance this—*not one of them comes back!* Have the Benchers decided to sternly limit the numbers of the Profession? Perhaps they are "putting in an execution." Just thinking of escape, when my name called out. March up to Table, determined not to perish without a spirited resistance.

To complete the idea of its being an Execution, here is the Chaplain! Will he say a "few last words" to the culprit—myself—prior to my being pinioned?

As matter of fact, Bencher at head of Table (portly old gentleman, who looks as if he might be described as a "bottle-a-day-of-port-ly" old gentleman) shakes hands, coldly, and that's all. Not even a Queen's Shilling given me, as I am conducted off to another table close by.

Mystery of disappearance of other candidates explained. Here they are—all at this table—"all silent, and all called"! It seems that this is the Barristers' part of the Hall, other the Students'.

Ceremony not over yet. After dinner we are invited, all twenty, to dessert and wine with the Benchers—or rather, at the Benchers' expense, because we don't really see and chat with these great men, only a single representative, who presides at table in a long bare room downstairs, resembling a cellar. Benchers' own Common-room above. Why don't they invite us up there?

Bencher, who has come down to preside over this entertainment, has a rather forbidding air about him. Seems to be thinking—"I don't care much for this sort of function. Stupid old custom. But must keep it up, I suppose, for good of Inn; and Benchers (hang them!) have deputed *me* to take head of the table to-night—probably because I look so desperately lively."

There *is* a sort of "disinterred liveliness" (to quote Bishop Wilberforce) about him, after all. Tries to joke. No doubt regards us all as a pack of fools to join over-crowded profession—still, as we *are* here, he will try and forget that, in a few years, the majority of us will probably be starving.

After an interval, Bored Bencher thinks it necessary to rise and make little speech. Assures us (*Query*—hyprocrisy?) that we are all extremely likely to attain to high positions at the Bar. Says something feebly humorous about Woolsack. Bad taste, because we can't *all* sit on Woolsack at once; and mention of it excites feelings of emulation, almost of animosity, towards other new-fledged Barristers. I am conscious, for instance, of distinct repulsion towards man on my right, who is cracking nuts, and who must be a son or nephew of our Chairman, judging by the familiarity with which he treats latter. Probably his uncle will flood him with briefs—and that will be called "making his own way in the world." Pshaw!

Wine-and-dessert entertainment only lasts an hour. Forbidding Bencher evidently feels that an hour is as much as he can possibly stand. So we all depart, except the favoured nephew (or son), who, as I suspect, "remains to prey" on his uncle (or father), and probably to be invited in to the *real* feast which no doubt the Inn worthies are enjoying upstairs.

Next morning meet a legal friend, who asks, "When are you to be presented at Court?"

"Presented at Court?"—I ask in surprise.

"Yes—Court of Queen's Bench—ha! ha! You 'll have to go one of these days in wig and gown to the Q. B. D., and inscribe your name in a big book, and bow to the Judges, and come out."

"What's the good of doing that?" I want to know.

"None whatever. An old custom, that's all. A sort of legal fiction, you know." (*Query*—If a Queen's Counsel writes a novel, isn't *that* a real legal fiction?) "You 'll feel rather like a little boy going to a new school. Judges look at you with an air of 'I say, you new feller, what's your name? Where do you come from? What House are you in?—then a good kick. They can't kick you, so they glare at you instead. Interesting ceremony. Ta, ta!"

It turns out as my friend says. But previously there is the other little formality of purchasing the trailing garments of the Profession. Go to a wig-and-gown-maker near the Law Courts. Ask to see different kinds of wigs.

"We only make one kind," replies the wig-man, pityingly. "The Patent Ventilating Anticalvitium. You 'll find it as light as a feather, almost. Made of superfine 'orse-'air." He says this as if he never got his material from anything below the value of a Derby Winner.

"Why do you call it the Anticalvitium?" I ask.

"Because it don't make the 'air fall off, Sir, as all other wigs do."

Do they? Another objection to the profession. Wish I had known this before I began to grind for the Bar Exam. Wig-man measures my head.

"Rather large size, Sir," he remarks. Says it as if I must have water on the brain at the very least. "Middle Temple, I suppose?"—he queries. Why? Somehow it would *sound* more flattering if he had supposed Inner Temple, instead of Middle. Wonder if I shall ever be described as an "Outer barrister, of the Inner Temple, with Middling abilities." Is there a special cut of face belonging to the Inner Temple, another for the Middle (there *is* a "middle cut" in salmon, why not in the law?) and a third for Lincoln's Inn?

Find, while I am meditating these problems, that I have been "suited" with a gown, also with a stock of ridiculous little linen flaps, which are called "bands." Think about "forbidding the bands," but don't know how to.

Note for the New Unionism.

"Union is Strength." Let lovers of communion
Remember Strength (of language) is *not* Union!

New Definition of a "Feather-Bed Fighter."—A Boxer with gloves over four ounces in weight. And anything over that, we suppose, must be considered a "feather-weight." This gives a new significance to the saying, "You might have knocked me down with a feather."

OUR M.P. MAKES A LITTLE TOUR IN IRELAND.

Mr. Tyms hired a Mount with the Staghounds, but quickly came to the conclusion that it was a brutal shame to chase the poor Deer up and down those horrible Banks.

A TALE OF THE TELEPHONE.

(*A Story of what may happen some day in George Street, Hanover Square.*)

There were a few minutes unoccupied before the time appointed for the ceremony, and so the Pew-opener thought he could not do better than point out the many excellences of the church to the Bridegroom.

"You see, Sir," he said, "our pulpit is occupied by the best possible talent. The Vicar takes the greatest interest in securing every rising preacher, and thus, Sunday after Sunday, we have the most startling orations."

The Bridegroom (slightly bored) said that if he had happened to live in the neighbourhood, he should certainly have taken sittings.

"But living in the neighbourhood is not necessary, Sir," persisted the Pew-opener. "Let into the sounding-board is a telephone, and so our Vicar can supply the sermons preached here, hot and hot, to residents in the London Postal District. Considering the quality of the discourses, he charges a very low rate. The system has been largely adopted. As a matter of fact the whole service, and not only the pulpit, has been laid on to the principal Hotels and Clubs."

But further conversation was here cut short by the arrival of the Bride, who, led by her brother, advanced towards the altar with an air of confidence that charmed all beholders. This self-possession was the outcome of the lady being—as her grey moiré-antique indicated—a widow. Congratulations passed round amongst the friends and relatives, and then the bridal party was arranged in front of the good old Vicar.

"Have you switched us on?" said he to the Clerk.

"Yes, Sir," was the reply. "We are now in communication with all the principal Hotels and Clubs."

"That's right. I am always anxious that my clients shall have their full money's-worth." And then the Vicar read with much emphasis the exhortation to the public to declare any "just cause or impediment" to the marriage. Naturally there was no response, and an opening hymn was sung by the choir, which, containing some half-dozen verses, lasted quite a quarter of an hour. At its conclusion the Vicar, who had allowed his attention to become distracted, instead of going on with the service, again read the exhortation. He once more gave the names of "Harry Smith, bachelor," and "Amy Jones, widow."

"If anyone knows any just cause or impediment," he continued.

"Stop; I do!" interrupted a gentleman in a dressing-gown, who had hurriedly entered the Church. "I heard you about a quarter of an hour ago, while I was breakfasting at the Shaftesbury Avenue Hotel, ask the same question, and came here without changing my coat. Very sorry to interrupt the ceremony, but this lady is my wife! Well, Amy, how are you?"

"What, Joey!" exclaimed the (now) ex-Bride, delightedly. "We *are* glad to see you! We thought you were dead!"

Then the gentleman in the dressing-gown was heartily greeted on all sides. He seemed to be a very popular personage.

"But where do I come in?" asked Mr. Brown, the ex-Bridegroom, who had, during this scene, shown signs of embarrassment.

"O Joey, I quite forgot to introduce you to Harry," said the ex-Bride. "You must know one another. I was going to marry him when you, darling, turned up just in the nick of time, like a dear good old boy!"

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Sir," said Mr. Jones, shaking Mr. Brown warmly by the hand. "And now I must go back to finish my breakfast!"

"Yes, with me," said the ex-Bride. "You must sit, darling, in the seat intended for poor Harry. I know you won't mind, Harry (or, perhaps, I ought to call you Mr. Brown now?), as I have *so* much to say to dear Joey. And you can have your breakfast at a side-table—now won't you, just to please me? You always are *so* kind and considerate!"

And, as the wedding-party left the Church, the Clerk hastily unswitched the electric communication.

"Be quiet, Sir!" he whispered, sternly, to Mr. Brown, who had been talking to himself. "If our clients heard you, we should be ruined! We guarantee that our telephonic supply shall be perfectly free from bad language!"

Prophet and Loss.—Good Mussulmen, so it is said, object to a play entitled *Mahomet* being produced in London. The objection was successful in Paris. London Managers (except, perhaps, Sheriff Druriolanus, who revived *Le Prophète* this season) will be on the side of the objectors, as they would rather have to do with a genuine profit than a fictitious one. Perhaps the non-production of *Mahomet* may be a loss to Literature and the Drama.

A BACHELOR'S IDYL.

I AM not married, but I see
No life so pleasant as my own;
I think it's good for man to be
Alone.

Some marry not who once have been—
A curious process—crossed in love,
Who find a life's experience in
A glove;

Or else will sentimental grow
At recollections of a dance;
But, luckily for me, I've no
Romance.

Of course I know "love in a cot,"—
The little wife who calls you "hub,"—
But I'm content whilst I have got
My Club.

In some fine way, I don't know how,
Some fool, some idiot, who lacks
A grain of sense, proposes now
A tax.

A Tax on Bachelors! Ah, well,
If this becomes the law's decree,
I cheerfully shall pay the *L.*
S. D.,

Quite happy with my single lot,
Convinced beyond a doubt that life
Is just worth living if you've not
A wife.

(A LITTLE LATER.)

I'll sing exaltedly no more,
But sadly in a minor key
Will tell what fortune had in store
For me.

I rather think, the other day,
That someone asked, "Should women woo?"
I'll answer that without delay—
They do!

She came—I foolishly was glad—
She took me captive with a glance,
Of course I never really had
A chance.

And when she bent her pretty head
To ask the question, I confess
That what at once with joy I said
Was "Yes."

She says our wedding is to be
On Monday—quite a swell affair.
My wife and I shall hope to see
You there.

"Is this the Hend?"

THE following, headed *Scottish Leader*, was sent to us as a quotation:—

"The Duke of FIFE has sold the estate of Eden, near Banff, to Mr. THOMAS ADAM, Deputy Chairman of the Great North of Scotland Railway Company."

If the above information be correct, this transfer of "Eden" to "ADAM" looks uncommonly like "Paradise Regained."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE BARON must say a word about *Voces Populi*, by F. ANSTEY, author of the immortal *Vice Versâ*. That the series contained in this volume appeared in *Mr. Punch's* pages is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of its quality, and more than this it would not become the Baron to say; but of the illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE the Baron can speak—and speak in terms of the highest admiration of them—as works of genuinely artistic humour. There are twenty illustrations, that is, ten brace of Partridges, if he will allow the Baron so far to make game of him. The book is published by LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.

The Learned Baron.

The Leadenhall Press has brought out, in Pocket form, *Prince Dorus*, by CHARLES LAMB, with nine coloured illustrations, following the original Edition of 1811. The lines are not very Lamb-like, but the illustrations are very quaint, and the Pocket Volume is a curiosity of literature.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

A REALLY VALUABLE SUGGESTION.

(*To the Editor of Punch.*)

DEAR SIR,—As the conductor of the recognised organ of the legal profession, I have the honour to address you. My learned and accomplished friend, Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C., complained the other day that there was a right of appeal from the Police Court to the Bench of Middlesex Magistrates. He said that his colleagues were barristers, and gentlemen of considerable eminence, and in those characters were better able to decide upon the merits of a case than the persons who compose the Tribunal to which appeal from their decision is permissible. I have not recently looked through the list of Metropolitan Police Magistrates, but, if they have been chosen from the ranks of literature and law, as they were thirty years ago, I can well understand that they are an exceedingly capable body of men. That so accomplished a *littérateur* and admirable an advocate as my friend Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS himself should have been raised to the Magisterial bench, is a proof that the standard has been maintained. But, Sir, can nothing be done for the other tribunals?

Would it not be possible to appoint a certain proportion of stipendiaries, with ample salaries, to that body? What is wanted are men with a perfect knowledge of the law, and a large experience of the adversities as well as the pleasures of life. If they occasionally dabble in literature, so much the better. But, it may be said, where are such men to be found? I answer, in very many places, and, to encourage the authorities in their search, shall be most happy to personally head the list.

Yours, very faithfully,

(*Signed*) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-handle Court, Oct. 4th, 1890.

THE GROAN OF THE GUSHLESS.

(*A Song à la Shenstone.*)

["What is described as an Anti-Gush Society has, according to a Pittsburg paper, been formed in New York, its object being to check the growing tendency, especially noticeable among young people of the period, to express themselves in exaggerated language."]

Girl Member of the A. G. S. loq.:—

YE maidens, so cheerful and gay,
Whose words ever fulsomely fall,
Oh, pity your friend, who to-day
Has become a Society's thrall.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was more happy than I;
But, alas! I've left Gushing behind!

Now I know what it is to have strove *
With the tortures of verbal desire.
I must use measured terms, where I love,
And be moderate, when I admire.
No slang must my diction adorn,
I must never say "awfully swell."
Alas! I feel flat and forlorn,
I have bidden Girl-Gushing farewell!

Since I put down my name in that book
I have never called bonnets "divine,"
For our Sec. with a soul-shaking look,
Would be down on your friend with a fine.
So the milliners now I pass by;
Though dearly they pleased me of yore;
If a girl musn't gush, squirm, and sigh,
Even shopping becomes quite a bore.

For "gorgeous" I languish in vain,
And I pine for a "love"—and a "dear."
Oh! why did I vow to be plain—
In my speech? It sounds awfully queer!
Stop! "Awfully" is not allowed,
Though it *will* slip out sometimes, I
Oh, I might as well sit in my shroud, [own.
As use moderate language alone.

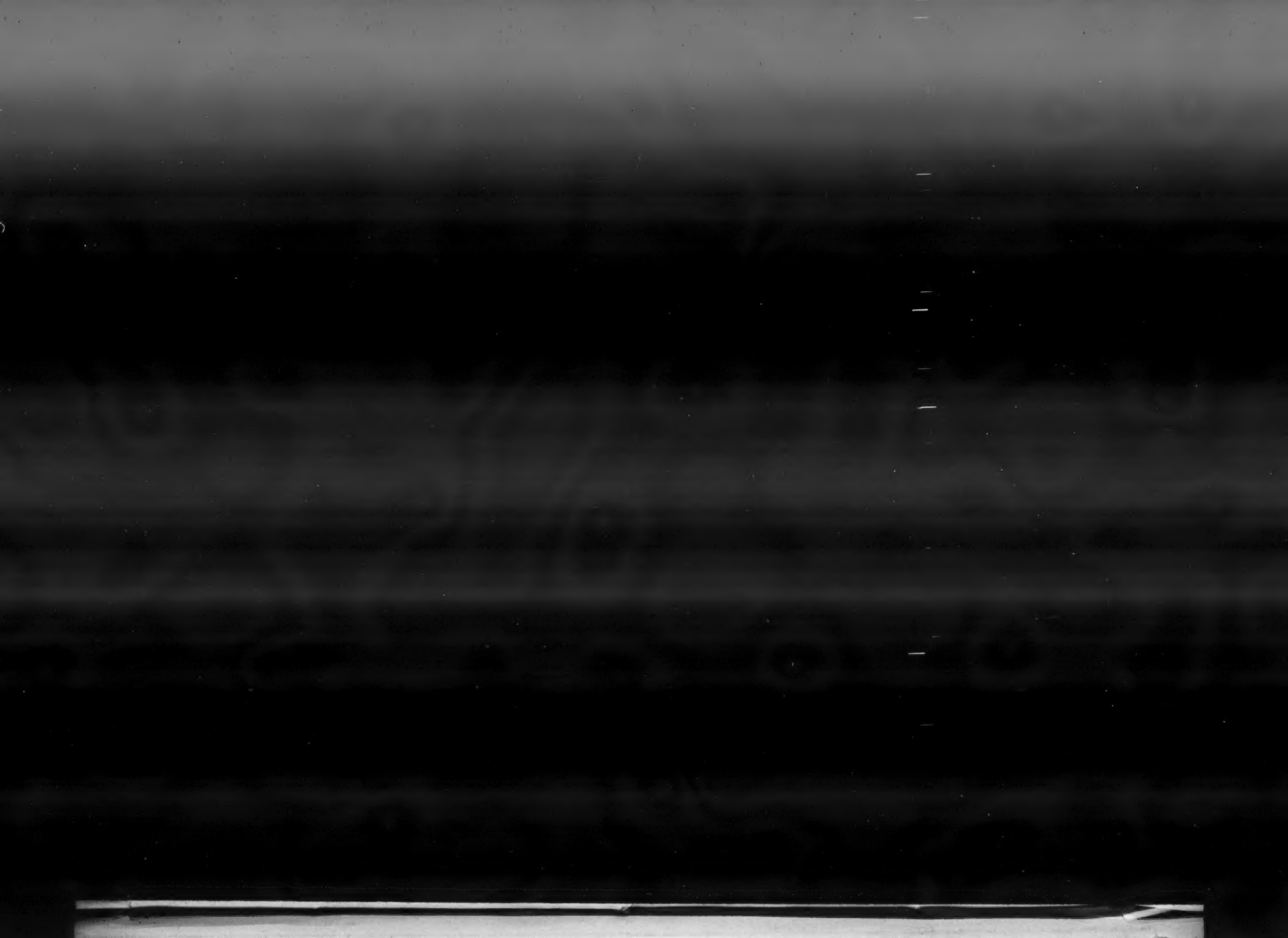
To force us fair nymphs to forego
The hyperbole dear to our heart,
And the slang without which speech is "slow,"
Is to make us a "people apart."
Oh, to say (without fines) "quite too-too!"
For dear "awfully jolly" I yearn.
I would "chuck" all my friends, sweet—save you—
To the pathways of Gush to return.

Eh? "*Chuck*" did I say? That is Slang!
And "*Sweet?*" That's decidedly Gush!
Oh, let the A. G. S. go hang!
My old love returns with a rush.
It is "gorgeous" once more to be free,
O'er a frock or a first night to glow.
Come to-morrow! Go shopping with me,
Ownest own—and we'll gush as we go!

* SHENSTONE, not *Mr. Punch*, is responsible for the peccant participle.

THE MODERN NELSON MOTTO.—At the Church Congress, Lord NELSON expressed a strong desire for the union of Dissenters with Churchmen. If his Lordship's reading of the old Nelsonian motto is "England expects that every clergyman (Dissenter or Churchman) should do somebody else's duty," then England will have to wait a considerable time for the Utopian realisation of this pious wish.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



HOW IT'S DONE.

A Handbook to Honesty.

No. II.—The Straight "Tip."

Scene—*Sanctum of "Large Wholesale House." Present, one of the* Principals, *a pompous personage, with imposing watch-chain, and abundant space for it to meander over, and a sleekly subservient* "Head of Department." Principal *looks irritated,* Head of Department *apprehensive, the former angrily shuffling some papers, the latter nervously "washing his hands with invisible soap, in imperceptible water."*

Principal. Well, Mr.—er—er—Scroop, we—er—my partners and self, are not quite satisfied with the way in which things are going in—er—in your department.

Head of Department. Indeed, Sir. Sorry to hear that, Sir. May I ask, Sir, in—er—in what particular I have—er—failed to give complete satisfaction. (*Aside.*) On the screw again, the old skinflint — I know him.

Principal. Well, in point of fact, the profits on your branch have lately been very — have seemed—er—have been by no means—what we could wish, Mr. Scroop, what we could wish, Sir.

H. of D. Really, Sir, I —ah, am grieved to hear it, for, upon my word, I hardly know——

Principal (*abruptly*). There must be cutting down somewhere—I say *somewhere*, Mr. Scroop—*where*, I must leave to you. By the way, it seems to me that Puddicombe's prices are a bit high for a beginner in the trade as he is. I think his "lines" ought to run a little lower—eh?

H. of D. Well, Sir, I've suggested it to him myself, but he protested there was hardly a margin left. However, since you name it, Sir, I'll see what I can do with him. (*Aside.*) Ruthless old grinder, *that's* his game, is it? Wants a few "extra" pounds to play with, and means squeezing them out of Puddicombe. Poor Puddicombe, I've already put the screw on him pretty tightly. However, I must give it another turn, I suppose.

Scene II.—Head of Department *and* Puddicombe, *a hard-working, struggling manufacturer, who has schemed and screwed for years to keep in with the Big House.*

Puddicombe. Upon my word, Mr. Scroop, I can't—I really can't, knock off another quarter per cent. It's a tight fight already, and I *can't* do it.

H. of D. (*airily*). All right, Puddicombe my boy,—as you please. Plenty who will, you know.

Puddicombe. Really, Mr. Scroop, I don't see how they can——

H. of D. (*rudely*). That's *their* business. I only know they *will*, and jump at it.

Puddicombe. (*hesitatingly*). But—er—I thought, when I made that little arrangement with you, a year ago, about the trifling bonus to you, you know, I thought you as good as promised——

H. of D. (*severely*). Mr. Puddicombe, you surprise me. I am here, Sir, to do the best I can for the Firm—and *I shall do it.* If somebody else's prices are better than yours, somebody else gets the line, that's all. Good day, Mr. Puddicombe. (*Aside.*) Confound his impudence!—he shan't have another order if *I* can help it! Trifling bonus, indeed! One thing, he daren't split—so *I'm* safe.

[*Exit* Puddicombe, *despondently. Enter, presently, a hopeful-looking person, with a sample-bag.*

H. of D. (*cheerily*). Ah, Mr. Pincher, how do—how do? Haven't seen you for an age.

Mr. Pincher. Good day, Mr. Scroop. I heard you wanted to see me, and, as I've a *very* cheap line in your way, I thought, as I was passing, I'd venture to look in.

H. of D. Quite right, Pincher. What's the figure, my boy?

Pincher (*slily*). A shade lower than the lowest you've been giving. Is that good enough?

H. of D. Well—ahem!—yes—of course, if the *quality* is right.

Pincher. O. K., I assure you, Sir!

H. of D. Well, we're quoted as low as forty-five. If you can beat that, I think I can place the order with you.

Pincher (*aside*). Liar! Even poor Puddicombe wouldn't go under fifty. However, here goes! (*Aloud.*) Will five off meet your views?

H. of D. Say seven and a half, and I'm on.

Pincher. Done with you, Sir. (*Aside.*) With what he'll want for himself, there's "nothing in it!"—*this* time.

H. of D. Well—subject, of course, to our Principal's approval, I think I may say the line is yours, Pincher. (*Aside.*) Don't know how the doose he does it! Well, that's none o' my business. Won't old Skinflint be pleased? Must try and spring him for a holiday, on the strength of it.

Pincher. Thanks—many thanks. (*Books it.*) Hope we shall do more business together,—to our mutual advantage. By the way, Mr. Scroop—(*in a low voice*)—if there *is* any little thing I can put in your way, you know, I, er—er!——

H. of D. Oh, don't mention it, Pincher. Give me a look up on Tuesday evening, at home. You know my little place at Peckham. My good lady'll give you a little music.

Pincher. Ah, I've a good deal of influence in that line. Now, if there's anything Mrs. Scroop might fancy—I know "perks" are not in *your* line, but the ladies, my boy, the ladies!

H. of D. (*laughing*). You will have your joke, Pincher. Well, oddly enough, the Misais was only saying last night she wanted a new piano—one of Broadwood's grands, for choice—and if you——

Pincher (*mysteriously*). Leave it to me, my dear Sir, leave it to me. If Mrs. Scroop isn't satisfied by this day week, why—never give me another line. Ha! ha! *Good* day, Mr. Scroop!

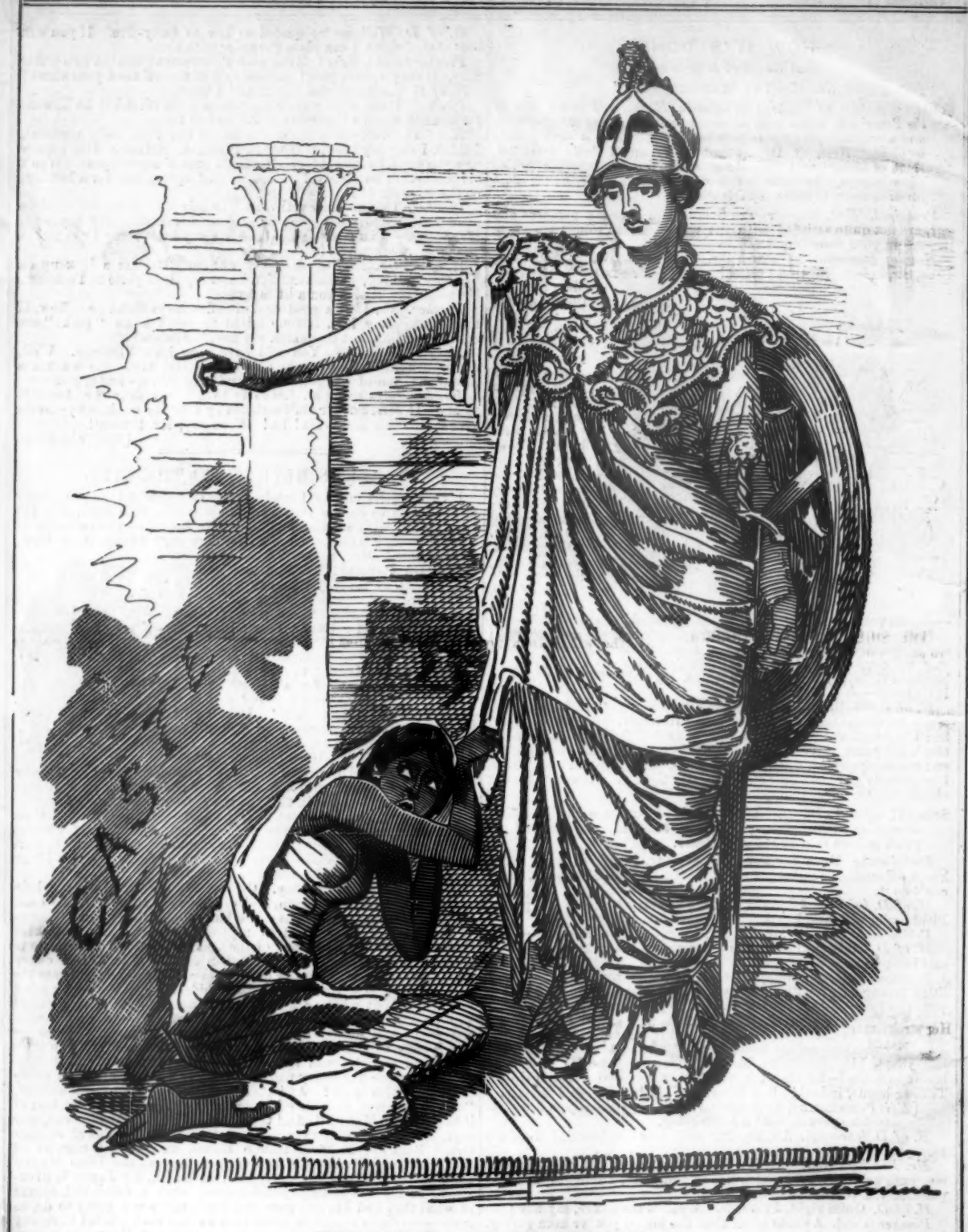
[*Exit, chuckling.*

ROBERT'S RETURN TO THE CITY.

I've bin jolly cumferal lately at the Grand Hotel, as ewerybody in fac seems to be, for they cums in a smilin with hope, and gos away smilin with satisfacshun, and with the thorow conwicshun of soom cumming again, and sum on 'em says to me, says they, "Oh rewor! Mr. Robert!" and others says, "Oh Plezzeer! Mr. Robert!" which both means, as my yung French frend tells me, "Here's to our nex merry meeting!" but that sounds more like a parting Toast with a bumper of good old Port to drink it in, but I dezzay as he's right. But larst week I receeves a most prumptery order from the Lord Mare, "to cum back to the City, if it were ony for a week." So in coarse back I cums, and a grand sort of a week we has all had on it! I shall fust begin with a reglar staggerer of a dinner at the Manshun House on Munday, given, as I was told, to all the Horthers and Hartists of Urope, who had jest bin a holding of a Meeting to let ewerybody kno as how as they ment for to have their rites in their hone ritings and picters, or they woodn't rite no more, nor paint no more!

My profound estonishment may be more heasily described than conseeved when I says as they was amost all Forreners of warious countries! so that when I handed anythink werry speshal to sum on 'em they would shake their heds and say, "No mercy!" or "Nine darnker!" as the case mite be.

Well, so much for Monday. On Toosday I spent nearly the hole day at Gildhall in surveyin, and criticisin, hay, and in one case, acshally *tasting* the wundrus collecshun of all kinds and condishuns of Frute that the hole Country can perduce, that had been collecktd there! I wunders how many of the tens of thousands who came to Gildhall to see the temting sight, can say the same. But ewery wise perducer of heatables or drinkables allus tries to captiwate the good opinyon of a Hed Waiter. The hidear jest ocurs to my mind to ask at about what part of the next Sentry the County Counsil will be a dewoting of their time and money to a similar usefool purpuss! And hecco answers, Wen! The uniwersal werdick of heverybody as was there agreed in saying, that nothink like it in buty, and wariety, and size, wasn't never seen nowheres before. And then came the werry natural enquiry, what on airth's a going to be done with it all? And then came the equally nateral answer, "The Fruiterers' Company is a going to send all the werry best of it to the Lord Mare?" And then, "Hey, Presto!" as the cunjurer says, and on Wensday evening there it was on the table at another Grand Bankwet at the Manshun House, and quite a number of the Fruiterers' Company a sitting a smiling at the Lord Mare's horspitable table, and the werry head on 'em all, Sir James Whitehead, giving the distingwished compny sitch a delightful acount of what they had bin and gone and done, and was a going to do, as made ewerybody rejoice to think that we had such a nobel Company as the Fruiterers' Company, and such a prince of Masters to govern 'em. And I feels bound in honor to say, that the black grapes was about the werry finest as ewer I ewer tasted. Robert.



THE SHIELD AND THE SHADOW.

THE VICTIMS OF HIGH SPEED.

The Dream of an Anxious Captain after Tearing across the Fishing-Grounds of Newfoundland.

THE SHIELD AND THE SHADOW.

["Before the 'silent millions' who make up the rank and file of Hindoos discard the cruelties of their marriage system, their opinions, prejudices, and habits of thought must change. Nothing is more certain than that they will change slowly; but we hold to the belief that judicious legislation will hasten the process more powerfully than anything else."—*The "Times" on Child-Marriage and Enforced Widowhood in India.*]

Yes, compassion is due to thee, India's young daughter; [despair
The sound of thy sorrow, thy plaint of
Have reached English ears o'er the wide westward water, [there.
And sympathy stirred, seldom slumbering

Child-Wife, or Child-Widow, in agony kneeling
And clasping the skirts of the armed Island Queen, [ing;
Her heart is not cold to thine urgent appeal-
Considerate care in her glances is seen.

Not hot as the urgings of zealotry heady
The action of her who's protectrice and guide.
Her stroke must be measured, her sympathy steady, [wide.
Whose burden's as great as her power is

She stands, Ægis-armed, looked forth calm, reflective,
Across the wide stretches of old Hindostan.
The plains now subdued to her power protective,
Saw politic Akbar and sage Shah Jehan.

If Akbar was pitiful, Islam's great sworder,
Shall she of the Ægis be less so than he?
The marriage of widows he sanctioned, his order [Suttee.
Three centuries since laid the ban on

And she, his successor, has rescued already
The widow from fire, and the child from the flood;
For mercy's her impulse, her policy steady
Opposes the creed-thralls whose chrism is blood.

And now the appeal of the Child-Widow reaches
The ears ever open to misery's plaint.
She *thinks*—for the sway of long centuries teaches [not faint.
That zeal should not hasten, and patience

The child kneeling there at her skirts is the creature
Of tyrannous ages of creed and of caste;
She bears, helpless prey of the priest, on each feature,
The pitiful brand of a pitiless past.

Long-wrought, closely knit, subtly swaying, deep-rooted, [child;
The system whose shadow is over the
By grey superstition debased and imbruted,
By craft's callous cruelty deeply defiled.

But long-swaying custom hath far-reaching issues, [haste.
The hand that assails it doth ill to show
The knife that would search poor humanity's tissues,
Hath healing for object, not ravage or waste.

Not coldness, but coolness, sound policy pleads for, [yearn
But, subject to that, human sympathies
To aid the child-victim the woman's heart bleeds for, [must burn.
For whom a man's breast with compassion

Poor child! The dark shadow that closely pursues her
Means menacing Terror; she sues for a shield,
And how shall the strong Ægis-bearer refuse her? [yield.
The bondage of caste to calm justice must

We dare not be deaf to the voice of the pleader
For freedom and purity, nature and right;
Let Wisdom, high-throned as controller and leader, [might!
Meet cruelty's steel with the shield of calm

MY MOTHER BIDS ME DYE MY HAIR.

[Auburn is said to be the present fashionable colour in hair.]

My Mother bids me dye my hair
A lovely auburn hue,
She says I ought to be aware
It's quite the thing to do.

The Hazard of the Dye.

"Why sit," she cries, "without a smile,
Whilst others dance instead?"
Alas! no partners ask me while
My tresses are not red.

When no one else at all is near,
And I am quite alone,
I sadly shed a bitter tear
To think the Season's gone.

But when the time again draws nigh,
The time when maidens wed,
I'm quite resolved to "do *and* dye"—
My tresses *shall* be red!

TO ENGELBERG AND BACK.

Being a Few Notes taken en route in Search of a Perfect Cure.

I DON'T exactly know how I got mixed up with it, but I found myself somehow "fixed," as our American cousins would say, to join a party who were going to see Old JEPHSON (the Q.C.), who had broken "down," or broken "up," or had gone through some mental and physical smashing process or other, that necessitated an immediate recourse to mountain air,—to where he could get it of the right sort and quality with as little strain or tax on his somewhat shattered nerves as might be compatible with a dash into the heart of Switzerland at the fag-end of the swarming tourists' season. "Murren will be too high for him: distinctly too high for him," thoughtfully observed the distinguished specialist who had been called in, and had at once prescribed the "air tonic" in question; "and the Burgenstock would be too low. His condition requires an elevation of about 3500 feet. Let me see. Ha! Engelberg is the place for him. My dear lady," he continued, addressing Mrs. JEPHSON, who had already imbibed the theory that every altitude, from Primrose Hill to Mont Blanc, suited its special ailment, the only thing necessary being to hit on the right one, "My dear lady, get your good husband to Engelberg at once. Write to HERR CATTANI, Hotel Titlis, Engelberg, Unterwalden, asking what day he can receive you (use *my* name), and then, as soon as you can possibly get off, start. I can promise you it will do wonders for our patient."

So, in about five days, we found ourselves, a party of six (including young JERRYMAN, who said that, though he saw no difference between Lucerne and Bayswater, except that Bayswater was a "howling site bigger," he would come, "if only for the lark of seeing the dilapidated old boy" (his way of referring to his invalid Q. C. Uncle) "shovelled about the Bernese Oberland like a seedy Guy Faux,") crossing the silver streak on that valued, steady-going, and excellently well-found Channel friend, the *Calais-Douvres*. Of course we made a fresh friend for life on board—one always does. We counted up fifty-seven fresh friends for life we had made, one way and another, on our way, before we got home again. This was a Dr. MELCHISIDEC, who at once yielded his folding-chair to the Dilapidated One, and, finding himself bound also for Engelberg, attached himself as a sort of General-Director and Personal Conductor to our party. "Had we got our tickets through COOK, and asked him to secure our places in the train?" he inquired. "We had." "Ha! then it would be all right." And it was. On our arriving at Calais, no crush, or excitement, and fighting for places. We were met by three courteous, military-looking officials, who talked four languages between them, and ushered us to our "reserved" places. Royalty could not have fared better. "You're all right with COOK," observed Dr. MELCHISIDEC. "He's got a man everywhere; and, if there's any hitch, you've only got to call him in. A clear case of too many Cooks *not* spoiling the broth." And so we found it. I had always hitherto considered Cook's Excursionists as rather a comic institution, and as something to be laughed at. Nothing of the sort. "Blessed be COOK!" say I. All I know is, that we found his name a perfect tower of strength along the entire route we traversed.

Lit de Luxe!

And now we were whirling along towards Basle in the rather stuffy splendours provided for us by the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits, that reminded one, as much as anything of being fixed into one's allotted place in a sort of gigantic Gladstone Bag—an illusion assisted, no doubt, by the prominence of a deal of silver-plated fittings, in the shape of knobs and door-handles, all somewhat tarnished and dusty. True, the compartment, which gave on to a corridor running the whole length of the carriage, was provided with a table, an inkstand, a large pan for cigar-ash, and a colossal spittoon; but as one had no immediate need of any of these things, and they filled up the already sufficiently limited space, one was strongly disposed, but for the presence of the military official of the Wagons Lits who paced the corridor before alluded to, to pitch them all out of the window then and there. But it was drawing on towards seven o'clock, and the question of feeding naturally came to the fore. How was the Dilapidated One to get his meal at Tergnier, the place where the military official informed us we should find "an excellent repast, 'ot, and ready, with plenty of time to dispose of 'im with every facility," waiting for us.

Young JERRYMAN suggested the luncheon-basket, which he saw an American get through the other day, containing two pork sandwiches, nine inches long; half a fowl, a couple of rolls, three peaches, a bunch of grapes, a jam-tart, and a bottle of wine; but Dr. MELCHISIDEC put his veto on this, and, looking at the Dilapidated One critically, as if he was wondering how much he weighed, if it came to carrying him, came in with a judicial "No! no! I think we can manage to get him to the Buffet," which settled the matter; and with the announcement that we had all of us "*vingt-trois minutes d'arrêt*," we found ourselves stepping across the growing dusk of the platform, into the cheerful and brightly-lighted Station *Restaurant*, where a capital and comfortable meal, excellently served, was awaiting us. And, O ye shades of Rugby, Swindon, Crewe, Grantham, and I know not what other British Railway feeding centres, at which I have been harassed, scalded, and finally hurried away unfed, would that you could take a lesson from the admirable management, consideration for the digestion of the hungry passengers, and general all-round thoughtfulness that characterises the taking of that meal "*de voyage*" at Tergnier.

"C'est tout, Monsieur?"

To begin with, you have about finished your soup, when a station official appears at the door and informs all the feeding passengers in an assuring and encouraging voice that they have "*encore dix-huit minutes*"—as much as to say, "Pray, my dear Monsieur, or Madame, as the case may be, do not hurry over that capital portion of *bœuf braisé à l'Impériale*, but enjoy its full flavour at your perfect leisure. There is not, pray believe me, the remotest occasion for any excitement or hurry." A little later on, in your repast, when you are just, perhaps, beginning to wonder whether you oughtn't to be thinking about returning to the train, the good fairy official again appears at the door, this time announcing that you have "*encore douze minutes*" in the same encouraging tones, that seem to say, "Now, I beg you will quite finish that excellent '*poulet*' and '*salade*.' Believe me, you have ample time. Trust to me. I charge myself with the responsibility of seeing that you catch your train calmly and comfortably;" which he certainly does, looking in again as Madame comes round, and you pay her her modest demand of three francs fifty for her excellently-cooked and well-served repast (*vin compris*), with the final announcement of, "*Maintenant en voiture, Mesdames et Messieurs*," that finds you comfortably seated in your place again, with three minutes to spare before the departure of the train. But perhaps the best testimony to the excellence of the management may be found in the fact that the Dilapidated One was not only got out, but well fed, and put back in his place, with a whole minute

Nach Engelberg!

* To be continued till further notice.

to spare, without any excitement, or more than the usual expenditure of nerve-force required for the undertaking.

"I will, when Monsieur desires it, make up the bed for 'im," volunteers the military officer, towards eleven o'clock; and, as there isn't much going on, we say, "All right—we'll have it now;" and we disport ourselves in the corridor, while he works a sort of transformation in our Gladstone Bag compartment, which seems greatly to diminish its "containing" capacity. Indeed, if it were not for the floor, the ceiling, and the walls, one would hardly know where to stow one's packages. *Le train de Luxe* I know has come in, of late, for some abuse, and some grumblers have made a dead set at it. I don't know what their experience of a *lit de luxe* may have been, but, if it was anything like mine, they must have experienced a general feeling of wanting about a foot more room every way, coupled with a strong and morbid inclination to kick off roof, sides, back, and, in fact, everything, so as, somehow, to secure it.

However, the night passed, the unceasing rattle of the train being occasionally changed for the momentary dead stillness, when it stopped, as it did now and then, at some small place on the way, for apparently no better reason than that of pulling the station-master out of bed to report it. Practically I was undisturbed, except at, I think, a place called *Delle*, where, in the very small hours of the morning, a gentleman opened the door of my bedroom *de Luxe*, and asked me in a voice, in which melancholy and sleep seemed to be struggling for the mastery, whether "I had any declaration I wished to make to the Swiss *Douanes*," and on my assuring him that I had "none whatever," he sadly and silently withdrew.

Nothing further till Basle, where we halted at 6 A.M. for breakfast and a change of trains, and where I was much impressed with the carrying power of the local porter, whom I met loaded with the Dilapidated One's effects, apparently surprised that that "was all" he was expected to take charge of. Lucerne in a blaze of stifling heat, with struggling Yankee and British tourists being turned away from the doors of all the hotels, so we were glad to get our telegram from Herr CATTANI announcing that he was able to offer us rooms that he had "disponible;" and at 3 P.M. we commenced our carriage-drive to Engelberg. Towards five we quitted the plain and began the ascent.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A PROMISING series, so far, is this re-issue by Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS of "*The Barber's Chair, Etc.*," by DOUGLAS JERROLD; "*Gulliver's Travels*, by DEAN SWIFT, *Etc.*;" and SHERIDAN'S Plays. "Etc.," in both the first-mentioned books, forms a considerable portion of each volume. "Etc.," in the first includes the *Hedgehog Letters*, which are very Jerroldian; and in the second it means the immortal *Tale of a Tub*, the *Battle of the Books*, and a fragment from the Dean's correspondence.

Bound in Boards.

The Baron begs to return thanks for an odd volume, one of privately printed *opuscula* of "*The Sette of Odd Volumes*," which has been presented to him by the Author, Mr. WALTER HAMILTON, F.R.G.S., and F.R.H.S., who has the honour of filling the important post of "Parodist" in the above-mentioned society or "Sette." This little odd volume epitomises the Drama of England within the last three centuries in most interesting fashion, without losing a single important point. Why it should have fallen to the lot of the "Parodist to the Sette" to do this, is only explained by the Sette being made up of Odd, very odd, Volumes. What are their rules? Do they go "odd man out" to decide who shall pay for the banquet? Must they dine in the daytime, because, being an odd lot, they cannot sit down to dinner at eventide?

A list of the Odd members is given in the little book; but who cares what, or who, the Odds are, as long as they each and all are happy? 'Tis a pity that, in this *multum in parvo* of a book, the author should have spoken disparagingly of "Glorious JOHN." It would be worth while to refer to MACAULAY'S *Dramatists of the Restoration*, and to compare the licence of that age with that of SHAKSPEARE'S time, when a Virgin Queen, and not a Merry Monarch, was on the throne. And, when we come to SHERIDAN'S time, how about *The Duenna*, and *The Trip to Scarborough*, which was supposed to be an improvement on the original? However, *puris pura puerisque puellis*, as my excellent friend, Miss MAXIMA DE BETUR observes. But one ought not to look a gift pony in the mouth any more than one ought to critically examine a jest which is passed off in good company. The jest was not meant to be criticised, and the pony wasn't given you in order that you might critically express an opinion on its age. If a pony—a very quiet, steady grey pony—were presented as a mark of affection and esteem to the Baron, he most certainly would *not* inspect its mouth, seeing that he would not be a tooth the wiser for the operation; but, if the Baron had a friendly vet. or a hipposcientist at hand, he would certainly ask *him* to examine the gift cob before the Baron either drove or rode him.

Quo tendimus? In Latium? Verily, for the next work at hand is Mr. HUTTON'S *Monograph on Cardinal Newman*, which, of all the writings about his Eminence that I've lately read, I can (says the Baron, in one of his more severely sedate moods,) most confidently recommend to general readers of all denominations, and of all shades of opinion, whom Mr. HUTTON may address as "Friends, Romans, Countrymen!" That learned Theban, "JOHN OLDCASTLE," has written an interesting Biography of "The noblest Roman of them all," which forms a special number of the *Merry England* Magazine.

Margaret Byng, by F. C. PHILLIPS and FENDALL, is a clever sensational story, spun out into two volumes, which can be devoured by the accomplished novel-swallower in any two hours' train journey, and can be highly recommended for this particular purpose. It would have been better, because less expensive and more portable, had it been in one volume; but the Baron strongly recommends it for the above space of time in a train, or whenever you've nothing better to do, which will happen occasionally even to the wisest and best of us. The secret is very well kept to the end; and an expert in novel-reading can do the first volume in three-quarters of an hour, and the next in half an hour easily, and be none the worse for the *tour de force*, as he will have amused and interested himself for the time being, will forget all about it in an hour or so, and wonder what it was all about if at any future time the name of the book should be mentioned in his hearing. It's the sort of book that ought to be the size of a Tauchnitz edition, in one volume only, and sold for a couple of shillings.

The facsimile of DICKENS'S MS. of the *Christmas Carol*, published by Messrs. ELLIOTT STOCK, is a happy thought for the coming Christmas, and that Christmas *is* coming is a matter about which publishers within the next six weeks will not allow anyone to entertain the shadow or the ghost of a doubt. What a good subject for a Christmas story, *The Ghost of a Doubt; or, The Shadow of a Reason!* "Methinks," quoth the Baron, "it would be as well to register these two titles and couple of subjects before anyone seizes them as his own." Most interesting is this facsimile MS., showing how DICKENS wrote it, corrected it, and polished it up. Though, that this was the only MS. of this work, the Baron doubts. It may have been the only complete MS., but where are all the notes, rough or smooth, of the inspirations as they occurred? Those, the germs of this story or of any story, would be the most interesting of all; that is, to the confraternity of Authors. There is a pleasant preface, lively, of course, it should be, as coming from a Kitten who might have given us a catty-logue of the works of DICKENS in his possession.

"Thank you, Mr. B. L. FARJEON," says the Baron, "for a clever little novel called *A Very Young Couple*." Perhaps it might have been a trifle shorter than it is with advantage; and, if it had been published in that still more pocketable form which has made the Routledgean series of portable-readables so popular with the Baron, and those who are guided by his advice, the book would be still better. As it is, it is clever, because the astute novel-reader at once discards the real and only solution of the mystery as far too commonplace, and this solution is *the* one which Mr. FARJEON has adopted. It is the expected-unexpected that happens in this case, and the astute reader is particularly pleased with himself, because he finishes by saying, "I knew how it would be, all along."

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

DURING A VISIT.

"PRAY *don't move;*" *i.e.*, "He will be a brute if he doesn't."

"*I hope I am not disturbing you;*" *i.e.*, "I don't care the least if I am."

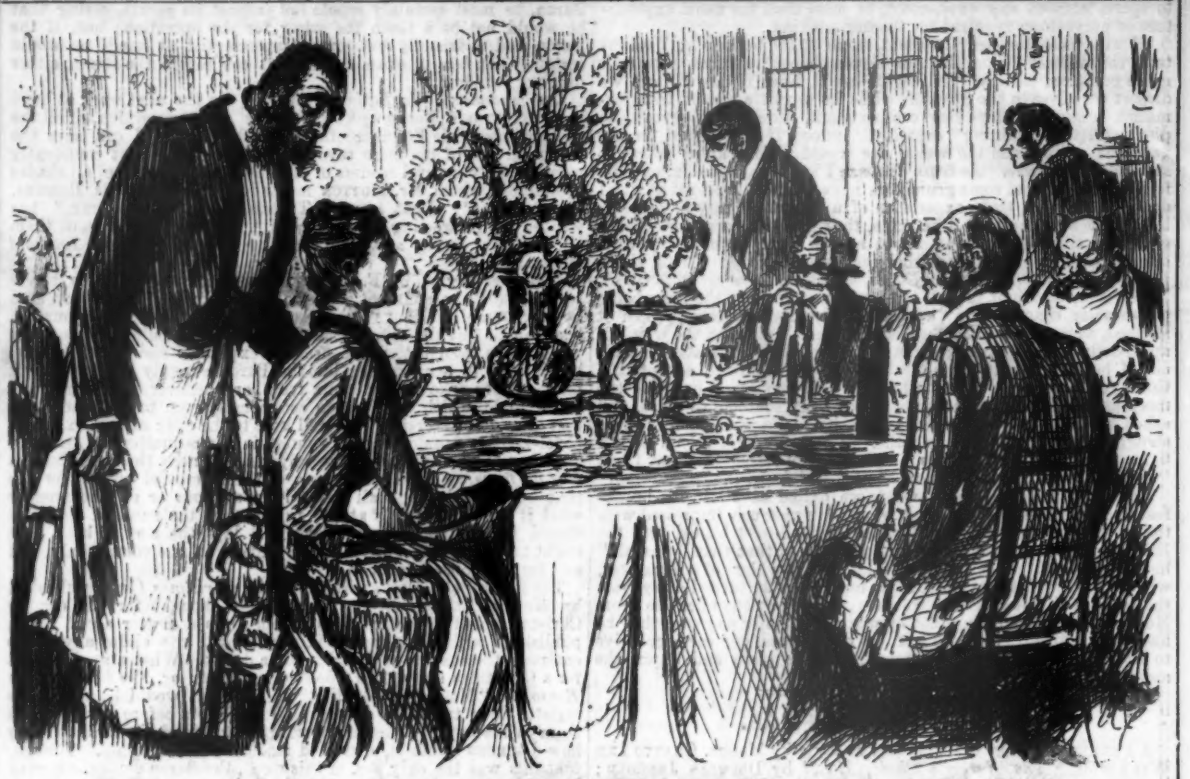
"*What a delightful volume of poems your last is!*" *i.e.*, "Haven't read one of them; but he won't find it out."

"*So much in your new book that is interesting about those dear Japanese;*" *i.e.*, "Glad I happened to glance at that page."

"*Do tell me when you next lecture. Wouldn't miss it for worlds!*" *i.e.*, "Wild horses would not drag me there."

"*So sorry you are going. Mind you come and stay with us again very soon;*" *i.e.*, "Unless she comes without an invitation, she is not likely to cross *this* threshold again."

INCOMPREHENSIBLE!—At the dinner given by the LORD MAYOR, a few days since, to the representatives of Art and Literature of all nations, a linguist, who is believed to understand seventeen languages, made a speech in the eighteenth!



OUR COMPATRIOTS ABROAD.

Scene—*A Table d'hôte.*

Aristocratic English Lady (full of diplomatic relations). "A—can you tell me if there is a resident British Minister here?"
Scotch Tourist. "Well, I 'm not just quite sure—but I 'm told there 's an excellent Presbyterian Service every Sunday!"

A FAMILY QUESTION.

A Song for the Situation.

Air—"*The Chesapeake and the Shannon.*"

McKinley, brave and bold, as the universe is told,
Brought forth his Tariff Bill so neat and handy, O!
And true patriots, everyone thought the business splendid fun,
With their music playing Yankee-doodle dandy, O!
Yankee-doodle, Yankee-doodle dandy, O!
The patriots came running, and admired McKinley's cunning,
In the interests of Yankee-doodle dandy, O!

The Britisher might blame the new Economic game,
That only fired the Yankee like neat brandy, O!
If J. B. should be stone-broke by McKinley's master-stroke,
Tant mieux, my boys, for Yankee-doodle dandy, O!
Yankee-doodle, Yankee-doodle dandy, O!
The measure is a lark, it *may* transfer the British market
To the able hands of Yankee-doodle dandy, O!

The fight has scarce begun, and the Yank has seen the fun
Of the rush of freighted vessels to be handy, O!
Just in time for the old duties; they competed, like young beauties
For the smile of some young roving Royal dandy, O!
Yankee-doodle, Yankee-doodle dandy, O!
They knew there 'd be a scare if the ships didn't dodge the Tariff,
The New Tariff dear to Yankee-doodle dandy, O!

The *Etruria* and *Zaandam* found the business quite a flam,
The *Thingvalla*, in good time, was not quite handy, O!
Whilst some sugar-laden ships found they 'd wholly missed their tips,
To the merriment of Yankee-doodle dandy, O!
Yankee-doodle, Yankee-doodle dandy, O!
Yet the prudent thoughts are giving to the "increased cost of living,"
Home-expenses burden Yankee-doodle dandy, O!

Miss Columbia and her "Ma" have a fancy that Pap-pa,
At raising "worsted-stuffs" has been too handy, O!
Fifty per cent. on frocks, upon petticoats and socks,
Scares the women-folk of Yankee doodle dandy, O!
Yankee doodle, Yankee doodle dandy, O!
"Taxing the Britisher" may yet create a stir
In the Home-affairs of Yankee doodle dandy, O!]

Pennsylvania will rejoice, but a sort of still small voice
In the ear of Uncle Sam may sound quite handy, O!
Wall Street may feel smart shocks at the lowering of Stocks,
And *will* "Tin-plates" comfort Yankee doodle dandy, O?
Yankee doodle, Yankee doodle, dandy O!
Lower Stocks by raising "Stockings" Ah, methinks I hear the
"Shockings"!
Of the women-folk of Yankee-doodle dandy, O!

Howsoever that may fare, let John Bull keep on his hair,
And Miss Canada with flouts be not too handy, O!
Common sense is safe commander, and we need not raise our dander
At the Tariff tricks of Yankee doodle dandy, O!
Yankee doodle! Yankee doodle dandy, O!
And may it ever prove in trade fights, *or* brotherly love,
Bull can keep upsides with Yankee doodle dandy, O!

"Charge, Chester, Charge!"—The *Times* reports that at Chester County Court last week, Mr. Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P., Judge Advocate of the Fleet, was summoned for £25—for goods supplied, and that the claim was unsuccessfully contested on the score that it was barred by the Statute of Limitations. Mr. Segar, who represented the Plaintiff, said that the Defendant was "wrong in his law," and Judge Sir Horatio Lloyd assented to the proposition by giving a verdict for the full amount claimed. From this it would appear that there was "no valley" (as a Cockney would say) in the point of the Hill—the Judge Advocate of the Fleet being on this occasion, if not in his native element, at any rate, "quite at sea!"

A FAMILY QUESTION.

Miss Columbia. "SAY, PAP-PA, WON'T THAT BILL RILE THE BRITISHERS, SOME? ANYHOW, GUESS YOU 'LL HAVE TO SHELL OUT PRETTY CONSIDERABLE ALL ROUND—*AT HOME!!*"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Steam-rolling Experiences.—That you should have endeavoured to have turned the birthday-gift of your eccentric nephews to account, and made an offer to the Municipality of West Bloxham to "set" the High Street for them by going over it with the seventeen-ton steam-roller, with which your youthful relatives had presented you, was only a nice and generous impulse on your part; and it is undeniably a great pity that, owing to your not fully understanding the working of the machine, you should have torn away the front of three of the principal shops, finally going through the floor of a fourth, and getting yourself apparently permanently embedded in a position from which you cannot extricate yourself, in the very centre of the leading thoroughfare. Your idea of getting out of the difficulty by presenting the steam-roller then and there to the Borough was a happy one, and it is to be regretted that, under the circumstances, they felt no inclination to accept your offer. Their threat of further proceedings against you unless you take immediate steps to remove your machine, though, perhaps, to be expected, is certainly a little unhandsome. Perhaps your best plan will be to try and start your Steam-roller as a "Suburban Omnibus Company," as you propose. Certainly secure that Duke you mention for Chairman, and, with one or two good City names on the Directorate, it is possible you may be successful in your efforts to float the affair. Meantime, since the proprietor of the premises in which your Steam-roller has fixed itself refuses to allow you to try to remove it by dynamite, leave it where it is. Put the whole matter into the hands of a sharp local lawyer, and go on to the Continent until it has blown over.

A HERO "FIN DE SIÈCLE."

Podgers (of Sandboys Golf Club). "My dear Miss Robinson, Golf 's the only Game nowadays for the *Men*. Lawn-Tennis is all very well for you *Girls*, you know."

HIGHWAYS AND LOW WAYS.

There is evidently all the difference in the world between "The King's Highway"—of song—and the Kingsland highway—of fact. Song says all is equal to—

"High and low on the King's highway."

Experience teaches that a sober citizen traversing the highway unfavourably known as the Kingsland Road, is liable to be tripped up, robbed and thumped senseless by organised gangs of Kingsland roughs. It seems doubtful whether Neapolitan banditti or Australian bush-whackers are much worse than these Cockney ruffians, these vulgar, vicious and villanous "Knights of the (Kingsland) Road." Is it not high time that the local authorities—and the local police—looked to this particular "highway," which seems so much more like a "by-way" not to say a "by-word and a reproach" to a city suburb?

A Case for the Surgeons.—Mrs. Ramsbotham, who has a great respect for the attainments of Members of the Medical profession, cannot understand why Army Doctors should be called "non-competents."

THE MODERN MILKMAID'S SONG.

(At the Dairy Show.)

An Extract from the "Complete Angler" of the Future.

Piscator. Maudlin, I pray you, do us the courtesy to sing a song concerning your late visit to London.

Maudlin *sings:*—

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That come in competition's field
From reckoning up the Shorthorn's "yield."

To Town we 'll come in modish frocks,
Where swells appraise our herds and flocks,
By days "in profit" great or small,
All in the Agricultural Hall.

Cockneys shall come and poke their noses
Into our churns as sweet as roses;
And to quiz Maudlin in clean kirtle
The toffs of Town will crush and hurtle.

You 'll see the Queen, of pride chock-full,
Take first prize with her Shorthorn bull;
Dr. H. Watney, of Buckhold,
With "Cleopatra" hit the gold.

A medal or a champion cup
For cheese to munch, or cream to sup,
Are pleasures rural souls to move,
So live with me and be my love.

Butter and eggs, milch cows and churns,
With cattle foods shall take their turns;
If Dairy Shows thy mind have won,
Then come with me to Islington.

Viator. Trust me, Master, it is an apt song, and archly sung by modish Maudlin. I'll bestow a bucolic Cockney's wish upon her, *that she may live to marry a Competitive Dairyman, and have good store of champion cups and first prizes stuck about her best parlour.*

A LICENCE FOR LORDS.

[At the Blackheath Petty Sessions, Mr. Lawless, stated that the Trafalgar Hotel, belonged to the Lords of the Admiralty, and asked the Bench to transfer the licence to the resident caretaker.

Captain Robertson-Shersby, J. P.: Why not transfer it to the First Lord of the Admiralty? Are there no whitebait dinners held there?

Mr. Lawless said that he was afraid that the days of whitebait dinners were over.

The Bench, finding the Admiralty held the hotel for charitable purposes, granted the application.]

Come, landsmen, give ear to my ditty,
I'll make it as short as I can.
There was once—was it London?—a city
Which stretched from Beersheba to Dan.
Of course that is gammon and spinach,
Or, to put it correctly, a joke.
It extended from Richmond to Greenwich,
This city of darkness and smoke.

It had sailors who ruled o'er the ocean,
And sat all the day upon Boards,
And described, with delightful emotion,
Themselves and their colleagues as "Lords."
They had tubes that were always exploding,
And boilers that never were right,
But had all got a trick of exploding,
And blowing a crew out of sight.

They had docks (and, alas! they hadidockers),
They had ships that kept sinking like stones,
Which resulted in filling the lockers
Provided below by D. Jones.
Of their country these lineal successors
Of Nelson deserved very well,
When at last they became the possessors
Of an old fully-licensed hotel.

And they made up a case which was flawless,
For the Sessions that sat at Blackheath,
And they sent—which was strange—
Mr. Lawless,
Who was crammed full of law to the teeth.
"The days when we all lived in clover,
With whitebait, can never revive,
I assure you," said Lawless, "they 're over,
But, oh, keep the licence alive."

But the Bench, when they heard him, grew bolder—
"Make it out to George Hamilton—he
Is the man who should figure as holder,"
Said Robertson-Shersby, J.P.
Just to think of the head of the Navy,
The proudest and strongest afloat,
Cutting joints or distributing gravy,
First Lord of his own *table d'hôte!*

Will their Charity be a beginner
At home? Will they dine there each day,
These Lords, on a succulent dinner,
Free, gratis, and nothing to pay?
Well, well, though we 'd rather prefer ships
That burst not, we 'll take what they give.
So we offer our thanks to their Worships
For permitting the licence to live.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE GALLERY—AND THE MOB!

"Beg pardon, Sir! But if you was to aim at His Lordship the next time, I think he 'd feel more comforbler, Sir!"

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. III.—JOANNA OF THE CROSS WAYS.

(*By* George Verimyth, *Author of "Richard's Several Editions," "The Aphorist," "Shampoo's Shaving-Pot."*)

[With this story came a long, explanatory letter. The story, however, is itself so clear and easy to understand (as is all the work of this master), that the accompanying commentary is unnecessary.]

Chapter I.

In the earlier portion of the lives of all of us there is a time, heaven-given without doubt, for all things, as we know, draw their origin thence, if only in our blundering, ill-conditioned way we trace them back far enough with the finger of fate pointing to us as in mockery of all striving of ours on this rough bosom of our mother earth, a time there comes when the senses rebel, first faintly, and then with ever-increasing vehemence, panting, beating, buffeting and breasting the torrent of necessity, against the parental decree that would drench our inmost being in the remedial powder of a Gregorian doctor, famous, I doubt not, in his day, and much bepraised by them that walked delicately in the light of pure reason and the healthful flow of an untainted soul, but now cast out and abhorred of childhood soaring on uplifted wing through the vast blue of the modern pharmacopœia. Yet to them is there not comfort too in the symbolic outpourings of a primæval wisdom which, embodied for all time in imperishable verse, are chanted in the haunts of the very young like the soft lappings of the incoming tide on a beach where rounded pebble disputes with shining sand the mastery of the foreshore?

So, too, while the infant chariot with its slow motion of treble wheels advances obedient to the hand of the wimpled maid who from the rear directs its ambiguous progress, the dozing occupant may not always understand, but, hearing, cannot fail to be moved to tears by the simple tale of Joanna crossed in all her depth and scope of free vigorous life by him that should have stood her friend. For the man had wedded her. Of that there can be no doubt, since the chronicles have handed down the date of it. Wedded her with the fatal "yes" that binds a trusting soul in the world's chains. A man, too. A reckless, mutton-munching, beer-swilling animal! And yet a man. A dear, brave, human heart, as it should have been; capable, it may be, of unselfishness and devotion; but, alas! how sadly twisted to the devil's purposes on earth, an image of perpetual chatter, like the putty-faced street-pictures of morning soapsuds. His names stand in full in the verse. John, shortened familiarly, but not without a hint of contempt, to Jack, stares at you in all the bravery of a Christian name. And Spratt follows with a breath of musty antiquity. Spratt that is indeed a Spratt, sunk in the oil of a slothful imagination and bearing no impress of the sirname that should raise its owner to cloudy peaks of despotic magnificence.

But of the lady's names no hint is given. We may conjecture Spratt to have been hers too, poor young soul that should have been dancing instead of fastened to a table in front of an eternal platter. And of all names to precede it the fittest surely is Joanna. For what is that but the glorification with many feminine thrills of the unromantic chawbacon John masticating at home in semi-privacy the husks of contentment, the lean scrapings of the divine dish which is offered once in every life to all. So Joanna she shall be and is, and as Joanna shall her story be told.

Chapter II.

Many are the tales concerning Joanna's flashing wit. There appeared many years back, in a modest shape that excited small

interest amongst the reviewing herd, a booklet whereof the title furnished little if any indication to the contents. *The Spinster's Reticule*, for so the name ran, came forth with no blare of journalistic trumpets challenging approval from the towers of critical sagacity. It appeared and lived. But between its cardboard covers the bruised heart of Joanna beats before the world. She shines most in these aphorisms. Her private talk, too, has its own brilliancy, spun, as it was here and there, out of a museful mind at the cooking of the dinner or of the family accounts. She said of love that "it is the sputter of grease in a frying-pan; where it falls the fire burns with a higher flame to consume it." * Of man, that "he may navigate Mormon Bay, but he cannot sail to Khiva Point." The meaning is too obvious it may be, but the thought is well imaged.

She is delightful when she touches on life. "Two," she says, "may sit at a feast, but the feast is not thereby doubled." And, again, "Passion may lift us to Himalaya heights, but the hams are smoked in a chimney." And this of the soul, "He who fashions a waterproof prevents not the clouds from dripping moisture." Of stockings she observes that, "The knitting-needles are long, but the turn of the heel is a teaser." Here there is a delightful irony of which matrons and maids may take note.

Such, then, was our Joanna—Joanna Mereseia Spratt, to give her that full name by which posterity is to know her—an ardent, bubbling, bacon-loving girl-nature, with hands reaching from earth to the stars, that blinked egregiously at the sight of her innocent beauty, and hid themselves in winding clouds for very love of her.

Chapter III.

Sir John Spratt had fashions that were peculiarly his own. Vain it were to inquire how, from the long-perished Spratts that went before him, he drew that form of human mind which was his. Laws that are hidden from our prying eyes ordain that a man shall be the visible exemplar of vanished ages, offering here and there a hook of remembrance, on which a philosopher may hang a theory for the world's admiring gaze. Far back in the misty past, of which the fabulists bear record, there have swum Spratts within this human ocean, and of these the ultimate and proudest was he with whose life-story we are concerned. It was his habit to carry with him on all journeys a bulky note-book, the store in which he laid by for occasions of use the thoughts that thronged upon him, now feverishly, as with the exultant leap of a rough-coated canine companion, released from the thraldom of chain and kennel, and eager to seek the Serpentine haunts of water-nymphs, and of sticks that fell with a splash, and are brought back time and again whilst the shaken spray bedews the onlookers; now with the staid and solemn progression that is beloved of the equine drawers of four-wheeled chariots, protesting with many growls against a load of occupants.

He had met Joanna. They had conversed. "An empty table, is it not?" said she. "Nowhere!" said he, and they proceeded. His "Nowhere!" had a penetrating significance—the more significant for the sense that it left vague.

And so the marriage was arranged, the word that was to make one of those who had hitherto been two had been spoken, and the celebrating gifts came pouring in to the pair.

Sir John walked home with triumph swelling high in his heart. Overhead the storm-clouds gathered ominously. First with a patter, then with a drenching flood, the prisoned rain burst its bars, and dashed clamouring down to the free earth. He paused, umbrella-less, under a glimmering lamp-post. The hurrying steeds of a carriage, passing at great speed, dashed the gathered slush of the street over his dark-blue Melton over-coat. The imprecations of the coachman and his jeers mingled strangely with the elemental roar. Sir John heeded them not. He stood moveless for a space, then slowly drawing forth his note-book, and sharpening his pencil, he wrote the following phrase:—"Laid *Brother to Banjo*, one, two, three, 5 to 4."

Chapter IV.

A year had gone by, and with the spring that whispered softly in the blossoming hedge-rows, and the melancholy cry of the female fowl calling to her downy brood, Joanna had learnt new lessons of a beneficent life, and had crystallised them in aphorisms, shaken like dew from the morning leaf of her teeming fancy.

They sat at table together. Binns, the butler, who himself dabbled in aphorism, and had sucked wisdom from the privy perusal of Sir John's note-book, had laid before them a dish on which reposed a small but well-boiled leg of one that had trod the South-downs but a week before in all the pride of lusty life. There was a silence for a moment.

"You will, as usual, take the fat?" queried Sir John.

"Lean for me to-day," retorted Joanna, with one of her bright flashes.

"Nay, nay," said her husband, "that were against tradition, which assigns to you the fat."

* I guarantee all these remarks to be intensely humorous and brilliant. If you can't see it, so much the worse for you. They are *screamers*.—G. V.

Joanna pouted. Her mind rebelled against dictation. Besides, were not her aphorisms superior to those of her husband? The cold face of Sir John grew eloquent in protest. She paused, and then with one wave of her stately arm swept mutton, platter, knife, fork, and caper sauce into the lap of Sir John, whence the astonished Binns, gasping in pain, with much labour rescued them. Joanna had disappeared in a flame of mocking laughter, and was heard above calling on her maid for salts. But Sir John ere yet the sauce had been fairly scraped from him, unclasped his note-book, and with trembling fingers wrote therein, "Poole's master-pieces are ever at the mercy of an angry woman."

Chapter V.

But the world is hard, and there was little mercy shown for Joanna's freak. Her husband had slain her. That was all. She with her flashes, her gaiety, her laughter, was consigned to dust. But in Sir John's note-book it was written that, "The hob-nailed boot is but a bungling weapon. The drawing-room poker is better."

The End.

"THE GRASSHOPPERA" AT THE LYRIC.

Nothing prettier than *La Cigale* at the Lyric Theatre has been seen in London for a very long time. The dresses are perfect, and the three stage pictures which illustrate the graceful story could not be better. Then the book is admittedly a model libretto, set to music at once fresh and charming. What more could be desired? Why capable exponents. Here, again, Mr. Sedger is in luck's way. With Miss Geraldine Ulmar as the Grasshopper, and Miss Effie Clements as the Ant, who could ask for more? Without replying to the question, it may be said at once that "more" is excellently represented by Mr. Eric Lewis as a Duke, Mr. Lionel Brough as a Landlord (by the way the Uncle of the Ant), and Mr. E. W. Garden as the Bill of the Play. Perhaps on the first night the Chevalier Scovel as the *Chevalier de Bernheim* was not quite at home in his new surroundings. Accustomed to a more serious kind of entertainment, he appeared a trifle heavy, and his tenor notes (not unsuggestive of the Bank of Elegance) were sometimes of doubtful value. By this time, however, no doubt, he has regained his normal composure, and sings as successfully as any of his colleagues.

"Turned on the Toe." *Shakspeare.*

After the last Act everyone was called, inclusive of the composers and the author; the latter, being at that very moment on his way to France, could not respond to the hearty applause with which his name was greeted, and must accordingly await the personal congratulations of the audience until his return from foreign parts. Mr. Caryll who had done so much to musically illustrate the Christmas Tree Scene (thus meriting the title of Mr. Christmas Caryll), was also not to be found when wanted, and so the Sole Lessee and Manager had nothing more to do than return thanks for all concerned, and make up his mind to a run that seems likely to keep him on his legs until Easter.

TO MR. STANLEY.

[At a meeting of the Cardiff Corporation on Tuesday, October 7, a letter was read from Mr. H. M. Stanley stating, that he would be unable to fulfil his engagement to visit Cardiff and accept the freedom of the borough. All preparation for the ceremony had been made, and a costly silver casket, which is now useless, was specially ordered. Mr. Stanley's excuse was pressure of business in preparing for his American tour.—*Daily Paper.*]

The Council at Cardiff looked angry and glum,
Their chagrin was so great it was useless to mask it,
They had only just heard you were not going to come,
And alack! and alas! they had ordered the casket!

The address had been settled; the language was tall,
The phrases were apt and so beautifully rounded,
They had told of your pluck so well known to us all,
And your praises, of course, they had suitably sounded.

And then you can't come!—But it scarcely avails
To become of excuses a common concocter,
For if "pressure of business" will keep you from Wales,
Why go down to Cambridge to pose as a Doctor?

Yes, think once again of your promise, and so
Just alter your mind, it would be much too hard if
You left unfulfilled your engagement to go
And receive (in a casket) the Freedom of Cardiff.

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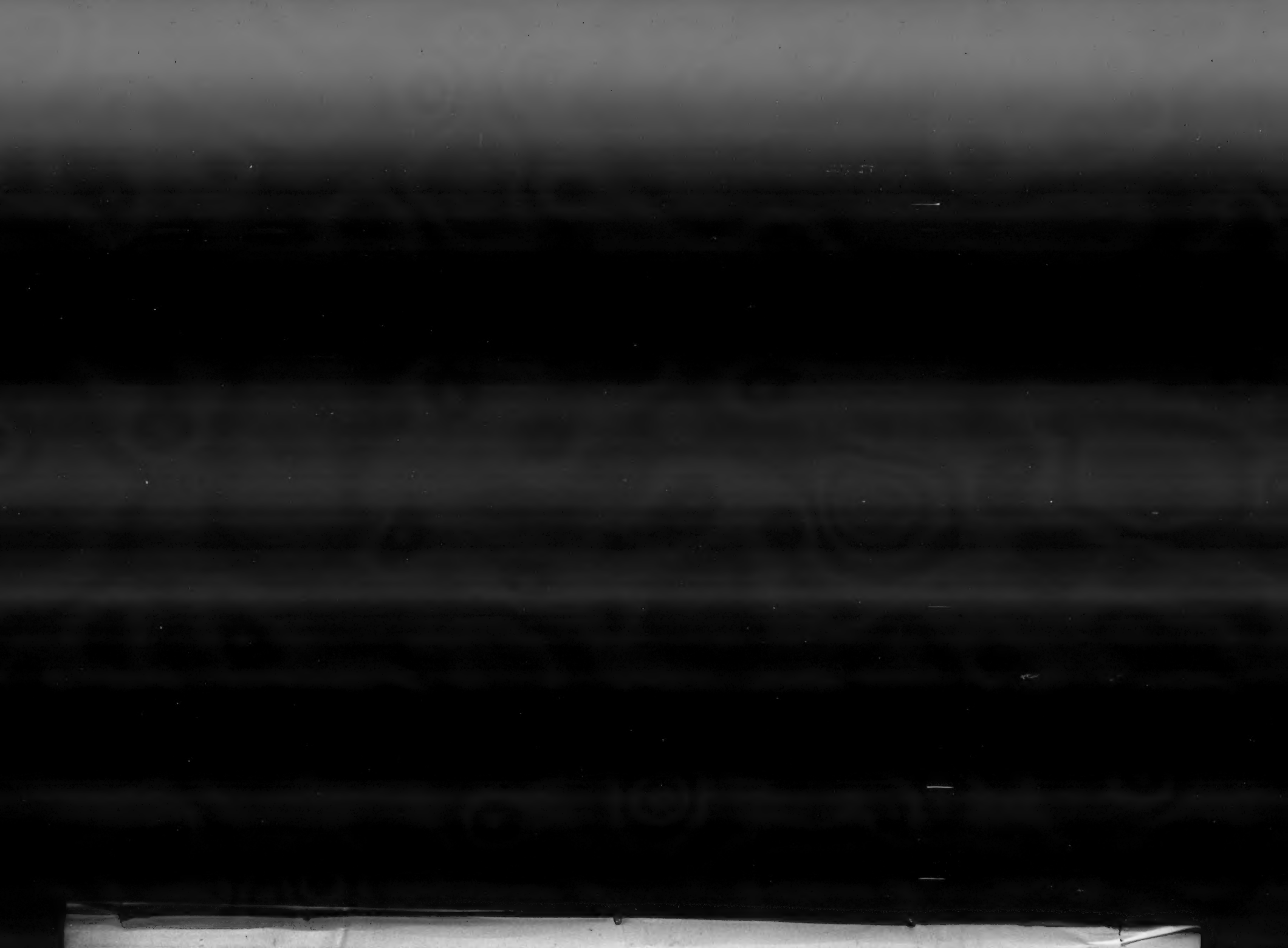


MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. IV.—BOB SILLIMERE.

(*By Mrs.* Humphry John Ward Preacher, *Author of "Master Sisterson."*)

[On the paper in which the MS. of this novel was wrapped, the following note was written in a bold feminine hand:—"This is a highly religious story. George Eliot was unable to write properly about religion. The novel is certain to be well reviewed. It is calculated to adorn the study-table of a Bishop. The £1000 prize must be handed over at once to the Institute which is to be founded to encourage new religions in the alleys of St. Pancras.—H. J. W. P."]

Chapter I.

It was evening—evening in Oxford. There are evenings in other places occasionally. Cambridge sometimes puts forward weak imitations. But, on the whole, there are no evenings which have so much of the true, inward, mystic spirit as Oxford evenings. A solemn hush broods over the grey quadrangles, and this, too, in spite of the happy laughter of the undergraduates playing touch last on the grass-plots, and leaping, like a merry army of marsh-dwellers, each over the back of the other, on their way to the deeply impressive services of their respective college chapels. Inside, the organs were pealing majestically, in response to the deft fingers of many highly respectable musicians, and all the proud traditions, the legendary struggles, the well-loved examinations, the affectionate memories of generations of proctorial officers, the innocent rustications, the warning appeals of authoritative Deans—all these seemed gathered together into one last loud trumpet-call, as a tall, impressionable youth, carrying with him a spasm of feeling, a Celtic temperament, a moved, flashing look, and a surplice many sizes too large for him, dashed with a kind of quivering, breathless sigh, into the chapel of St. Boniface's just as the porter was about to close the door. This was Robert, or, as his friends lovingly called him, Bob Sillimere. His mother had been an Irish lady, full of the best Irish humour; after a short trial, she was, however, found to be a superfluous character, and as she began to develop differences with Catherine, she caught an acute inflammation of the lungs, and died after a few days, in the eleventh chapter.

Bob sat still awhile, his agitation soothed by the comforting sense of the oaken seat beneath him. At school he had been called by his school-fellows "the Knitting-needle," a remarkable example of the well-known fondness of boys for sharp, short nicknames; but this did not trouble him now. He and his eagerness, his boundless curiosity, and his lovable mistakes, were now part and parcel of the new life of Oxford—new to him, but old as the ages, that, with their rhythmic recurrent flow, like the pulse of——[*Two pages of fancy writing are here omitted.* Ed.] Brigham and Black were in chapel, too. They were Dons, older than Bob, but his intimate friends. They had but little belief, but Black often preached, and Brigham held undecided views on life and matrimony, having been brought up in the cramped atmosphere of a middle-class parlour. At Oxford, the two took pupils, and helped to shape Bob's life. Once Brigham had pretended, as an act of pure benevolence, to be a Pro-Proctor, but as he had a sardonic scorn, and a face which could become a marble mask, the Vice-Chancellor called upon him to resign his position, and he never afterwards repeated the experiment.

Chapter II.

One evening Bob was wandering dreamily on the banks of the Upper River. He sat down, and thought deeply. Opposite to him was a wide green expanse dotted with white patches of geese. There and then, by the gliding river, with a mass of reeds and a few poplars to fill in the landscape, he determined to become a clergyman. How strange that he should never have thought of this before; how sudden it was; how wonderful! But the die was cast; *alea jacta est*, as he had read yesterday in an early edition of St. Augustine; and, when Bob rose, there was a new brightness in his eye, and a fresh springiness in his steps. And at that moment the deep bell of St. Mary's——[*Three pages omitted.* Ed.]

Chapter III.

And thus Bob was ordained, and, having married Catherine, he accepted the family living of Wendover, though not before he had taken occasion to point out to Black that family livings were corrupt and indefensible institutions. Still, the thing had to be done; and bitterly as Bob pined for the bracing air of the East End of London, he acknowledged, with one of his quick, bright flashes, that, unless he went to Wendover, he could never meet Squire Murewell, whose powerful arguments were to drive him from positions he had never qualified himself, except by an irrational enthusiasm, to defend. Of Catherine a word must be said. Cold, with the delicate but austere firmness of a Westmoreland daisy, gifted with fatally sharp lines about the chin and mouth, and habitually wearing loose grey gowns, with bodices to match, she was admirably calculated, with her narrow, meat-tea proclivities, to embitter the amiable Sillimere's existence, and to produce, in conjunction with him, that storm and stress, that perpetual clashing of two estimates without which no modern religious novel could be written, and which not even her pale virginal grace of look and form could subdue. That is a long sentence, but, ah! how short is a merely mortal sentence, with its tyrannous full stop, against the immeasurable background of the December stars, by whose light Bob was now walking, with heightened colour, along the vast avenue that led to Wendover Hall, the residence of the ogre Squire.

Chapter IV.

The Squire was at home. On the door-step Bob was greeted by Mrs. Farcey, the Squire's sister. She looked at him in her bird-like way. At other times she was elf-like, and played tricks with a lace handkerchief.

"You know," she whispered to Bob, "we're all mad here. I'm mad, and he," she continued, bobbing diminutively towards the Squire's study-door, "he's mad too—as mad as a hatter."

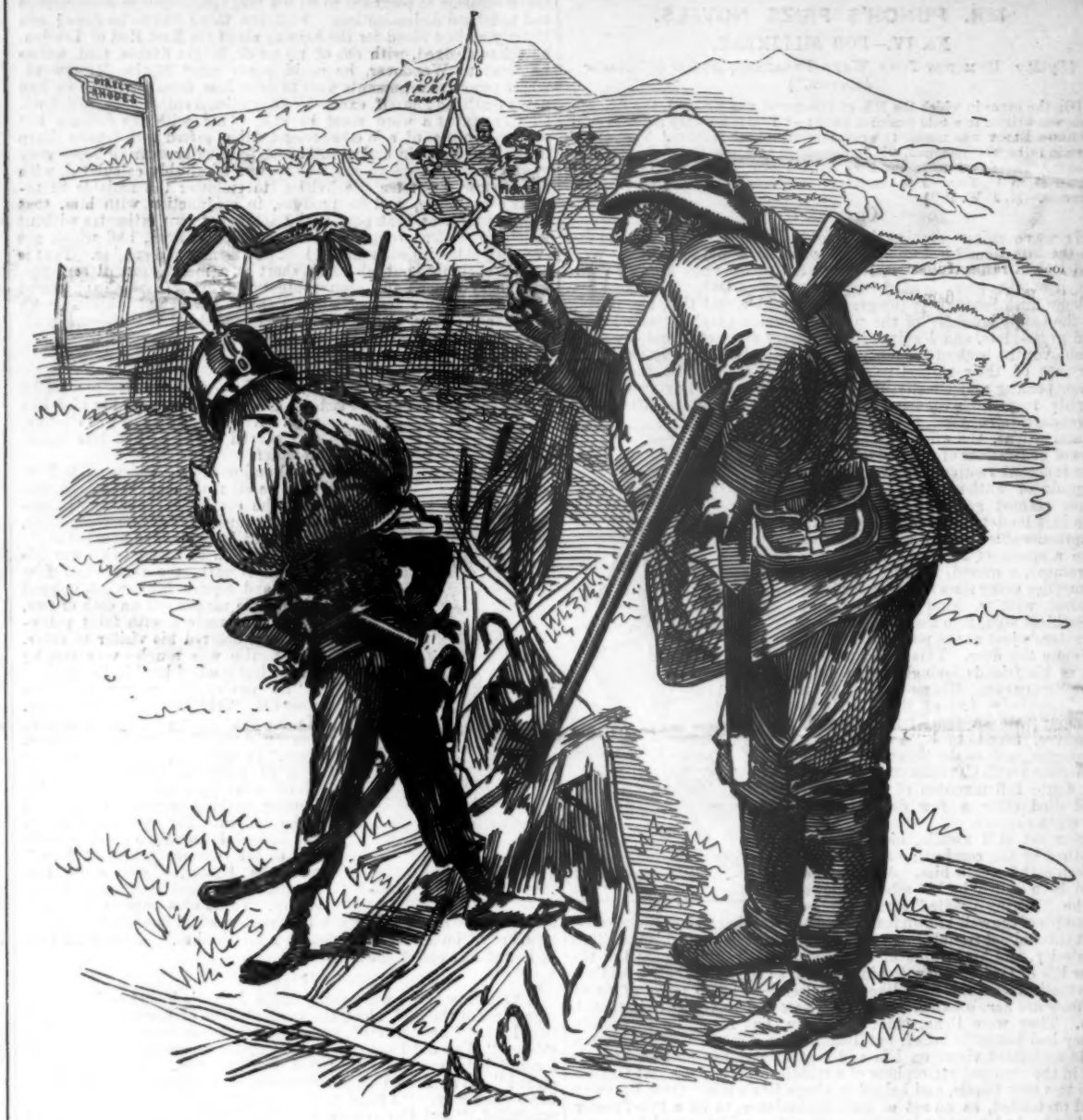
Before Bob had time to answer this strange remark, the study-door flew open, and Squire Murewell stepped forth. He rapped out an oath or two, which Bob noticed with faint politeness, and ordered his visitor to enter. The Squire was rough—very rough; but he had studied hard in Germany.

"So you're the young fool," he observed, "who intends to tackle me. Ha, ha, that's a good joke. I'll have you round my little finger in two twos. Here," he went on gruffly, "take this book of mine in your right hand. Throw your eyes up to the ceiling." Robert, wishing to conciliate him, did as he desired. The eyes stuck there, and looked down with a quick lovable look on the two men below. "Now," said the Squire, "you can't see. Pronounce the word 'testimony' twice, slowly. Think of a number, multiply by four, subtract the Thirty-nine Articles, add a Sunday School and a packet of buns. Result, you're a freethinker." And with that he bowed Bob out of the room.

Chapter V.

A terrible storm was raging in the Rector's breast as he strode, regardless of the cold, along the verdant lanes of Wendover. "Fool that I was!" he muttered, pressing both hands convulsively to his sides. "Why did I not pay more attention to arithmetic at school? I could have crushed him, but I was ignorant. Was that result right?" He reflected awhile mournfully, but he could bring it out in no other way. "I must go through with it to the bitter end," he concluded, "and Catherine must be told." But the thought of Catherine knitting quietly at home, while she read Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, with a tender smile on her thin lips, unmanned him. He sobbed bitterly. The front-door of the Rectory was open. He walked in.——The rest is soon told. He resigned the Rectory, and made a brand-new religion. Catherine frowned, but it was useless. Thereupon she gave him cold bacon for lunch during a whole fortnight, and the brave young soul which had endured so much withered under this blight. And thus, acknowledging the novelist's artistic necessity, Robert died.—[The End.]

Winter Season at Covent Garden.—Opening of Italian Opera last Saturday, with *Aïda*. Very well done. "Wait" between Second and Third Act too long: "Waiters" in Gallery whistling. Wind whistling, too, in Stalls. Operatic and rheumatic. Rugs and fur capes might be kept on hire by Stall-keepers. Airs in *Aïda* delightful: draughts in Stalls awful. Signor Lago called before Curtain to receive First Night congratulations. Signor Lago ought to do good business "in front," as there's evidently no difficulty in "raising the wind."



L'ONION FAIT LA FORCE."

John Bull. "Now, my dear little Portugal, as you are Strong be Wise, or you 'll get yourself into a pretty Pickle!"

THE FIRE KING AND HIS FRIENDS.

(*With acknowledgments to Monk Lewis and the Authors of "Rejected Addresses."*)

"No hardship would be inflicted upon manufacturers, if dangerous trades in general were subjected to such a supervision as would afford the largest attainable measure of security to all engaged in them. The case is one which urgently demands the consideration of Parliament, not only for the protection of work-people, but even for the protection of the Metropolis itself. It should never be forgotten that fire constitutes the gravest risk to which London is exposed."—*The Times.*

The Fire King one day rather furious felt,
He mounted his steam-horse satanic;
Its head and its tail were of steel, with a belt
Of riveted boiler-plate proved not to melt
With heat howsoever volcanic.

The sight of the King with that flame-face of his
Was something exceedingly horrid;
The rain, as it fell on his flight, gave a fizz
Like unbottled champagne, and went off with a whizz
As it sprinkled his rubicund forehead.

The sound of his voice as he soared to the sky
Was that of a ghoul with the grumbles.
His teeth were so hot, and his tongue was so dry,
That his shout seemed as raucous as though one should try
To play on a big drum with dumb-bells.

From his nostrils a naphthaline odour outflows,
In his trail a petroleum-whiff lingers.
With crude nitro-glycerine glitter his hose,
Suggestions of dynamite hang round his nose,
And gunpowder grimeth his fingers.

His hair is of flame fizzing over his head,
As likewise his beard and eye-lashes;
His drink 's "low-test naphtha," his nag, it is said,
Eats flaming tow soaked in combustibles dread,
Which hot from the manger he gnashes.

The Fire King set spurs to the steed he bestrode,
Intent to mix pleasure with profit.
He was off to Vine Street in the Farringdon Road,
And soon with the flames of fired naphtha it flowed
As though 'twere the entry to Tophet.

He sought HARROD'S Stores whence soon issued a blast
Of oil-flame that lighted the City
Then he turned to Cloth Fair. Hold, my Muse! not too fast!
On the Fire King's last victims in silence we 'll cast
A look of respectfullest pity.

But the Fire King flames on; Now he pulls up to snatch
Some fodder. The stable 's in danger.
His whip is a torch, and each spur is a match,
And over the horse's left eye is a patch,
To keep it from scorching the manger.

But who is the Ostler, and who is his lad,
In fodder-supplying alliance,
Who feed the Fire King and his Steed? 'Tis too bad
That TRADE should feed Fire, and his henchman seem glad
To set wholesome Law at defiance.

See, Trade stocks the manger, and there is the pail
Full set by the imp Illegality!
That fierce fiery Pegasus thus to regale,
When he 's danger and death from hot head to flame-tail,
Is cruelly callous brutality.

Ah, Justice looks stern, and, indeed, well she may,
With such a vile vision before her.
The ignipotent nag and its rider to stay
In their dangerous course is her duty to-day,
And to *do* it the public implore her.

"By Jingo!" cries *Punch*, "you nefarious Two,
Your alliance humanity jars on!
If you feed the Fire Fiend, with disaster in view,
And the chance of men's death, 'twere mere justice to do
To have you indicted for arson!"

FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

"OH, ROBERT, THE GROUSE HAS BEEN KEPT TOO LONG! I WONDER YOU CAN EAT IT!"

"MY DEAR, 'WE NEEDS MUST LOVE THE HIGHEST WHEN WE SEE IT!'"

(*Guinevere.*)

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

Chorus of Arab Stall-keepers. Come an' look! Alaha-ba-li-boo! Eet is verri cold to-day! I-ah-rish Brandi! 'Ere, *Miss!* you com' 'ere! No pay for lookin'. Alf a price! Verri pritti, verri nah-ice, verri cheap, verri mooch! And so on.

Chorus of British Saleswomen. *Will* you allow me to show you this little novelty, Sir? *'Ave* you seen the noo perfume sprinkler? Do come and try this noo puzzle—no 'arm in *lookin'*, Sir. Very nice little novelties 'ere, Sir! 'Eard the noo French Worltz, Sir? every article is really very much reduced, &c., &c.

AT THE FOLIES-BERGÈRE.

SCENE—*A hall in the grounds. Several turnstiles leading to curtained entrances.*

Showmen (*shouting*). Amphitrite, the Marvellous Floatin' Goddess. Just about to commence! This way for the Mystic Gallery—three Illusions for threepence! Atalanta, the Silver Queen of the Moon; the Oriental Beauty in the Table of the Sphinx, and the Wonderful Galatea, or Pygmalion's Dream. Only threepence! This way for the Mystic Marvel o' She! Now commencing!

A Female Sightseer (*with the air of a person making an original suggestion*). Shall we go in, just to see what it 's like?

Male Ditto. May as well, now we *are* 'ere. (*To preserve himself from any suspicion of credulity.*) Sure to be a take-in o' some sort.

[*They enter a dim apartment, in which two or three people are leaning over a barrier in front of a small Stage; the Curtain is lowered, and a Pianist is industriously pounding away at a Waltz.*

The F. S. (*with an uncomfortable giggle*). Not much to see *so* far, is there?

Her Companion. Well, they ain't begun yet.

[*The Waltz ends, and the Curtain rises, disclosing a Cavern Scene.* Amphitrite, *in blue tights, rises through the floor.*

Amphitrite (*in the Gallic tongue*). Mesdarms et Messures, j'ai 'honnoor de vous sooayter le bong jour! (*Floats, with no apparent support, in the air, and performs various graceful evolutions, concluding by reversing herself completely*). Bong swore, Mesdarms et messures, mes remercimongs!

[*She dives below, and the Curtain descends.*

The F. S. Is that all? I don't see nothing in *that!*

Her Comp. (*who, having paid for admission, resents this want of appreciation*). Why, she was off the ground the 'ole of the time, wasn't she? I 'd just like to see *you* turnin' and twisting about in the air as easy as she did with nothing to 'old on by!

The F. S. I didn't notice she was off the ground—yes, that *was* clever. I never thought o' that before. Let 's go and see the other things now.

Her Comp. Well, if you don't see nothing surprising in 'em till they 're all over, you might as well stop outside, *I* should ha' thought.

The F. S. Oh, but I'll notice more next time—you 've got to get *used* to these things, you know.

[*They enter the Mystic Gallery, and find themselves in a dim passage, opposite a partitioned compartment, in which is a glass case, supported on four pedestals, with a silver crescent at the back. The Illusions—to judge from a sound of scurrying behind the scenes—have apparently been taken somewhat unawares.*

The Female Sightseer (*anxious to please*). They 've done that 'alf-moon very well, haven't they?

Voice of Showman (*addressing the Illusions*). Now then, 'urry up there—we 're all waiting for you.

[*The face of "Atalanta, the Silver Queen of the Moon," appears, strongly illuminated, inside the glass-box, and regards the spectators with an impassive contempt—greatly to their confusion.*

The Male S. (*in a propitiatory tone*). Not a bad-looking girl, is she?

Atalanta, the Queen of the Moon (*to the Oriental Beauty in next*

compartment). POLLY, when these people are gone, I wish you'd fetch me my work!

[*The Sightseers move on, feeling crushed. In the second compartment the upper portion of a female is discovered, calmly knitting in the centre of a small table, the legs of which are distinctly visible.*

The Female S. Why, wherever has the *rest* of her got to?

The Oriental Beauty (*with conscious superiority*). That's what you've got to find out.

[*They pass on to interview "Galatea, or Pygmalion's Dream," whose compartment is as yet enveloped in obscurity.*

A Youthful Showman (*apparently on familiar terms with all the Illusions*). Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall now 'ave the honour of persentin' to you the wonderful Galatear, or Livin' Statue; you will 'ave an oppertoonity of 'andling the bust for yourselves, which will warm before your eyes into living flesh, and the lovely creecher live and speak. 'Ere, look sharp, carn't yer'! [*To Galatea.*

Pygmalion's Dream (*from the mystic gloom*). Wait a bit, till I've done warming my 'ands. Now you can turn the lights up . . . there, you've bin and turned 'em *out* now, stoopid!

The Y. S. Don't you excite yourself. I know what I'm doin'. (*Turns the lights up, and reveals a large terra-cotta Bust.*) At my request, this young lydy will now perceed to assoom the yew and kimplexion of life itself. Galatear, will you oblige us by kindly coming to life?

[*The Bust vanishes, and is replaced by a decidedly earthly Young Woman in robust health.*

The Y. S. Thenk you. That's all I wanted of yer. Now, will you kindly return to your former styte?

[*The Young Woman transforms herself into a hideous Skull.*

The Y. S. (*in a tone of remonstrance*). No—no, not that ridiklous fice! We don't want to see what yer will be—it's very *loike* yer, I know, but still——(*The Skull changes to the Bust.*) Ah, that's more the stoyle! (*Takes the Bust by the neck and hands it round for inspection.*) And now, thenking you for your kind attention, and on'y orskin' one little fyvour of you, that is, that you will not reveal 'ow it is done, I will now bid you a very good evenin', Lydies and Gentlemen!

The F. S. (*outside*). It's wonderful how they can do it all for threepence, isn't it? We haven't seen *She* yet!

Her Comp. What, 'aven't you seen wonders enough? Come on, then. But you *are* going it, you know!

[*They enter a small room, at the further end of which are a barrier and proscenium with drawn hangings.*

The Exhibitor (*in a confidential tone, punctuated by bows*). I will not keep you waiting, Ladies and Gentlemen, but at once proceed with a few preliminary remarks. Most of you, no doubt, have read that celebrated story by Mr. RIDER HAGGARD, about a certain *She-who-must-be-obeyed*, and who dwelt in a place called Kôr, and you will also doubtless remember how she was in the 'abit of repairing, at certain intervals, to a cavern, and renoncing her youth in a fiery piller. On one occasion, wishing to indooce her lover to foller her example, she stepped into the flame to encourage him—something went wrong with the works, and she was instantly redooced to a cinder. I fortunately 'appened to be near at the time (you will escuse a little wild fib from a showman, I'm sure!) I 'appened to be porsin by, and was thus enabled to secure the ashes of the Wonderful She, which—(*draws hangings and reveals a shallow metal Urn suspended in the centre of scene*), are now before you enclosed in that little urn. She—where are you?

She (*in a full sweet voice, from below*). I am 'ere!

Showman. Then appear!

[*The upper portion of an exceedingly comely Young Person emerges from the mouth of the Urn.*

The F. S. (*startled*). Lor, she give me quite a turn!

Showman. Some people think this is all done by mirrors, but it is not so; it is managed by a simple arrangement of light and shade. She will now turn slowly round, to convince you that she is really inside the urn and not merely beyind it. (She *turns round condescendingly.*) She will next pass her 'ands completely round her, thereby demonstrating the utter impossibility of there being any wires to support her. Now she will rap on the walls on each side of her, proving to you that she is no reflection, but a solid reality, after which she will tap the bottom of the urn beneath her, so that you may see it really is what it purports to be. (She *performs all these actions in the most obliging manner.*) She will now disappear for a moment. (She *sinks into the Urn.*) Are you still there, She?

She (*from the recess of the Urn*). Yes.

Showman. Then will you give us some sign of your presence? (*A hand and arm are protruded, and waved gracefully.*) Thank you. Now you can come up again. (She *re-appears.*) She will now answer any questions any lady or gentleman may like to put to her, always provided you won't ask her how it is done—for I'm sure she wouldn't give me away, *would* you, She?

She (*with a slow bow and gracious smile*). Certingly not.

The F.S. (*to her Companion*). Ask her something—do.

Her Comp. Go on! *I* ain't got anything to ask her—ask her yourself!

A Bolder Spirit (*with interest*). Are your *feet* warm?

She. Quite—thenks.

The Showman. How old are you, She?

She (*impressively*). Two theousand years.

'Arry. And quite a young thing, too!

A Spectator (*who has read the Novel*). 'Ave you 'eard from LEO VINCEY lately?

She (*coldly*). I don't know the gentleman.

Showman. If you have no more questions to ask her, She will now retire into her urn, thenking you all for your kind attendance this morning, which will conclude the entertainment.

[*Final disappearance of* She. *The Audience pass out, feeling—with perfect justice—that they have "had their money's worth."*

HOW IT'S DONE.

A Hand-book to Honesty.

No. III.—GRANDMOTHERLY GOVERNMENT.

SCENE I.—*St. Stephen's.* Sagacious Legislator *on his legs advocating a new Anti-Adulteration Act. Few M.P.'s present, most of them drowsing.*

Sagacious Legislator. As I was saying, Sir, the adulteration of Butter has been pushed to such abominable lengths that no British Workman knows whether what he is eating is the product of the Cow or of the Thames mud-banks. (*A snigger.*) Talk of a Free Breakfast Table! I would free the Briton's Breakfast Table from the unwholesome incubus of Adulteration. At any rate, if the customer chooses to purchase butter which is *not* butter, he shall do it knowingly, with his eyes open. (*Feeble "Hear, hear!"*) Under this Act anything which is not absolutely unsophisticated milk-made Butter must be plainly marked, and openly vended as Adipocerene!

[*Amidst considerable applause the Act is passed.*

SCENE II.—*Small Butterman's shop in a poor neighbourhood. Burly white-apron'd Proprietor behind counter. To him enter a pasty-faced Workman, with a greasy pat of something wrapped in a leaf from a ledger.*

Workman. I say, Guv'nor, lookye here. This 'ere stuff as you sold my old woman is simply beastly. I don't believe it's butter at all.

Butterman (*sneeringly*). And who said it *was*? What did your Missus buy it as?

Workman. Why, Adipo—whot's it, I believe. But that's only another name for butter of a cheaper sort, ain't it? Anyhow, it's no reason why it should be nasty.

Butterman (*loftily*). Now look here, my man, what do you expect? That's Adipocerene, that is, and *sold as such*. If you'll pay for Butter, you can have it, but if you ask for this here stuff, you must take yer chance.

Workman. But what's it made on?

Butterman. That's no business of mine. If you could anerlyse it—(mind, I don't say yer *could*)—into stale suet and sewer-scrapings, you couldn't prove as it warn't Adipocerene, same as it's sold for, could yer?

Workman (*hotly*). But hang it, I don't *want* stale suet and sewer-scrapings, whatsomever you may call it.

Butterman (*decisively*). Then buy Butter, and *pay* for it like a man, and don't come a-bothering me about things as I've nothink to do with. If Guv'ment *will* have it called Adipocerene, and your Missus *will* buy it becos it's cheap; don't you blame *me* if you find it nasty, that's all. Good morning!

[*Retires up, "swelling visibly."*

Workman. Humph! Betwixt Grandmotherly Government and Manufacturers of Mysteriousness, where *am* I? That's wot I want to know! [*Left wanting to know.*

TO ENGELBERG AND BACK.

Being a few Notes taken en route in search of a Perfect Cure.

The Engineers who constructed the gradually ascending road which, slowly mounting the valley, finally takes you over the ridge, as it were, and deposits you at a height of 3800 feet, dusty but grateful, on the plain of Engelberg, must have been practical jokers of the first water. They lead you up in the right direction several thousand feet, then suddenly turn you round, and apparently take you clean back again. And this not once, but a dozen times. They seem to say, "You think you must reach the top *this* time, my fine fellow? Not a bit of it. Back you go again."

Still we kept turning and turning whither the Practical-joking Engineers led us, but seemed as far off from our journey's end as ever. A roadside inn for a moment deluded us with its light, but we only drew up in front of this while our gloomy charioteer sat down to a good square meal, the third he had had since three o'clock, over which he consumed exactly five-and-twenty minutes, keeping us waiting while he disposed of it at his leisure, in a fit of depressing but greedy sulks.

At length we moved on again, and in about another half-an-hour apparently reached the limit of the Practical-joking Engineers' work, for our surly charioteer suddenly jumped on the box, and cracking his whip furiously, got all the pace that was left in them out of our three sagacious horses, and in a few more minutes we were tearing along a level road past scattered *châlets*, little wooden toy-shops, and isolated *pensions*, towards a colossal-looking white palace that stood out a grateful sight in the distance before us, basking in the calm white-blue blaze shed upon it from a couple of lofty electric lights, that told us that up here in the mountains we were not coming to rough it, but to be welcomed by the latest luxuries and refinements of first-rate modern hotel accommodation. And this proved to be the case. Immediately he arrived in the large entrance-hall, the Dilapidated One was greeted by the Landlord of the Hotel et Kurhaus, Titlis, politely assisted to the lift, and finally deposited in the comfortable and electrically-lighted room which had been assigned to him.

"We are extremely full," announced the polite Herr to Dr. Melchisidec; "and we just come from finishing the second dinner,"—which seemed to account for his being "extremely full,"—"but as soon as you will descend from your rooms, there will be supper ready at your disposition."

"You'll just come and look at the Bath-chair before you turn in?" inquired Dr. Melchisidec, of the Dilapidated One, "It's arrived all right from Zurich. Come by post, apparently."

"Oh, that's nothing," continued young Jerryman, "why, there's nothing you can't send by post in Switzerland, from a house full of furniture, down to a grand piano or cage of canaries. You've only got to clap a postage-stamp on it, and there you are!" And the arrival of the Bath-chair certainly seemed to indicate that he was telling something very like the truth.

"I don't quite see how this guiding-wheel is to act," remarked Dr. Melchisidec, examining the chair, which was of rather pantomimic proportions, critically; "but suppose you just get in and try it! 'Pon my word it almost looks like a 'trick-chair'!" which

The Trick Chair.

indeed it proved itself to be, jerking up in a most unaccountable fashion the moment the Dilapidated One put his foot into it, and unceremoniously sending him flying out on to his head forthwith. "A little awkward at first," he remarked, assisting the Dilapidated One on to his feet. "One has to get accustomed to these things, you see; but, bless you, in a day or two you won't want it at all. You'll find the air here like a continual draught of champagne. 'Pon my word, I believe you feel better already," and with this inspiriting assurance the Dilapidated One, who had not only covered himself with dust, but severely bruised his shins, saying that "he thought, perhaps, he did—just a little," was again assisted to the lift, and safely consigned to his room, where he was comfortably packed away for the night.

"I say," says young Jerryman, next morning, "what a place for bells!"

And young Jerryman was right, for I was awoke in the small hours of the morning by a loud peal from the Monastery, as if the

A Peripatetic Peal.

Prior had suddenly said to himself, "What's the use of the bells if you don't ring 'em? By Jove, I will!" and had then and there jumped from his couch, seized hold of the ropes, and set to work with a right good will. Then the hotels and *pensions* took it up, and so, what with seven o'clock, eight o'clock, and nine o'clock breakfasts, first and second *déjeuners*, first and second dinners, interspersed with "Office Hours" sounded by the Monastery, and the sound of the dinner-bells carried by the cattle, Dingle-berg, rather than Engelberg, would be a highly appropriate name for this somewhat noisy, but otherwise delightful health-resort.

"I call this 'fatal dull' after Paris," remarked a fair Americaine to young Jerryman; and, perhaps, from a certain point of view, she may have been right; but, fatal dull, or lively, there can be no two opinions about the life-giving properties of the air.

Old Joe Encore.—Last Wednesday in the Farrar *v.* Publisher discussion, a Correspondent, signing himself John Taylor, of Dagnall Park, Selhurst, wrote to *The Times* to "quote an anecdote" about Douglas Jerrold and "a Publisher." Rarely has a good old story been so spoilt in the telling as in this instance. The true story is of Albert Smith and Douglas Jerrold, and has been already told in the *Times* by a Correspondent signing himself "R. Y." It is of the same respectable age as that one of Albert Smith signing his initials "A. S.," and Jerrold observing, "He only tells two-thirds of the truth." Perhaps Mr. John Taylor, of Dagnall Park, Selhurst, is going to favour us with a little volume of "new sayings by old worthies" at Christmas time, and we shall hear how Sheridan once asked Tom B—— "why a miller wore a white hat?" And how Erskine, on hearing a witness's evidence about a door being open, explained to him that his evidence would be worthless, because a door could not be considered as a door "if it were a jar," and several other excellent stories, which, being told for the first time with the *verve* and local colouring of which the writer of the letter to *The Times* is evidently a past-master, will secure for the little work an enormous popularity.

A Scott and a Lot.—"Thirty Years at the Play" is the title of Mr. Clement Scott's Lecture to be delivered next Saturday at the Garrick Theatre, for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. Thirty years of Play-time! All play, and lots of work. Mr. Irving is to introduce the lecturer to his audience, who, up to that moment, will have been "Strangers Yet," and this Clement will be Scott-free to say what he likes, and to tell 'em all about it generally. "Scott" will be on the stage, and the "Lot" in the auditorium. Lot's Wife also.

Ether-Drinking in Ireland.—Mr. Ernest Hart (bless his heart and earnestness!) lectured last week on "Ether-Drinking in Ireland." He lectured "The Society for the Study of Inebriety"—a Society which must be slightly "mixed"—on this bad habit, and no doubt implored them to give it up. The party sang, "*How Happy could we be with Ether*," and the discussion was continued until there was nothing more to be said.

Clergy in Parliament.—As Bishops "sit" in the Upper House, why should not "the inferior clergy" "stand" for the Lower House? If they get in, why shouldn't they be seated? Surely what's right in the Bishop isn't wrong in the Rector?

Literary Advertisement.—The forthcoming work by the Vulnerable Archdeacon F-rr-r, will be entitled, *The Pharrarsee and the Publisher.*

"TRAIN UP A CHILD," &c.

Enter Fair Daughter of the House with the Village Carpenter. "MAMMA, YOU ALWAYS TOLD ME THAT KIND HEARTS WERE MORE THAN CORONETS, AND SIMPLE FAITH THAN NORMAN BLOOD, AND ALL THAT!"

Lady Clara Robinson (née Vere de Vere). "CERTAINLY DEAR, *MOST* CERTAINLY!"

Fair Daughter. "WELL, I 'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED YOU; AND JIM BRADAWL HAS ASKED ME TO BE HIS WIFE, AND I 'VE ACCEPTED HIM. WE 'VE ALWAYS LOVED EACH OTHER SINCE YOU LET US PLAY TOGETHER AS CHILDREN!"

[*Her Ladyship forgets, for once, the repose that stamps her caste.*

THE McGLADSTONE;

OR, BLOWING THE BUGLE.

(*Fragments from the latest* (*Midlothian*) *version of* "*The Lord of the Isles.*")

McGLADSTONE rose—his pallid cheek
Was little wont his joy to speak,
But then his colour rose.
"Now, Scotland! shortly shalt thou see
That age checks not McGLADSTONE's glee,
Nor stints his swashing blows!"

Again that light has fired his eye,
Again his form swells bold and high;
The broken voice of age is gone,
'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone.
The foe he menaces again,
Thrice vanquished on Midlothian's plain;
Then, scorning any longer stay,
Embarks, lifts sail, and boats away.

Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale;
The "flowing tide" is with her. Hark!
How joyous in her sail
Flutters the breeze like laughter hoarse!
The cords and canvas strain,
The waves divided by her force
In rippling eddies, chase her course,
As if they laughed again.
'Tis then that warlike signals wake
Dalmeney's towers, and fair Beealack.

And eke brave BALFOUR's walls (Q.C.
And Scottish Dean of Faculty)
Whose home shall house the great McG.
A summons these to each stout clan
That lives in far Midlothian,
And, ready at the sight,
Each warrior to his weapon sprung,
And targe upon his shoulder flung,
Impatient for the fight.

Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark
On a breeze to the northward free.
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
Merrily, merrily, goes the bark—
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.
McGLADSTONE stands upon the prow,
The mountain breeze salutes his brow,
He snuffs the breath of coming fight,
His dark eyes blaze with battle-light,
And memories of old,
When thus he rallied to the fray
Against the bold BUCCLEUCH's array,
His clansmen. In the same old way
He trusts to rally them to-day.
Shall he succeed? Who, who shall say?
But neither fear no doubt may stay
His spirit keen and bold!

He cries, the Chieftain Old and Grand,
"I fight once more for mine own hand;
Meanwhile our vessel nears the land,
Launch we the boat, and seek the land!"

To land McGLADSTONE lightly sprung,
And thrice aloud his bugle rung
With note prolonged, and varied strain,
Till Edin dun replied again.
When waked that horn the party bounds,
Scotia responded to its sounds;
Oft had she heard it fire the fight,
Cheer the pursuit, or stop the flight.
Dead were her heart, and deaf her ear,
If it should call, and she not hear.
The shout went up in loud Clan-Rad's tone,
"*That* blast was winded by McGLADSTONE!"

RUM FROM JAMAICA—VERY.—When "the bauble" was removed from the table of the House, by order of OLIVER CROMWELL, it was sent with somebody's compliments at a later date to Jamaica, and placed on the Parliament table. What became of it nobody knows. It is supposed that this ensign of ancient British Royalty was swallowed up by an earthquake of republican tendencies. Jamaica, of course, is a great place for spices; but, in spite of all the highly spiced stories, the origin of which is more or less sus-spice-ious, it is to be regretted that, up to the present moment, what gave them their peculiar flavour, *i.e.*, the original Mace, cannot be found.

THE McGLADSTONE!

"TO LAND McGLADSTONE LIGHTLY SPRANG,
AND THRICE ALOUD HIS BUGLE RANG
WITH NOTE PROLONG'D AND VARIED STRAIN,
TILL BOLD BEN-GHOIL REPLIED AGAIN."

"*Lord of the Isles.*" *Canto IV.*

WANTED—A SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF "CELEBRITIES."

When some years ago Edmundus Ed. Mundi first introduced to London the gentle art of Interviewing, the idea was in a general way a novelty in this country. It "caught on," and achieved success. Some public men affected, privately, not to like the extra publicity given to their words and actions; but it was only an affectation, and in a general way a great many suddenly found themselves dubbed "Celebrities," hall-marked as such by *The World*, and able therefore to hand themselves down to posterity, in bound volumes containing this one invaluable number, as having been recognised by the world at large as undoubted Celebrities, ignorance of whose existence would argue utter social insignificance. So great was the *World's* success in this particular line, that at once there sprang up a host of imitators, and the Celebrities were again tempted to make themselves still more celebrated by having good-natured caricatures of themselves made by "Ape" and "Spy." After this, the deluge, of biographies, autobiographies, interviewings, photographic realities, portraits plain and coloured—many of them uncommonly plain, and some of them wonderfully coloured,—until a Celebrity who has *not* been done and served up, with or without a plate, is a Celebrity indeed.

"Celebrities" have hitherto been valuable to the interviewer, photographer, and proprietor of a Magazine in due proportion. Is it not high time that the Celebrities themselves have a slice or two out of the cake? If they consent to sit as models to the interviewer and photographer, let them price their own time. The Baron offers a model of correspondence on both sides, and, if his example is followed, up goes the price of "Celebrities," and, consequently, of interviewed and interviewers, there will be only a survival of the fittest.

From A. Sophte Soper to the Baron de Book-Worms.

Sir,—Messrs. Tower, Fondler, Trotting & Co., are engaged in bringing out a series of the leading Literary, Dramatic and Artistic Notabilities of the present day, and feeling that the work which has now reached its hundred-and-second number, would indeed be incomplete did it not include *your* name, the above-mentioned firm has commissioned me to request you to accord me an interview as soon as possible. I propose bringing with me an eminent photographer, and also an artist who will make a sketch of your surroundings, and so contribute towards producing a complete picture which cannot fail to interest and delight the thousands at home and abroad, to whom your name is as a household word, and who will be delighted to possess a portrait of one whose works have given them so much pleasure, and to obtain a closer and more intimate acquaintance with the *modus operandi* pursued by one of their most favourite authors. I remain, Sir, yours truly,

A. Sophte Soper.

To the Baron de Book-Worms, *Vermoulen Lodge.*

From the Baron de Book-Worms to A. Sophte Soper, Esq.

Dear Sir,—Thanks. I quite appreciate your appreciation. My terms for an article in a Magazine, are twenty guineas the first hour, ten guineas the second, and so on. For dinner-table anecdotes, the property in which once made public is lost for ever to the originator, special terms. As to photographs, I will sign every copy, and take twopence on every copy. I'm a little pressed for time now, so if you can manage it, we will defer the visit for a week or two, and then I'm your man. Yours truly,

Baron de Book-Worms.

Mr. A. Sophte Soper to the Baron de Book-Worms.

My Dear Baron,—I'm afraid I didn't quite make myself understood. I did not ask *you* to write the article, being commissioned by the firm to do it myself. The photographs will not be sold apart from the Magazine. Awaiting your favourable response,—

I am, Sir, Yours, A. Sophte Soper.

From the Baron to A. Sophte Soper.

Dear Sir,—I *quite* understood. With the generous view of doing me a good turn by giving me the almost inestimable advantage of advertising myself in Messrs. Tower & Co.'s widely-circulated Magazine, you propose to interview me, and receive from me such orally given information as you may require concerning my life, history, work, and everything about myself which, in your opinion, would interest the readers of this Magazine. I quite appreciate all this. You propose to write the article, *and I'm to find you the materials for it.* Good. I don't venture to put any price on the admirable work which your talent will produce,—that's for you and your publishers to settle between you, and, as a matter of fact, it has been already settled, as you are in their employ. But I *can* put a price on my own, and I do. I collaborate with you in furnishing all the materials of which you are in need. *Soit.* For the use of my Pegasus, no matter what its breed, and, as it isn't a gift-horse, but a hired one, you can examine its mouth and legs critically whenever you are going to mount and guide it at your own sweet will, *I charge twenty guineas for the first hour*, and *ten for the second.* It may be dear, or it may be cheap. That's not my affair. *C'est à laisser ou à prendre.*

The Magazine in which the article is to appear is not given away with a pound of tea, or anything of that sort I presume, so that your strictly honourable and business-like firm of employers, and you also, Sir, in the regular course of your relations with them, intend making something out of me, more or less, but something, while I get nothing at all for my time, which is decidedly as valuable to me as, I presume, is yours to you. What have your publishers ever done for me that I should give them my work for nothing? Time is money; why should I make Messrs. Tower, Fondler & Co. a present of twenty pounds, or, for the matter of that, even ten shillings? If I misapprehend the situation, and you are doing your work gratis and for the love of the thing, then that is *your* affair, not mine: I'm glad to hear it, and regret my inability to join you in the luxury of giving away what it is an imperative necessity of my existence to sell at the best price I can. Do you honestly imagine, Sir, that my literary position will be one farthing's-worth improved by a memoir and a portrait of me appearing in your widely-circulated journal? If *you* do, *I don't;* and I prefer to be paid for my work, whether I dictate the material to a scribe, who is to serve it up in his own fashion, or whether I write it myself. And now I come to consider it, I should be inclined to make an additional charge for *not* writing it myself. Not to take you and your worthy firm of employers by surprise, I will make out beforehand a suppositious bill, and then Messrs. Tower & Co. can close with my offer or not, as they please.

	£.	s.	d.
To preparing (in special costume) to receive Interviewer, for putting aside letters, refusing to see tradesmen, &c.	3	0	0
To receiving Interviewer, Photographer, and Artist, and talking about nothing in particular for ten minutes	5	0	0
To cigars and light refreshments all round		10	6
To giving an account of my life and works generally (this being the article itself)	20	0	0
To showing photographs, books, pictures, playbills, and various curios in my collection	5	0	0
To being photographed in several attitudes in the back garden three times, and incurring the danger of catching a severe cold	3	0	0
(*** *On the condition that I should sign all photos sold, inspect books, and receive* 10 *per cent. of gross receipts.*)			
To allowing black-and-white Artist to make a sketch of my study, also of myself	0	0	0
(*** *On the condition that only this one picture is to be done, and that if sold separately, I must receive* 10 *per cent. of such sale.*)			
Luncheon, with champagne for the lot, at 15*s.* per head	2	5	0
Cigars and liqueurs	0	10	0
For time occupied at luncheon in giving further details of my life and history	10	0	0
Total	£49	5	6

The refreshments are entirely optional, and therefore can be struck out beforehand.

Pray show the above to the eminent firm which has the advantage of your zealous services, and believe me to remain

Your most sincerely obliged Baron de Book-Worms.

To the above a reply may be expected, and, if received, it will probably be in a different tone from Mr. Sophte Soper's previous communications. No matter. There's an end of it. The Baron's advice to all "Celebrities," when asked to permit themselves to be interviewed, is, in the language of the poet,—

"Charge, Chester, charge!"

then they will have benefited other Celebrities all round, and the result will be that either only those authors will be interviewed who are worth the price of interviewing, or the professional biographical compilers will have to hunt up nobodies, dress up jays as peacocks, and so bring the legitimate business of "Interviewing" into well-deserved contempt.

Two Men in a Boat. By Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien.

THE GRAND OLD CAMPAIGNER IN SCOTLAND.

PROPOSED RAISING OF PICCADILLY.

"Let the road be raised, &c. . . . Only one house in Piccadilly at present standing would suffer. . . . And I think the Badminton Club."
Vide Letter to Times, Oct. 11.

SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF THE PICCADILLY GOAT TO ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, WHO IS QUIETLY DRESSING IN HIS ROOM ON SECOND FLOOR.

A CLUB ALMOST ENTIRELY DISAPPEARS. MEMBERS MAKE THE BEST OF THE SITUATION.

L'ART DE CAUSER.

(*With effects up to date*)

[English ladies, conscious of conversational defects, and desirous of shining in Society, may be expected to imitate their American Cousins, who, according to *The Daily News*, employ a lady crammer who has made a study of the subject she teaches. Before a dinner or luncheon party, the crammer spends an hour or two with the pupil, and coaches her up in general conversation.]

It really took us by surprise,
We thought her but a mere beginner,
And widely opened were our eyes
To hear her brilliant talk at dinner.
She always knew just what to say,
And said it well, nor for a minute
Was ever at a loss,—I may
As well confess—we men weren't in it!

The talk was of Roumania's Queen,
And was she equal, say, to DANTE?—
The way that race was won by *Sheen*,
And not the horse called *Alicante*—
Of how some charities were frauds,
How some again were quite deserving—
The beauties of the Norfolk broads—
The latest hit of Mr. IRVING—

Does sap go up or down the stem?—
The Boom of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING—
The speeches of the G.O.M.— [ling"—
The strength of Mr. MORLEY's "strip-
Was JONAH swallowed by the whale?—
The price of jute—we wondered all if
They'd have the heart to send to gaol
Those heroes, SLAVIN and MCAULIFFE.]

"Oh, maiden fair," I said at last,
"To hear you talk is most delightful;
But yet the time, it's clear, you've passed
In reading must be something frightful.
Come—do you trouble thus your head
Because you want to go to College
By getting out of Mr. STEAD
£300 for General Knowledge?"

"Kind Sir," she promptly then replied,
"Your guess, I quite admit, was clever,
And, if I now in you confide,
You'll keep it dark, I'm sure, for ever.
Yet do not get, I pray, enraged,
For how I got my information
Was simply this—*I have engaged*
A Coach in General Conversation."

SERVED À LA RUSSE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WILL you allow me, as one who knows Russia by heart, to express my intense admiration for the new piece at the Shaftesbury Theatre, in which is given, in my opinion, the most faithful picture of the CZAR'S dominions as yet exhibited to the British Public. ACT I. is devoted to "a Street near the Banks of the Neva, St. Petersburg," and here we have a splendid view of the Winter Palace, and what I took to be the Kremlin at Moscow. On one side is the house of a money-lender, and on the other the shelter afforded to a drosky-driver and his starving family. The author, whose name must be BUCHANANOFF (though he modestly drops the ultimate syllable), gives as a second title to this portion of his wonderful work, "The Dirge for the Dead." It is very appropriate. A student, whose funds are at the lowest ebb, commits a purposeless murder, and a "pope" who has been on the look-out no doubt for years, seizes the opportunity to rush into the murdered man's dwelling, and sing over his inanimate body a little thing of his own composition. Anyone who has been in Russia will immediately recognise this incident as absolutely true to life. Amongst my own acquaintance I know three priests who did precisely the same thing—they are called BROWNOFF, JONESKI, and ROBINSONOFF.

Next we have the Palace of the *Princess Orenburg*, and make the acquaintance of *Anna Ivanovna*, a young lady who is the sister of the aimless murderer, and owner of untold riches. We are also introduced to the Head of Police, who, as everyone knows, is a cross between a suburban inspector, a low-class inquiry agent, and a *flaneur* moving in the best Society. We find, too, naturally enough, an English *attaché*, whose chief aim is to insult an aged Russian General, whose *sobriquet* is, "the Hero of Sebastopol." Then the aimless murderer reveals his crime, which, of course, escapes detection save at the hands of *Prince Zosimoff*, a nobleman, who I fancy, from his name, must have discovered a new kind of tooth-powder.

Next we have the "Interior of a Common Lodging House," the counterpart of which may be found in almost any street in the modern capital of Russia. There are the religious pictures, the cathedral immediately opposite, with its stained-glass windows and intermittent organ, and the air of sanctity without which no Russian Common Lodging House is complete. Needless to say that *Prince Tooth-powder*—I beg pardon—*Zosimoff* and *Anna* listen while *Fedor Ivanovitch* again confesses his crime, this time to the daughter of the drosky-driver, for whom he has a sincere regard, and I may add, affection. Although with a well-timed scream his sister might interrupt the awkward avowal, she prefers to listen to the bitter end. This reminds me of several cases recorded in the *Newgatekoff Calendaroff*, a miscellany of Russian crimes.

After this we come to the Gardens of the Palace Taurida, when *Fedor* is at length arrested and carted off to Siberia, an excellent picture of which is given in the last Act. Those who *really* know Russian Society will not be surprised to find that the Chief of the Police (promoted to a new position and

a fur-trimmed coat), and the principal characters of the drama have also found their way to the Military Outpost on the borders of the dreaded region. I say dreaded, but should have added, without cause. M. BUCHANANOFF shows us a very pleasant picture. The prisoners seem to have very little to do save to preserve the life of the Governor, and to talk heroics about liberty and other kindred subjects. *Prince Zosimoff* attempts, for the fourth or fifth time, to make *Anna* his own—he calls the pursuit "a caprice," and it is indeed a strange one—and is, in the nick of time, arrested, by order of the CZAR. After this pleasing and natural little incident, everyone prepares to go back to St. Petersburg, with the solitary exception of the Prince, who is ordered off to the Mines. No doubt the Emperor of RUSSIA had used the tooth-powder, and, finding it distasteful to him, had taken speedy vengeance upon its presumed inventor.

I have but one fault to find with the representation. The play is capital, the scenery excellent, and the acting beyond all praise. But I am not quite sure about the title. M. BUCHANANOFF calls his play "*The* Sixth *Commandment*"—he would have been, in my opinion, nearer the mark, had he brought it into closer association with the Ninth!

Believe me, dear *Mr. Punch*,
Yours, respectfully, RUSS IN URBE.

IN OUR GARDEN.

"SUPPOSE, TOBY dear boy," said the Member for Sark, "we start a garden, and work in it ourselves. TEMPLE did it, you know, when he was tired of affairs of State."

"Sir RICHARD?" I asked, never remembering to have seen the Member for Evesham in the company of a rake.

"No; CHARLES THE SECOND'S Minister, who went down to Sheen two centuries before the Orleanist Princes, and grew roses. Of course I don't mean to be there much in the Session. The thing is to have something during Recess to gently engage the mind and fully occupy the body."

This conversation took place towards the end of last Session but one. By odd coincidence I had met the Member for Sark as I was coming from OLD MORALITY'S room, where I had been quietly dining with him. JACKSON and AKERS-DOUGLAS made up party of four. It was second week of August; everybody tired to death. OLD MORALITY asked me to look in and join them about eight o'clock. Knocked at door; no answer; curious scurrying going round; somebody running and jumping; heard OLD MORALITY'S voice, in gleeful notes, "Now then, DOUGLAS, tuck in your tuppenny! Here you are, JACKSON! keep the mill a goin'!" Knocked again; no answer; opened door gently; beheld strange sight. The Patronage Secretary was "giving a back" to the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY. OLD MORALITY, taking running jump, cleared it with surprising agility considering AKERS-DOUGLAS'S inches. Then he trotted on a few paces, folded his arms and bent his head; Financial Secretary to Treasury, clearing AKERS-DOUGLAS, took OLD MORALITY in his stride, and "tucked in his tuppenny" in turn.

Thought I had better retire. Seemed on the whole the proceedings demanded privacy; but OLD MORALITY, catching sight of me, called out, "Come along, TOBY! Only our little game. Fall in, and take your turn."

Rather afraid of falling over, but didn't like to spoil sport; cleared OLD MORALITY capitally; scrambled over AKERS-DOUGLAS; but couldn't manage JACKSON.

"I can't get over him," I said, apologetically.

"No," said AKERS-DOUGLAS, "he's a Yorkshireman."

"'Tis but a primitive pastime," observed OLD MORALITY, when, later, we sat down to dinner; "but remarkably refreshing; a great stimulant for the appetite. Indeed," he added, as he transferred a whole grouse to his plate, "I do not know anything that more forcibly brings home to the mind the truth underlying the old Greek aphorism, that a bird on your plate is worth two in the dish."

I gathered in conversation that when business gets a little heavy, when time presses, and leisure for exercise is curtailed, OLD MORALITY generally has ten minutes leap-frog before dinner.

"We used at first to play it in the corridor; an excellent place; apparently especially designed for the purpose; but we were always liable to interruption, and by putting the chairs on the table here we manage well enough. It's been the making of me, and I may add, has enabled my Right Hon. friends with increased vigour and ease to perform their duty to their QUEEN and Country. The great thing, dear TOBY, is to judiciously commingle physical exercise with mental activity. What says the great bard of Abydos? *Mens sana in corpore sano*, which being translated means, mens—or perhaps I should say, men—should incorporate bodily exercise with mental excreitation."

Of course I did not disclose to the Member for Sark, what had taken place in the privity of OLD MORALITY'S room. That is not my way. The secret is ever sacred with me, and shall be carried with me to the silent tomb. But I was much impressed with the practical suggestions of my esteemed Leader, and allured by their evident effect upon his appetite.

"Men," continued the Member for Sark, moodily, "do all kinds of things in the Recess to make up for the inroads on the constitution suffered during the Session. They go to LA Bourboule like the MARKISS and RAIKES; or they play Golf like Prince ARTHUR; or they pay visits to their Mothers-in-law in the United States, like CHAMBERLAIN and LYON PLAYFAIR; or they go to Switzerland, India, Russia, Australia, and Sierra Leone. Now if we had a garden, which we dug, and weeded, and clipped, and pruned ourselves, never eating a potato the sapling of which we had not planted, watered, and if necessary grafted, with our own hands, we should live happy, healthful lives for at least a month or two, coming back to our work having renewed our youth like the rhinoceros."

"But you don't know anything about gardening, do you?"

"That's just it. Anyone can keep a garden that has been brought up to the business. But look what chances there are before two statesmen of, I trust I may say without egotism, average intelligence, who take to gardening without, as you may say, knowing anything about it. Think of the charm of being able to call a spade a Hoe! without your companion, however contentious, capping the exclamation. Then think of the long vista of possible surprises. You dig a trench, and I gently sprinkle seed in it——"

"Excuse me," I said, "but supposing *I* sprinkle the seed, and *you* dig the trench?"

"——The seed is carrot, let us suppose," the Member for Sark continued, disregarding my interruption, his fine face aglow with honest enthusiasm. "I, not being an adept, feeling my way, as it were, towards the perfection of knowledge, put in the seed the wrong end up, and, instead of the carrots presenting themselves to the earnest inquirer in what is, I believe, the ordinary fashion, with the green tops showing above the generous earth, and the spiral, rosy-tinted, cylindrical form hidden in the soil, the limb were to grow out of the ground, its head downward; would that be nothing, do you think? I mention that only as a possibility that flashed across my mind. There are an illimitable series of possibilities that might grow out of Our Garden. Of course we don't mean to make money out of it. It's only fair to you, TOBY, that I should, at the outset, beg you to hustle out of your mind any sordid ideas of that kind. What we seek is, health and honest occupation, and here they lie open to our hand."

This conversation, as I mentioned, took place a little more than a year ago. I was carried away, as the House of Commons never is, by my Hon. friend's eloquence. We got the garden. We have it now; but I do not trust myself on this page to dwell on the subject.

FEMININE AND A N-UTAH GENDER.—Plurality of wives is abolished in Utah. The husbands seem to have made no difficulty about it, but what have the wives said?

"QUEEN'S WEATHER."—The weather is looking up. It was mentioned in the *Court Circular* last Wednesday week for the first time.

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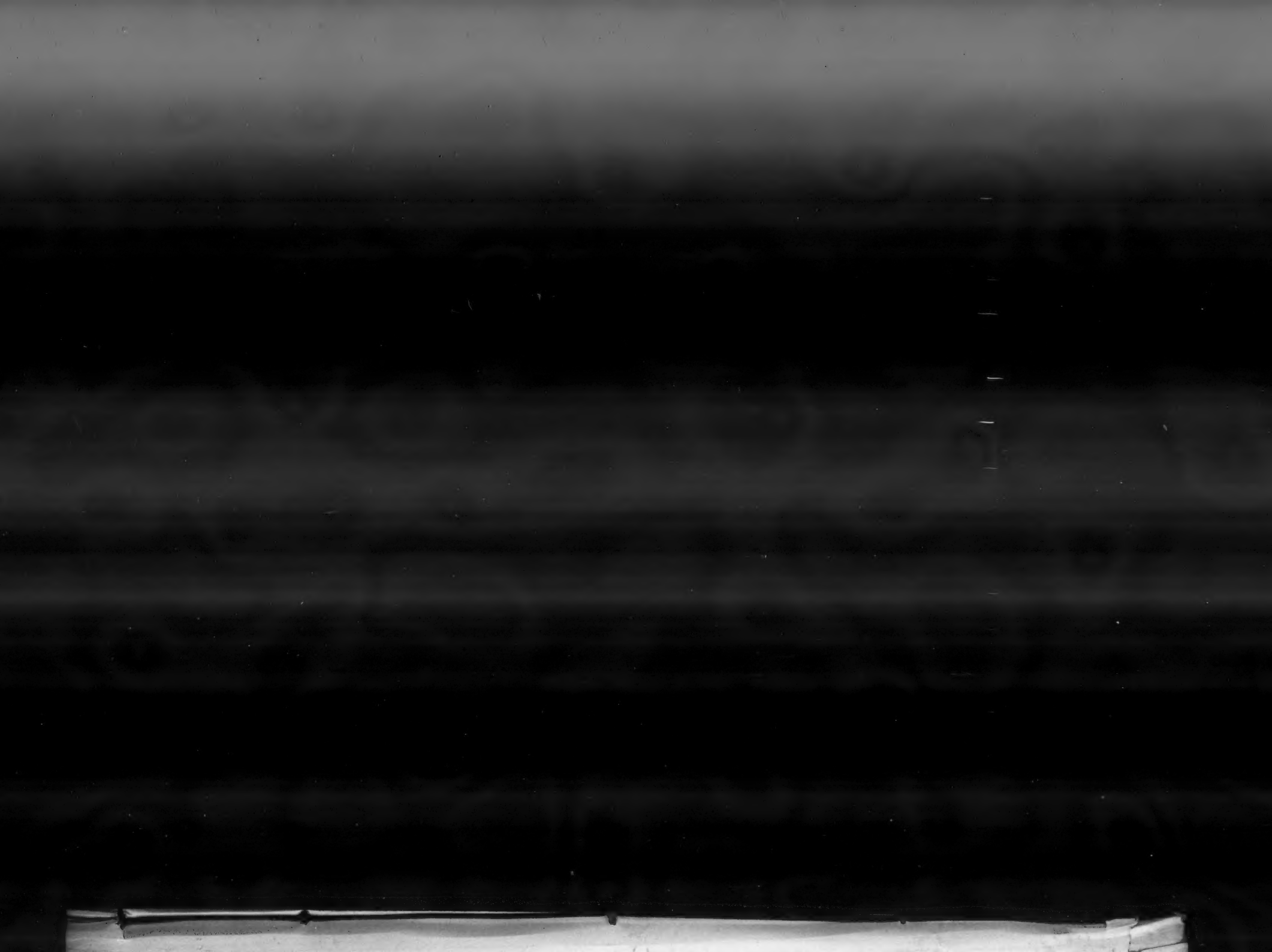


MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type Writer.)

No. XXI.—THE AVERAGE UNDERGRADUATE.

THOSE who live much in the society of the very middle-aged, hear from them loud and frequent complaints of the decay of courtesy and the general deterioration, both of manners and of habits, observable in the young men of the day. With many portentous shakings of the head, these grizzling censors inform those who care to listen to their wailings, that in the time of their own youth it was understood to be the duty of young men to be modest, considerate, generous in their treatment of one another, and chivalrous in their behaviour to women. And every one of them will probably suggest to his hearers that he was intimately acquainted with at least one young man who fulfilled that duty with a completeness and a perfection never since attained. Now, however, they will declare, the case is different. Young men have become selfish and arrogant. Their respect for age has vanished, their behaviour to ladies is familiar and flippant, their style of conversation is slangy and disreputable, they are wanting in all proper reverence, they are pampered, luxurious, affected, foolish, and disingenuous; unworthy, in short, to be mentioned in the same breath with those who have preceded them, and have left to their degenerate successors a brilliant but unavailing example of youthful conduct. These diatribes may or may not be founded to some extent in truth. At the best, however, their truth is only a half-truth. So long as the world endures, it is probable that young men will have a large allowance of follies, of affectations, of extravagances, and the young men of to-day are certainly not without them. But, in the main, though the task of comparison is difficult, they do not appear to be at all inferior in manliness, in modesty of bearing, and in reverence to the generations that have gone before. Here and there in London the antics of some youth plunged into a torrent of folly before he had had time even to think of being wise, excite the comments of the world. But London is not the school to which one would look for youth at its best. To find that in any considerable quantity one must travel either to Cambridge or to Oxford, and inspect the average undergraduates, who form the vast majority at both these Universities.

Now the Average Undergraduate, as he exists, and has for ages existed, is not, perhaps, a very wise young man. Nor does he possess those brilliant qualities which bring the Precocious Undergraduate to premature ruin. He has his follies, but they are not very foolish; he has his affectations, but they are innocent; he has his extravagances, but they pass away, and leave him not very much the worse for the experience. On the whole, however, he is a fine specimen of the young Englishman—brave, manly, loyal, and upright. He is the salt of his University, and an honour to the country that produces him.

The Average Undergraduate will have been an average schoolboy, not afflicted with too great a love of classics or mathematics, and gifted, unfortunately, with a fine contempt for modern languages. But he will have taken an honourable part in all school-games, and will have acquired through them not only vigorous health and strength, but that tolerant and generous spirit of forbearance without which no manly game can be carried on. These qualities he will carry with him to the University which his father chooses for him, and to which he himself looks forward rather as a home of liberty slightly tempered by Proctors, than as a temple of learning, moderated by examiners.

During the October term which makes him a freshman, the Average Undergraduate devotes a considerable time to mastering the etiquette of his University and College. He learns that it is not customary to shake hands with his friends more than twice in each term, once at the beginning, and again at the end of the term. If he is a Cambridge man, he will cut the tassel of his academical cap short; at Oxford he will leave it long; but at both he will discover that sugar-tongs are never used, and that the race of Dons exists merely to plague him and his fellows with lectures, to which he pays small attention, with enforced chapels, which he sometimes dares to cut, and, with general disciplinary regulations, to which he considers it advisable to submit, though he is never inclined to admit their necessity. He becomes a member of his college boat-club, and learns that one of the objects of a regular attendance at College Chapel is, to enable the freshman to practise keeping his back straight. Similarly, Latin Dictionaries and Greek Lexicons are, necessarily, bulky, since, otherwise, they would be useless as seats on which the budding oarsman may improve the length of his swing in the privacy of his own rooms. These rooms are all furnished on the same pattern. A table, a pedestal desk for writing, half-a-dozen ordinary chairs, a basket arm-chair, perhaps a sofa, some photographs of school-groups, family photographs in frames, a cup or two, won at the school athletic sports, a football cap, and a few prints of popular pictures, complete the furniture and decorations of the average College rooms. Of course there are, even amongst undergraduates, wealthy æsthetes, who furnish their rooms extravagantly—but the Average Undergraduate is not one of them.

On the fifth of November the freshman sallies forth only to find, with a sense of bitter disappointment, that the rows between Town and Gown are things of the past. He will have discovered ere this that undergraduate etiquette has ordained that while he wears a cap and gown he must forswear gloves, and leave his umbrella at home, even though the rain should pour down in torrents. All these ordinances he observes strictly, though he can neither be "hauled" nor "gated" for setting them at defiance. Towards the end of his first term he begins to realise more accurately the joys and privileges of University life; he has formed his set, and more or less found his level, he has become a connoisseur of cheap wine, he has with pain and labour learned to smoke, he has certainly exceeded his allowance, and he returns to his home with the firm conviction that he knows a great deal of life. He will terrify his mother with tales of proctorial misadventures, and will excite the suspicions of his father by the new brilliance of his attire. Indeed it is a curious fact that whatever the special pursuit of the Average Undergraduate may be, and whatever may be the calling and profession of his father, the two are generally engaged in a financial war. This always ends in the triumph of the older man, who never scruples to use the power which the possession of the purse gives him in order to discomfit his son. From a University point of view, the average father has as little variety as the average son.

It must be noted that away from the University or his family circle, and in the society of ladies, the Average Undergraduate is shy. The wit that flashed so brilliantly in the College Debating Club is extinguished, the stream of humour that flowed amidst shouts of laughter in the Essay Society is frozen at its source, the conversation that delighted the frequenters of his rooms is turned into an irresponsive mumble. But as soon as he returns to the academic groves, and knows that petticoats are absent, and that his own beloved "blazer" is on his back, Richard is himself again. He has his undergraduate heroes whom he worships blindly, hoping himself to be some day a hero and worthy of worship. Moreover, there are in every College traditions which cause the undergraduate who is a member of it to believe that the men of that particular society are finer fellows than the men of any other. These traditions the Average Undergraduate holds as though they were articles of his religion.

The Average Undergraduate generally takes a respectable position as a College oarsman or cricketer, though he may fail to attain to the University Eight or to the Eleven. He passes his examinations with effort, but still he passes them. He recks not of Honours. The "poll" or the pass contents him. Sometimes he makes too much noise, occasionally he dines too well. In London, too, his conduct during vacations is perhaps a little exuberant, and he is often inclined to treat the promenades at the Leicester Square Variety Palaces as though he had purchased them. But, on the whole, he does but little harm to himself and others. He is truthful and ingenuous, and although he knows himself to be a man, he never tries to be a very old or a very wicked one. In a word, he is wholesome. In the end he takes his degree creditably enough. His years at the University have been years of pure delight to him, and he will always look back to them as the happiest of his life. He has not become very learned, but he will always be a useful member of the community, and whether as barrister, clergyman, country gentleman, or business man, he will show an example of manly uprightness which his countrymen could ill afford to lose.

FINIS.—The last nights on earth at the Haymarket are announced of *A Village Priest*. May he rest in piece. The play that immediately follows is, *Called Back*; naturally enough a revival, as the title implies. But one thing is absolutely certain, and that is, that *A Village Priest* will never be *Called Back*. Perhaps *L'Abbé Constantin* may now have a chance. Eminently good, but not absolutely saintly. Is there any chance of the *Abbé* being "translated?"

THE SMELLS.

(Edgar Allan Poe "Up to Date.")

I.

Look on London with its Smells—
Sickening Smells!
What long nasal misery their nastiness foretells!
How they trickle, trickle, trickle,
On the air by day and night!
While our thoraxes they tickle,
Like the fumes from brass in pickle,
Or from naphtha all alight;
Making stench, stench, stench,
In a worse than witch-broth drench,
Of the muck-malodoration that so nauseously wells
From the Smells, Smells, Smells, Smells,
Smells, Smells, Smells—
From the fuming and the spuming of the Smells.

II.

Sniff the fetid sewer Smells—
Loathsome Smells!
What a lot of typhoid their
intensity foretells!
Through the pleasant air of
night, [blight!
How they spread, a noxious
Full of bad bacterian motes,
Quickening soon.
What a lethal vapour floats
To the foul Smell-fiend who
glistens as he gloats
On the boon.
Oh, from subterranean cells
What a gush of sewer-gas
voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
In our houses! How it tells
Of the folly that impels
To the breeding and the
speeding
Of the Smells, Smells,
Smells,
Of the Smells, Smells, Smells,
Smells,
Smells, Smells, Smells—
To the festering and the pestering of the Smells!

III.

See the Spectre of the Smells—
London Smells!
What a world of retrospect
his tyranny compels!
In the silence of the night
How we muse on the old
plight
Of Kensington, — a Dismal
Swamp, and lone!
Still the old Swamp-
Demon floats
O'er the City, as our throats
Have long known.
And the people — ah, the
people—
Though as high as a church
steeple
They have gone
For fresh air, that Demon's tolling
In a muffled monotone
Their doom, and rolling, rolling
O'er the City overgrown.
He is neither man nor woman,
He is neither brute nor human,
He's a Ghoul;
Spectre King of Smells, he tolls,
And he rolls, rolls, rolls.
Rolls.
With his cohort of Bad Smells!
And his cruel bosom swells
With the triumph of the Smells.
Whose long tale the scribbler tells
To the *Times*, *Times*, *Times*,
Telling of "local" crimes
In the gendering of the Smells,
Of the Smells:
To the *Times*, *Times*, *Times*,
Telling of Railway crimes,
In the fostering of Smells,—
Of the Smells, Smells, Smells,
Brick-field Smells, bone-boiling Smells,
Whilst the Demon of old times
With us dwells, dwells, dwells,
The old Swamp Fiend of moist climes!
See him rolling with his Smells—
Awful Smells. Smells. Smells—
See him prowling with his Smells,
Horrid Smells, Smells, Smells—
London Smells, Smells, Smells, Smells,
Smells, Smells, Smells,— [Smells?
Will the County Council free us from these

JUST NOW THE CHIEF NILE-IST IN PARIS.—CLEOPATRA.

"ENFANT TERRIBLE."

"I 'VE BROUGHT YOU A GLASS OF WINE, MR. PROFESSOR. *PLEASE* DRINK IT!" "VAT! BEFORE TINNER! ACH, VY?"
"BECAUSE MUMMY SAYS YOU DRINK LIKE A FISH, AND I WANT TO SEE YOU——!"

SEEING THE STARS.

THE following paragraph appears in the columns of the *Scottish Leader*:—

"Those who were out of doors in Edinburgh at three o'clock on Saturday morning were startled by the appearance of a brilliant meteorite in the northern hemisphere. Its advent was announced by a flash of light which illuminated the whole city. A long fiery streak marked its course, and remained visible for more than a minute. At first this streak was perfectly straight, but, after it had begun to fade, it broke into a zig-zag."

The phenomenon so graphically described, though remarkable, is not, we believe, in the circumstances, entirely novel. Perhaps it is noteworthy as coming a little early in the year. We understand that on New Year's Day, "those who are out of doors in Edinburgh at three o'clock in the morning," are not unfrequently startled in somewhat similar manner.

THE TOOTHERIES.—"TOOTH'S Gallery" always strikes us as a somewhat misleading appellation. It always appears to have more to do with palates than pictures, and to be more concerned with gums than gold frames. No doubt the head of the firm of MESSRS. ARTHUR TOOTH AND SONS is a wise TOOTH, so let him christen his gallery the "Arthurnæum." He is a TOOTH that you can*not* stop, he is always coming out, and this autumn he comes out stronger than ever with a most interesting and varied collection. Excellent examples you may find of J. B. BURGESS, J. C. HOOK, BASTIEN LEPAGE, TADEMA, VICAT COLE, PETER GRAHAM, MILLAIS, LEADER, C. CALTHROP, MARCUS STONE, and other notables.

THE MOAN OF THE MAIDEN.

(*After Tennyson.*)

GOLF! Golf! Golf!
By the side of the sounding
sea; [never
And I would that my ears had
Heard aught of the "links"
and the "tee."

Oh, well for the man of my
heart,
That he bets on the "holes"
and the play
Oh, well for the "caddie"
that carries [pay.
The "clubs," and earns his

He puts his red coat on,
And he roams on the sandy
hill;
But oh for the touch of that
golfer's hand,
That the "niblick" wields
with a will.

Golf! Golf! Golf!
Where the "bunkers" vex
by the sea;
But the days of Tennis and
Croquet
Will never come back to me!

OYSTERITIES AT COLCHESTER.—Last Wednesday the Annual Oyster Feast was held at Colchester. Toasts in plenty: music of course. But why was there absent from the harmonious list so appropriate a glee as Sir HENRY BISHOP's:—

"Uprouse ye then,
My merry merry men,
It is our opening day!"

Why wasn't Deputy-Sheriff BEARD asked? Is he already shelved?

THE LAST OF "MARY'S LAMB."

["A firm in Sydney have completed arrangements whereby frozen sheep or lambs can be delivered at any address in the United Kingdom."]

MARY had a little lamb,
Which she desired to send
Across the mighty ocean as
A present to a friend.

That friend was partial to lamb chops,
Likewise to devilled kidney;
So friendly MARY promptly went
Unto "a firm in Sydney."

That firm replied, "the lamb we 'll send
By parcel to your cousin;
That is, if you do not object
To have your darling frozen."

Then MARY wept. She said, "My lamb
Has wool as white as snow;
But packed in ice? It don't sound nice,
No, Sydney Merchant, No!

"Refrigerate my darling! Oh!
It makes my bosom bleed.
Still, go it must. I think you said,
'Delivery guaranteed!'"

So Mary's lamb the ocean crossed
By "Frozen Parcel Post;"
And MARY's Cousin said its chops
Were most delicious—*most!*

MORAL.

Science, though it pays "cent. per cent.,"
Is destitute of pity;
And makes hash of the sentiment
Dear to the Nursery ditty.

ROBERT AS HUMPIRE.

I WAS a takin of my favrit walk, larst Friday was a week, from Charing Cross round to my own privet residence in Queer Street, when a yung lad tapped me on the sholder and said to me, "Please, Sir, are you the sillybrated Mr. ROBERT, the Citty Waiter?" In course I replied, "Yes, most suttenly;" when he said, "Then this yere letter's for you, and I wants a emediat arnser." Concealing my wisibel estoniahment, I took him hup Healy Place, where the werry famous Lawyer lives, as can git you out of any amownt of trubbel, and then opened the letter, and read the following most estonishing words, wiz.:—"Mr. ROBERT,—can you come *immediately* to the ——— Club, as you alone can decide a very heavy wager that is now pending between two Noble Lords who are here awaiting your arrival. You will be well paid for your trouble. The Bearer will show you the way.—J. N." I coud learn nothink from my jewvenile guide, so I told him to lead the way, and off we started, and soon arived at the Club.

I need ardly say that, being all quite fust-rate swells, they receaved me in the most kindest manner, and ewen smiled upon me most freely, which in course I felt as a great complement.

One on 'em then adrest me sumwot as follers, "I'm sure, Mr. ROBERT, we are all werry much obliged to you for coming so reddily at my request." At which they all cried, "Here! here!" "You of coarse understand what we wish you to do." To which I at once replide, "Quite so, my noble swells." At which they all larfed quite lowd, tho' I'm sure I don't kno why. He then said that it was thort better not to menshun the names of any of the Gents present, and he then presented me with a little packet, which he requested I woud not open till I got home, and then proseeded to xplain the Wager, somthink like this. Two of the noble Lords present, it apeared, had disagreed upon a certain matter, and, wanting a Humpire of caracter and xperience to decide between them, had both 'agreed to a surgestion that had bin made, that of all the many men in Lundon none coudn't be considered more fitter for the post than Mr. ROBERT, the sillybrated Citty Waiter!

I rayther thinks as I blusht wisibly, and I knos as I bust out into a perfuse prusperashun, but I didn't say a word, but pulled myself together as I can ginerally do when I feels as it's necessary to manetane my good charackter. He then said, "The question for you to deside is this: At a great and most himportant Dinner that is about to be held soon, at which most of the werry grandest swells left in Lundon will be present, we intends to hinterduce 'The Loving Cup;' not," he added, smiling, "so much to estonish the natives, as to stagger the strangers. The question, therefore, that you, as the leading Citty Waiter of the day, have to settle, is, How many of the Gests stand up while one on 'em drinks?" Delighted to find how heasy was my tarsk, I ansers, without a moment's hezzitation, "Three!" One on 'em turned garstly pale, and shouted out, "What for?" To which I replied, "One to take off and hold up the cover, the second to bow, and drink out of the Cup, and the third to protect the Drinker while he drinks, lest any ennemy should stab him in the back."

The garstly pale Gent wanted to arak more questions, but the rest shouted, "Horder! Horder!" and the fust Gent coming up to me again, thanked me for what he called my kindness in cumming, so I made 'em my very best bow, which I copied from a certain Poplar Prince, and took my departure.

Being, I hopes, a man of strict werassity, I never wunce took ewen so much as a peep at the little packet as the Gent gave me, but I couldn't help feeling every now and then to see if it was quite safe, which of course it was, and ewen when I reached my umbel abode, I still restrained my natral curiosesity, and sat down, and told my wundrus tail to the wife of my buzzom, and then placed the little packet in her estonished ands, which she hopened with a slite flutter, and then perdoosed from it *Five Golden Souverings!* If any other noble swells wants another Humpire on the same libberal terms, let 'em send to ROBERT.

PHILOMELA AND AQUILA.

[It is stated that Madame PATTI presented Mr. GLADSTONE with a box of voice lozenges.]

PATTI, take, PATTI, take, Grand Old Man!
Give him voice lozenges soon as you can.
Pack them, address them, as neat as can be,
And courteously hand them to W. G.!

Mellifluous Nightingale, melody's source
Our Golden (mouthed) Eagle hath grown a bit hoarse;
But though Aquila's husky with age and long fights,
His sweet Philomela will set him to-rights.

A cough-drop, a lozenge, a jube-jube, from *you*,
His larynx will strengthen and lubricate too. [pipe again yet;
His old "*Camp Town Races*" he'll
Nay—who knows?—with you may arrange a duet!

The eagle is scarcely a song-bird, but still, [gale's trill!
He may have a good ear for the nightin-
Fair Philomel comes to old Aquila's aid!!!
Faith! the picture is pretty, so here 'tis portrayed?

CLEOPATRA IN PARIS.

The true History. Queen Cleopatra dying from the effects of several Bites of Asp-aragus. Or is it truer that Queen Cleopatra died from eating too much of something "*En Aspic*"? Ask Sardou, Sara, & Co.

AT THE ALHAMBRA.—*Claude Duval*, a new monologue, music by EDWARD SOLOMON. Mr. FRANK CELLI has to "stand and deliver" the lines of Messrs. BOWYER and MORTON. As the description "monologue" is not suggestive of music, why didn't the authors invent a special name for the entertainment, and call it the "Solomonologue"? Most expressive.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Dead Man's Gift, by HERBERT COMPTON; the title of which might lead one to imagine something very weird and uncanny. Nothing of the sort. Mr. COMPTON doesn't wish to "make your flesh creep" like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*. It is only the story of a tea-planter's romance, though the finding of the gift is most exciting. Interesting and well written.

The Cabinet Portrait Gallery, published by CASSELL & Co., with portraits of most of our Celebrities, by Messrs. DOWNEY, is excellent.

Christmas Books now make their appearance, and the first and principal offenders in disturbing the Calendar are Messrs. BLACKIE & SON. "Among the names," says the Baron's juvenile assistant Co. Junior, "we recognise one of our boys' most favourite authors, G. A. HENTY, who this year gives them another exciting historical tale, *By England's Aid*, which deals with the closing events of the War of Independence in Holland. Also *Maori and Settler*, a story of the New Zealand War, when young England was quite a settler for the Maori. Both recommended. *Hal Hungerford*, by J. R. HUTCHINSON, is a good book for boys, and *A Rash Promise, or, Meg's Secret*, by CECILIA SELBY LOWNDES, is an equally good one for girls, and finally *The Girls' Own Paper Annual*, and *The Boys' Own Paper Annual*, are two very handsome capitally illustrated gift-books." Now the Baron's cheerful assistants have done their work, he himself, has something to say.

"Blackie and Son."

"No, my dear and venerable Mr. T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.," says the Baron to that eminent octogenarian Academician, whose "reminiscences" BENTLEY AND SON have just published; "if you are correctly quoted in the *P. M. G.*, your memory is absolutely at fault in describing DOUGLAS JERROLD as 'Editor of *Punch*.' He never was. Your account of the doings at the hebdomadal board of the *Punch* Staff College must be taken with several pinches of salt, as never once in your lengthy career have you been present at any one of these symposia. No matter. Your health, and book!"

Permit the Baron to strongly recommend MARION CRAWFORD'S *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance*. Slight indeed is the plot, and few the *dramatis personæ*; but the latter are drawn with a Meissonier-like finish, and the simple tale is charmingly and touchingly told. The wonder of it is that so little to tell should have occupied two volumes; and a greater wonder remains, which is, that, at the close, the reader should wish there were a third. To create this desire is, after all, the very perfection of the art of novel-writing. The novelist who does not make the reader "wish as there was more on it," according to the philosophic *dictum* of *Sam Weller* on the art of epistolary correspondence, has failed. Henceforth this novel of MR. CRAWFORD'S goes forth to the world with the Baron's best *imprimatur*. This poor little cigarette-maker requires no puffing of her wares. Enough that the Baron should say to his readers, "*Tolle lege!*" You will be delighted with it, "*Il cigaretto per esser felice.*" It is a charming story, says emphatically, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

A Cigarette-Maker's Romance.

HOPE FOR THE EAST END OF LONDON UNDER THE NEW MAYORALTY.—If South Kensington and the Fashionable West are now complaining of smells everywhere in the S. and S.W. district, the City and the East End may, for one year at least, rejoice in the supreme rule of the Savory. We can't write of SAVORY without adding MOORE, so we must mention that the name of SAVORY is ominous for the continuation of the Mayoralty. The Guildhall Banquets end with a Savory. *Absit omen!*

WINTER OPERA.

ROYAL Italian Opera is quite a winter rose in Covent Garden. It blossomed well, and is doing bloomingly. How lovely and of what happy omen is the name of MARIA PERI, whose *Valentina* in *Les Huguenots* is worth recording, even though it does not beat the record. It is said to be an uninteresting part, yet I remember everybody being uncommonly enthusiastic about this same *Valentina* when GRISI played it, and *her* "Valentine" was *Romeo*-like MARIO. Their struggle, his Leap for Life out of the window after the great "*Tu M'ami*" solo and duet, her despair, will never be forgotten. "Nothing in the part," quotha! Nothing in the person more likely. Signor PADILLA, excellent actor, is here again. Signor INGHNIO CORSI

Our Maggie McIntyre as "La (Prima) Donna del 'Lago.'"

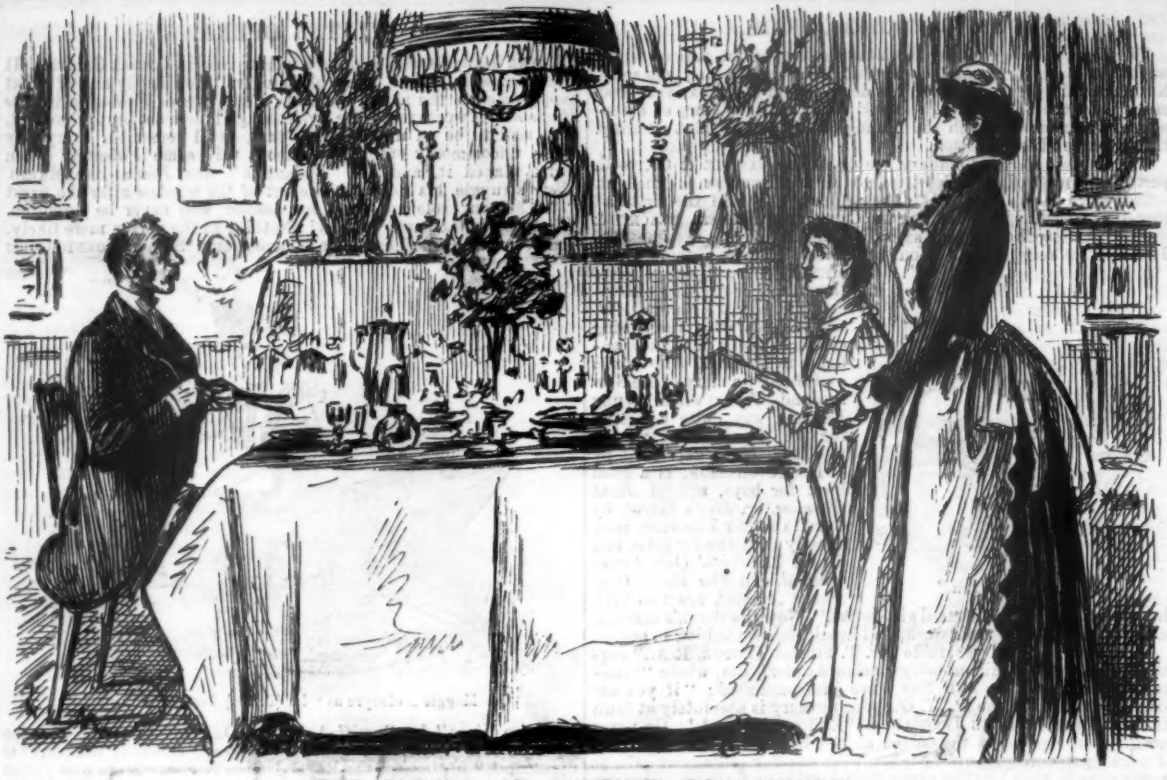
has been "lent" by Sheriff AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, and we hope he'll be returned safe, sound, and unspoilt, carefully packed, "G uppermost," in time for the Royal Italian Season. More nice names of good omen in the ballet, LOUISE LOVEDAY,—hope she'll "love-night" as well, and be always ready to dance,—and "JESSIE SMILES!"—does she! Bless her heart! Signor ARD 'ITTY, as 'ARRY would say, is the energetic "Conductor," so that Signor LAGO'S 'bus "full inside—all right!" ought to go along pleasantly, and do well.

Friday.—Lucia di Lammermoor, with Mlle. STROMFELD in the title *rôle*, singing well, and recalled several times by a fairly filled house. Signor SUANE, the *Edgardo*, looking better than he sang. But what a fine old crusted piece of Italianised conventionality the Opera is, with about as much to do with Scotland as it has with SCOTT! From the general demeanour and appearance of the Chorus of "Ladies and Knights," and "Friends of Lord ASHTON," the ASHTONS evidently in a very second-rate set at Lammermoor. However, it must be admitted that their attitude, as spectators of *Lucia's* delirium, left nothing to desire on the score of repose—the VERE DE VERES themselves could not have been calmer, or less concerned. Blue chins, and sympathy expressed by semaphore action in the good old time-honoured fashion. The "Warriors of Ravenswood" in Lincoln green hunting costume, and the tombs of *Edgardo's* fathers under a marble colonnade—to give the necessary local colour.

Good house on Saturday for *Robert the Devil*,—not *our* "ROBERT" the Waiter. But Signor LAGO must not be satisfied with things as they are.

PROGRESS—FIN DE SIÈCLE!

1891. Vessels laid up by the Shipping Federation.
1892. The Railway Union decide to stop all traffic until labour is cheaper.
1893. The United Cooperative Stores secure monopoly of Trade, and then close until better times.
1894. Army and Navy disbanded, join the Burglar Association, of which the Police are now members.
1895. Publication of newspapers throughout the civilised world, suspended.
1896. Universal redistribution of land, and personal property.
1897. Conversion of every public building on the Four Quarters of the Globe into a refuge for the indigent.
1898. Strike of the Butchers, the Bakers and the Candlestick-makers.
1899. Strike of the Doctors, and the Undertakers—*Fin de Siècle!*
1900. Strike of the Lawyers—*Fin du Monde!*



THE SPREAD OF CULTURE DOWNWARDS.

Jones (to Mrs J.). "ESKER VOO NE PONXAY PÂH KER LA NOOVELLE FUM-DE-SHOMB AYT *EXTRARDINAIRMONG JOLEE?*"

Mrs. J. (who is over-considerate of her Servants). "WEE—MAIS IL NE FO PÂH PARLY FRONXAY DEVONG LEY DOMESTEEK; CE N'AY PÂH *POLEE*, VOO SAVVY!"

The New Scotch Housemaid. "OH, MONSIEUR, QUANT À ÇA, CE N'EST PAS LA PEINE DE VOUS GÊNER DEVANT MOI. JE COMPRENDS ASSEZ BIEN LE FRANÇAIS!"

TIPPERARY JUNCTION.

JOHN MORLEY *sings:*—

AIR—"*Tipperary.*"

Oh, politics puzzle, and partisans vary,
In holiday autumn on Albion's shore;
But ochl there's good business in New Tipperary,
So to take a look round I will take a run o'er.
Prince ARTHUR looks proud, but his policy's poor—
No doubt, he'd be happy to show me the door;
But the Paddies will welcome an English grandee—
They've had SHAW-LEFEVRE, they'd rather have me!
So I laugh at all fears of things going contrairey
(She loves me, does ERIN, the shamrock-gowned fairy),
I'm sure there's good business in New Tipperary!

In New Tipperary!

ARTHUR BALFOUR *sings:*—

AIR—"*Off to Philadelphia.*"

Faith! JOHN MORLEY thinks he's leary,
And he's off to Tipperary;
My policy he thinks he'll be a thorn in;
But before he comes away
He will find to spoil my play
He must get up very early in the mornin'.
Wid his bundle on his shoulder,
He thinks no man could look boulder,
And he's lavin' for Auld Ireland widout warnin'.
For he lately took the notion
For to cross the briny ocean,
And to start for Tipperary in the mornin'.

JOHN MORLEY *sings:*—

AIR—"*Tipperary.*"

By St. Pathrick, I've hit on the thing I was after
(Good luck, MORLEY dear, says O'BRIEN to me)
My tale BALFOUR bould, will be no case for laughter,
I'll leave ye no leg for to stand on, ye'll see.
Of course you will say that my story's not true,
But who will belave such a fellow as you?
By Jingo, I've something to talk about now!
I'll make ye to sit up and snort, that I vow!
I'll give ye the facts, ye can't prove the contrairey.
My story and CADDELL'S will probably vary,
But I've found good business in New Tipperary!

In New Tipperary!

ARTHUR BALFOUR *sings:*—

AIR—"*Off to Philadelphia.*"

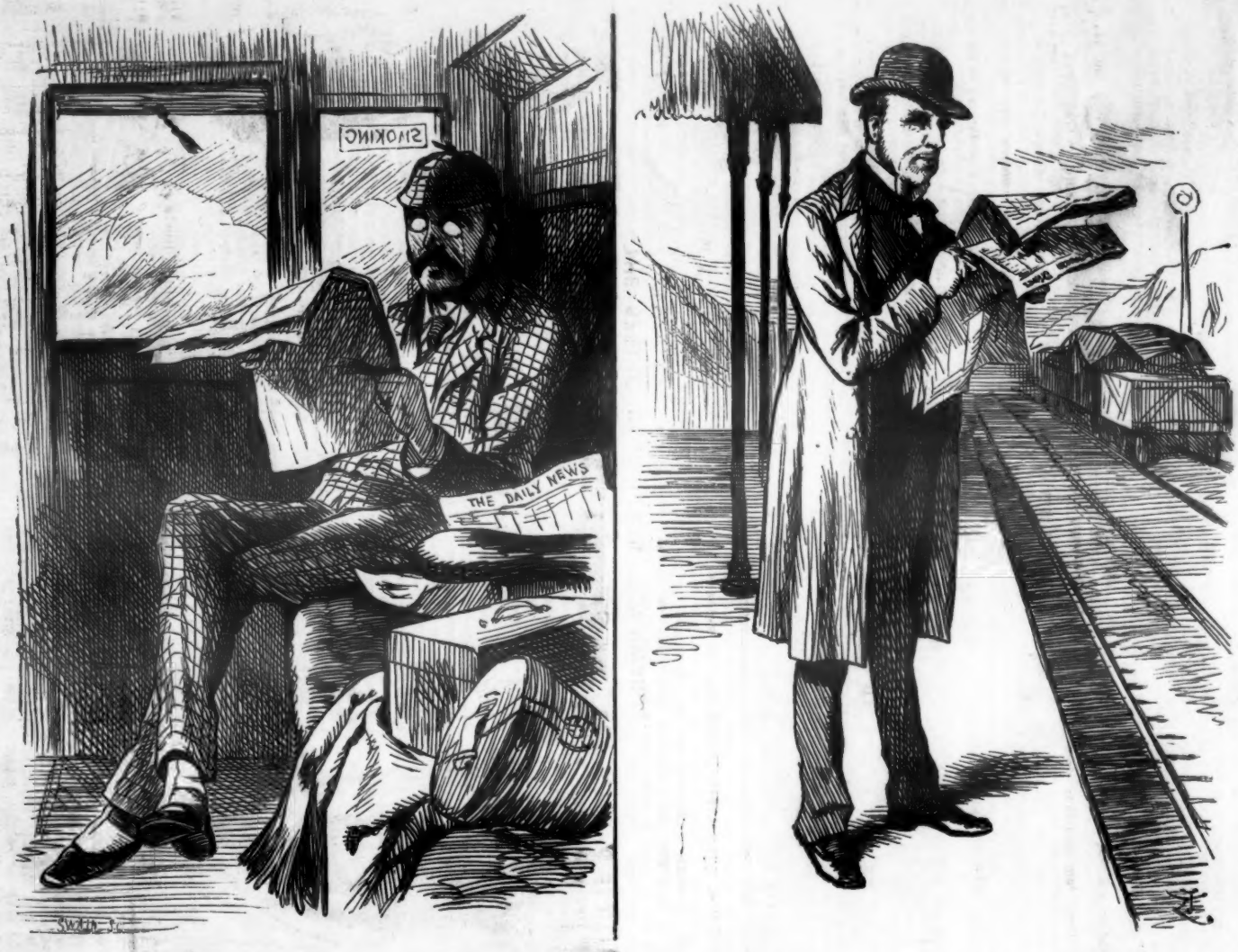
When they tould me I must shpake a pace,
I tried to kape a cheerful face,
Though obvious lack of matther I was mournin'!
But, oh sombre-faced JOHN MORLEY!
Ye desired to help me surely,
When ye went for Tipperary widout warnin'!
Though your tale could scarce be boulder,
Yet my hits straight from the shoulder
Will make ye mourn the hour that ye were born in.
And I think ye'll have a notion
Ye were wrong to cross the ocean,
And raise rucktions in ould Ireland in the mornin'!

JOHN MORLEY *sings:*—

AIR—"*Tipperary.*"

I may yet have to sail o'er the blue seas to-morrow,
Once more sail away to the Isle o' the West,
They yet may subpœna me, much to my sorrow,
And then my strange tale will be put to the test.
But BALFOUR shall find, when once more I come back,
Of matter for speeches I shall have no lack.
O'BRIEN and DILLON from judgment have flown,
But with BALFOUR, I fancy, I'll still hold my own.
That flight in the boat was a funny vagary,
But the picture I'll paint will make SALISBURY scary,
And set the bells ringing in New Tipperary!

In New Tipperary!



TIPPERARY JUNCTION.

Right Hon. A. B. "BLESS JOHN MORLEY,—*NOW* I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY!"
Right Hon. J. M. "BLESS ARTHUR BALFOUR,—*NOW* I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT!"

TO ENGELBERG AND BACK.

Being a few Notes taken en route in search of a Perfect Cure.

"OH! he's ever so much better. Why he only had two stumbles, and one cropper, doing his three hundred yards this morning. That beats the record, anyhow."

Young JERRYMAN is describing the effect the Engelberg air is already having on the Dilapidated One to several people, who have either been invalided themselves, or have had invalid relatives, or met, seen, or heard of invalids who have had similar satisfactory experiences.

A Pleasant Little Excursion.

"You know, I think the dining has a great deal to do with the beneficent effects of the place," remarked, meekly, a mild-mannered Clergyman, who, had been brought up here apparently to "get tone." "You can't sit down to table with three hundred people," he continued, meditatively; as if the solution of the social problem had caused him some anxious thought, "without being inclined to launch out a little more than one does under ordinary conditions at home. Only I wish they wouldn't think it necessary to keep their dining-saloon at such an excessive temperature, and waste quite so much time between the different courses."

And here the mild-mannered Clergyman had real ground for complaint, for the German recipe for *table d'hôte* dinner seems to be something very much like the following:—Get a room that has been smoked in, with closed and tightly-fastened windows and doors, all the morning. Light the stove, if there is one, and turn on the gas, if there is any. You begin your dinner. Take twice, thrice, or even four times of every course, glaring savagely and defiantly at your neighbour as you pass the dish. Sit over each, allowing a good quarter of an hour for its proper digestion, and keep this up till the perspiration drops from your face. Finally, in about two hours' time, having carefully mopped your forehead, quit the table for the "Conversations Saal." Here (still keeping in gas and stove, if there is one) smoke till you can't see six feet before you. Keep this up till you have had enough of it, and feel the time is getting on for you to go through a modified edition of the same process at supper. At least, this is how the German element—a very formidable one at the Hôtel Titlis—for the most part, conducted itself over the principal meal of the day. There were, of course, exceptions, for all Germany is not essentially German; yet it must be confessed that the prevailing features were of this guzzling, and, for the want of a more descriptive word, I would add, "sweltering" type, not fully appreciated by the ordinary travelling Briton, who, whatever else he may be, is not a gross feeder, though he does set the proper value on a breath of pure fresh air.

"Get him up? Of course we can get him up," rejoined Dr. MELCHISIDEC, warmly. This in answer to some doubts expressed by one of the more cautious spirits of our party as to the possibility of dragging the Dilapidated One over one of the stock excursions of the neighbourhood, to wit, the Fürren Alp. "Why, put him into a *chaise à porteur*, and we could get him up the Titlis itself, and throw in the Schlossstock, and the Gross-Spannort, for the matter of that, as well. *Baedeker* makes only a two and a half hours' affair of it."

And so we find ourselves in due course, doing the "Fürren-Alp" in approved style.

"By Jove, I'll be hanged if I think it's a bit better than going up Primrose Hill, twenty times running: and not near such good going either," observes young JERRYMAN, after we have been struggling up a precipitous mountain path, occasionally finding ourselves sliding and slipping backwards in the bed of a disused watercourse, for about two hours and a half.

And really I think young JERRYMAN's view of the matter is not so very far out, after all.

ONE RITE, AND ALL WRONG.—The "Service of Reconciliation" in St. Paul's seems to have had the effect of setting everyone by the ears. Quite a muddle,—a Western Church, and an Easton rite.

SCIENCE AND HEART.

"A Correspondent of '*the Field*' records an experiment which he made with a wasp. 'Having,' he says, 'severed a wasp in two pieces, I found that the head and thorax with the uninjured wings retained full vitality . . . It tried to fly, but evidently lacked the necessary balance through the loss of the abdomen. To test the matter further, I cut out an artificial tail from a piece of thin cardboard, as nearly following the shape of the natural body as possible. To fasten the appendage to the wasp, I used a little oxgall . . .; gum or more sticky substances would not do, as it impedes the use of the wings in flight. Presently the operation was complete, and, to my surprise, the wasp, after one or two ineffectual efforts, flew in rather lopsided fashion to the window. It then buzzed about for at least a quarter of an hour, eventually flying out at the top . . . it was vigorous when it flew away."

Extract from an Evening Paper.

The Benefit of Humour in Philosophy.
PHILOSOPHERS can always do more
Assisted by a sense of humour:
Witness the droll experiment
Of this same scientific gent.
For he, his frugal breakfast finishing,
(The eggs and bacon fast diminishing)
Noted how o'er his marmalade
A Wasp was buzzing undismayed.

General Reflection: Attitude of Man towards the Wasp.
We all are apt to be inhosp-
Itable to the humble Wasp—
That Ishmael of domestic insects,
The terror of the feminine sex!

The Philosopher shares the prevailing Prejudice.
And our Philosopher, though cool,
Was no exception to the rule.

His Method.
He let it settle on his plate;
He poised a knife above—like Fate.

The Blow falls.
Next—with a sudden flash it drops
Right on that unsuspecting Wopse!
Which, unprepared by previous omen,

A Tragic Meeting.
Awestruck, confronts its own abdomen!
And sees its once attached tail-end dance
A brisk *pas-seul* of independence!

Dignified Behaviour of the Wopse.
A pang more bitter than before racks
That righteously indignant thorax,
As proudly (yet with perfect taste)
It turns its back upon its waist,
And seeks, though life must all begin new,
"Business as usual" to continue!

A Philosopher's Remorse.
The Man of Science felt his heart
Prick him with self-accusing smart,
To see that ineffectual torso
Go fluttering about the floor so;

The Uses of a Scientific Education.
Science informs him that, divided,
A wasp for flight is too lopsided.
So, with remorsefulness acute,

Reparation.
He rigged it up a substitute;
Providing it a new posterior,
At least as good—if not superior.

His Process.
He cut it out a tail of card,
And stuck it on with ox-gall, hard.
(This he prefers to vulgar glue)
And made that Wopse as good as new!

Forgiveness.
Until the grateful insect soared
Away, with self-respect restored
To find that mutilated part of his
Had been so well replaced by artifice.

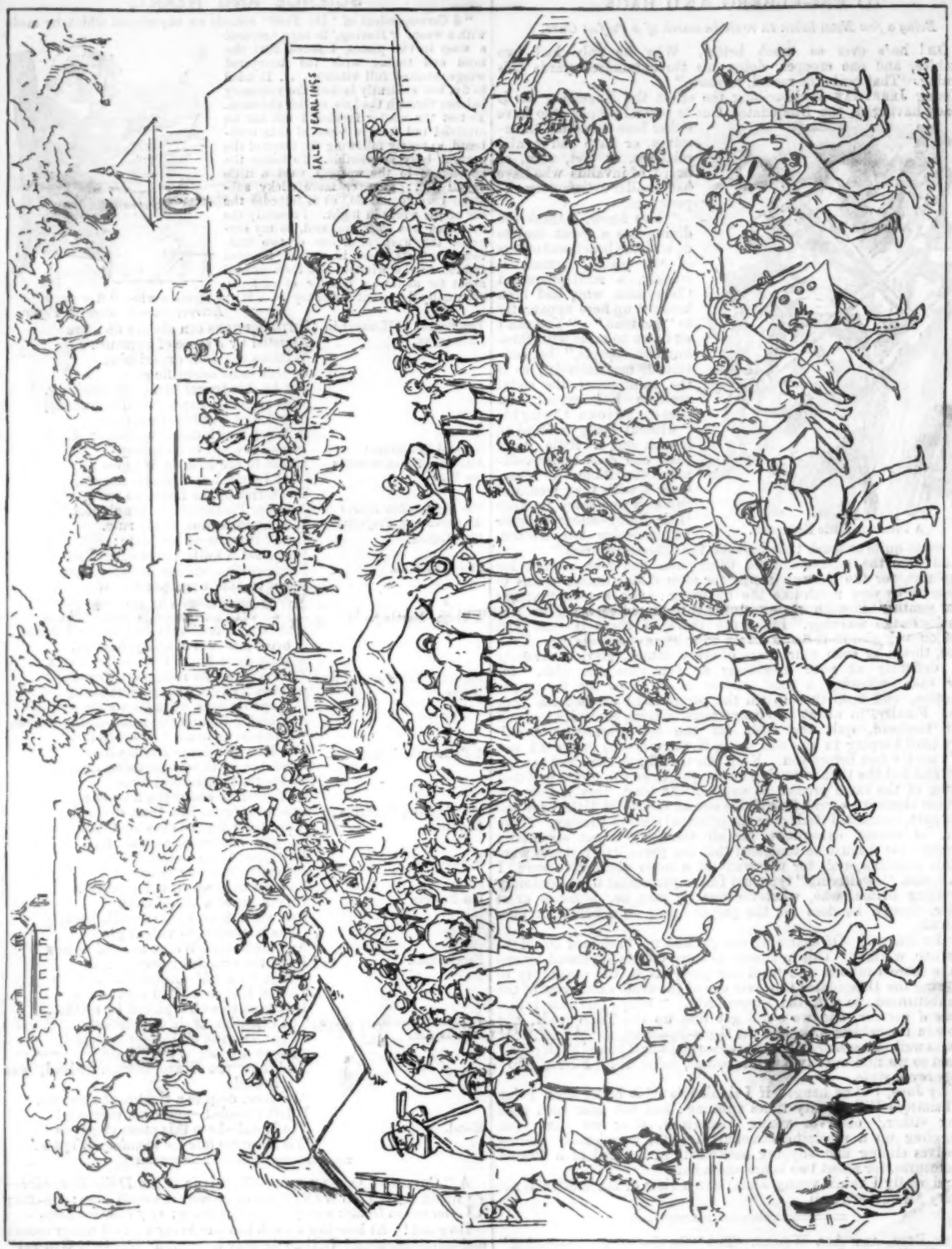
Further proceedings of the Philosopher.
The Scientist, again complacent,
To pen and ink and paper hastened,
And, in a letter to the *Field*,
Told how the Wasp, though halved, was healed,
And how, despite a treatment rigorous,
It left consoled—and even vigorous!

Moral.
The Moral—here this poem stops—is
'Tis ne'er too late for mending Wopses!

A "CUTTING" OBSERVATION.—This is from the *Daily Graphic*:—

GENERALS.—TWO WANTED to do the work of a small house; £14-£18; for two in family; easy place, early dinners; very little company.

How sad! At how low an ebb has our Army arrived under recent mal-administration! In time we may have even "Our Only General" himself advertising for a place, or answering an advertisement like the above. Not much "company drill"; so, if easy, it will be dull.



A SALE OF YEARLINGS.—THE VERY LAST OF THE SEASON.

A PERILOUS TUG OF WAR.

"The labouring men, as a class, are rapidly approaching to a footing of full equality with the capitalist, and it is even possible they may become the stronger of the two. . . . They must be content to have their class interests, whatever they are, judged in the light of the public interests. . . . Labour and Capital may have separate interests, yet their separate interests are little, in the long run, as compared with those in which they are united."—*Mr. Gladstone at West Calder.*

"*Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furled,*
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world"; [*furled,*
So the youthful Poet Laureate pictured it in limpid verse;
Now the Federations fight each other! Better is't, or worse?
See, the battle-flags are flying freely as on War's red field,
And the rival hosts are lugging, straining—neither means to yield.
For the war-drums, are they silent? Nay—they're not of parchment now,
But, with printers' ink and paper, you can raise a loud tow-row;
Be it at a Labour Congress, Masters' Meeting, Club, or Pub,
Public *tympana* are deafened with their ceaseless rub-a-dub!

Tug of War! It *is* a Tug, and not, alas! mere friendly war,
As when rival muscles tussle, Highland lad or British tar,
Tis a furious fight *à outrance*, knitted, knotted each to each,
Heels firm-planted, hands tense-clenching, till the knobby knuckles bleach.

Federated Masters struggle, Federated Toilers strain,
Each intent on selfish interest, each on individual gain,
And a chasm yawns between them, and a gulf is close behind!
What is the most likely issue of such conflict fierce and blind?
Unionism 'gainst Free Labour, Capital against mere Toil!
Is it better than two tigers fighting for some desert spoil?
"Federate" the Libyan lions as against the elephant herds,
Will the battle be less savage? Let us not be fooled by words!

Say the tense-strained rope-strands sunder, say that either band prevail!
Shall not "conquer" in the issue prove a synonym for "fail"?
"Banded Unions persecute," and Federated Money Bags
Will not prove a jot or tittle juster. Fools! Haul down those flags!
Competition is not conflict. So the Grand Old Casuist says,
Speaking with the sager caution of his earlier calmer days.
True! Athletic rivals straining at the tense tough-stranded rope,
Strain in friendly competition, ruin not their aim or hope;
But a lethal Tug of War 'twixt "federated" foemen blind,
With a chasm at their feet, and each a yawning gulf behind,
On a precipice precarious! Truly, too, a foolish fight!
Rival Federated Wrongs will never further Common Right!

"GIVE IT TO THE BARD!"

Mr. Robert Ingersoll speaking of, and at, Poet Walt Whitman on the occasion of presenting the aged and eccentric poet with the "long contemplated testimonial," to quote *The Times*, said, that "W. W. is intellectually hospitable"—this sounds like 'ready to take in anybody'—"but he refuses to accept a creed merely because it is wrinkled, old, and white-bearded. Hypocrisy wears a venerable look; and relies on its mask to hide its stupidity and fear." Now this was rather rough on the Bard, who is described as "an interesting figure, with his long white hair falling over his shoulders." It seemed as if Robert Ingersoll wished to imply, Don't be taken in and accept W. W. at his own poetic valuation as a poet, simply because he is wrinkled, old, white-haired, and wears a venerable look, which, after all, may be only a hypocritical mask? Mr. Ingersoll couldn't have been more infelicitous if he had "come to bury 'Whitman,' not to praise him." Then he went on, "Neither does Whitman accept everything new." This clearly excepted the testimonial, which, we may suppose, was brand new, or at all events, had been so at some time or other, though having been "long contemplated" it might have got a trifle dusty or mouldy. Then finished the orator, magnificently, epigrammatically, and emphatically, thus "He" (*i.e.*, Walt Whitman) "wants truth." And with all our heart and soul we reply, "We wish he may get it."

Mr. Punch's Prize Novels.—No. V., "*Mignon's Mess-Room*," will appear in our next Number.

EMPLOYMENT OF CAPITAL.

Sir,—In the *St. James's Gazette* of Thursday week there was a quotation from Mr. Buchanan's *Modern Review*, where, in support of his opinions, he quotes "*Pope passim.*" Whatever may be the outward and visible form of Mr. Buchanan's religion, it is discourteous, at least, even for an ultra-Presbyterian Scotchman, to spell the name of a Pope without making the initial letter a capital, and it is unlike a Scotchman not to make capital out of anything. Here, I may say, that Mr. Buchanan's contributions to recent journalistic literature have been mostly capital letters. But to return. Why Pope *passim*, and not Pope *Passim*, or Pope Pasim? Is it not mis-spelt? In vain have I searched history for the name of this Pope. *Searchimus iterum.* But I must protest, in the mean time, of this particularly mean way of Bu-chananising a Roman Pontiff. Please accept this as a

Memo from Nemo.

Something in a Name.—"Moir Tod Stormouth Darling" (any other names?) "Esq., Advocate, Q.C., H.M.'s Solicitor-General for Scotland"—phew!—a good mouthful all this, almost as great as "John Richard Thomas Alexander Dwyer," of *Rejected Addresses*—has been elevated to the Scottish Judicial Bench. Good. The Moir the Merrier! Tod is the first half of Tod-dy which is the foundation of whiskey. Your health, More Toddy! Stor-mouth is as good a mouth as any other, whatever mouth may be chosen to store away more Toddy. And finally, "Darling" is a term sometimes lawful, rarely legal, of endearment, and henceforth in Scotland Stormouth not "Charlie" is "our Darling, our gay Cavalier!"

IN OUR GARDEN.

VERY odd thing. Just as we had got into Our Garden, were, so to speak, turning up our sleeves to hoe and dig, I have been called away. It is Mr. G. who has done it. The other day the Member for Sark and I were out weeding the walk—at least he was weeding, and I was remarking to him on the healthfulness of out-door occupation, more especially when pursued on the knees. Up comes the gardener with something on a pitchfork. Thought at first it was a new development of the polyanthus. (We are always growing strange things. The Member for Sark says, "In Our Garden it is the unexpected that happens.") Turned out to be a post-card. Our gardener is very careful to keep up our new character. If the missive had been brought to us in the house, of course it would have been served up on a plate. In the garden it is appropriately handed about on a pitch-fork.

"My dear TOBY" (this is the post-card), "I'm just going up to Edinburgh; another Midlothian Campaign; You have been with me every time; don't desert me now; have something quite new and original to say on the Irish Question; would like you to hear it. Perhaps you never heard of Mitchelstown? Been looking up particulars. Mean to tell the whole story. Will be nice and fresh; come quite a shock on BALFOUR. Don't fail; Yours ever, W. E. G."

Didn't fail, and here I am, not in Our Garden, but in Edinburgh. Left the Member for Sark in charge. A little uneasy; never know from day to day what his well-meant but ill-directed energy may not achieve. At least the celery will be safe. One day, after I had worn myself out with watching gardener dig trench, Sark came along, and in our absence filled it up. Said it looked untidy to have long hole like that in respectable garden. Supposed we had been laying a drain; quite surprised we weren't pleased, when he gleefully announced he had filled it up.

Just come back from great meeting in Corn Exchange. Difficult to realise that it's eleven years since Mr. G. here in first campaign. A great deal happened in meantime, but enthusiasm just the same. Mr. G. I suppose a trifle older, but ROSEBERY still boyish-looking. Proceedings opened with procession of Delegates presenting addresses to Mr. G. Excellently arranged; reflects great credit on PAT CAMPBELL. (Capital name that for manager of variety *troupe*.) Leading idea was to present imposing representation of Liberal Scotia doing homage to its great chief. PAT caught on at once. Engaged thirty stalwart men: none of your seedy sandwich-board fellows; responsible-looking burghers of all ages and sizes. Got them together in room at left door of stage—I mean of platform; free breakfast; oatmeal cake; unstinted heather-honey and haddocks. Mr. G. seated in chair in very middle of stage, the place, you know, where great tragedians insist upon dying. Prompter's bell rings; Delegates file in, every man with what looks like a red truncheon in right hand; advance slowly along front of stage till reach chair where Mr. G. sits, apparently buried in deep thought.

"What ho!" he cries, looking up with a start.

"My liege," says the sandwich-board man—I mean the Delegate, "I bring hither the address of the Possilpark, Lambhill, Dykehead, Camburnathen, Wishaw, Dalbeattie, Catrine, and Sorn Liberal and Radical Association. Will I read it?"

"I think not," said ROSEBERY, quietly, but firmly, and the Delegate, handing the red thing to Mr. G., passed on.

Mr. G. smiling and bowing; audience applauded; next man comes. *He's* from the Duntocher, Faifley, Slamannan, Cockpen, Pennicuik, Clackmannan, Carnoustie, Kirkintilloch, and Lenzie Junior Liberal Association. He also wants to read the Address, but is mercifully hustled off, and the line, ever emerging from L. of stage, crosses, and passes on. At other side, PAT CAMPBELL waiting; a little anxious lest anything should go wrong to spoil his carefully-devised plan. But everything went well.

"Get ye away now," PAT whispered in ear of the man from Possilpark, &c.

Possilpark, &c., at the clue, darted round rear of stage; got round in good time to L.; fell into line, and was ready to come on again. Same with the rest. Immense success! At the end of first three-quarters of an hour, PAT CAMPBELL arranged a block; pressure of innumerable Delegates so great, doncha, couldn't move off the stage in time. This gave opportunity for two of the stoutest burghers to go through quick change; reappeared, dressed in kilts. This fairly fetched down house.

"The interminable procession," as ROSEBERY slyly called it, might have gone on till now, so perfect were the arrangements. But there was some talk of Mr. G. making a speech, and, at end of hour and fifty minutes the last Delegate slowly crossed in front of delighted audience, handed his red *bâton* to Mr. G., who, though he had entered thoroughly into the fun of the thing, was beginning to look a little fagged, and the speaking began.

This was excellent, especially ROSEBERY's introduction of the travelling Star; a model of terse, felicitous language. Only one hitch here. Speaking of Mr. G.'s honoured age, he likened him to famous Doge of Venice, "old DANDOLO." ROSEBERY very popular in Edinburgh. But audience didn't like this; something like groan of horror ran along crowded benches.

"Nae, nae," said one old gentleman, momentarily taking his knees out of the small of my back, "that winna do. 'Auld WULLIE' is weel enoo, but to ca' a man Auld DANDOLO to his face gars me greet." (Often met with this phrase in songs and Scotch novels; curious to see how it was done; fancy, from what followed, it's Scotch for taking snuff.)

Barring this slip, everything went well. GLADSTONE delightful. So fresh, so informing, and so instructive! Began with lucid account of Battle of Waterloo; lightly sketched the state of parties at the period of the Reform agitation in 1832; glanced in passing at the regrettable conflict between the Northern and Southern States of America ("sons of one mother" as he pathetically put it); and so glided easily and naturally into a detailed account of the *mêlée* at Mitchelstown, which, as he incidentally mentioned, took place four years and a half ago.

Audience sat entranced. You might have heard a pin drop, if indeed you wanted to. I wish the Member for Sark had been here to hear it. He would have been much more usefully employed than in that hopeless pursuit to which he has given himself up, the growing of the peelless potato. He'll never do it.

CORNWALL IN BAKER STREET.—The worst of Cornwall is, it is so far off—indeed, it has hitherto been quite out of sight. Everything comes to him who knows how to wait. We waited, and Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD brought Niagara to Westminster. We waited again, and Mr. ARTHUR VOKINS brings Cornwall to Baker Street, and introduces us to a very clever young sea-scapist, Mr. A. WARNE-BROWNE—altogether a misnomer, for he isn't a worn brown at all, he is as fresh and bright and sharp as a newly-minted sovereign. Go and look at his "*Lizard and Stags*"—he isn't an animal-painter, though the title looks like it—his "*Breaking Weather*," his "*Rain Veils*," his "*Innis Head*," or any one of his thirty pictures, and say if you don't agree with *Mr. Punch*. The whole of them are so true to Nature, are so faithful in their wave-drawing, there is such a breeziness, such a saltness pervades them throughout, and they so accurately convey the character of the Cornish coast, that *Mr. P.* felt quite the Cornishman, and is unable to decide whether he is the Tre Punch or the Pol Punch. On mature deliberation, he concludes he is the Pen Punch. There's no doubt about *that!*

THE WELL "PROTECTED" FEMALE.—Mrs. COLUMBIA.

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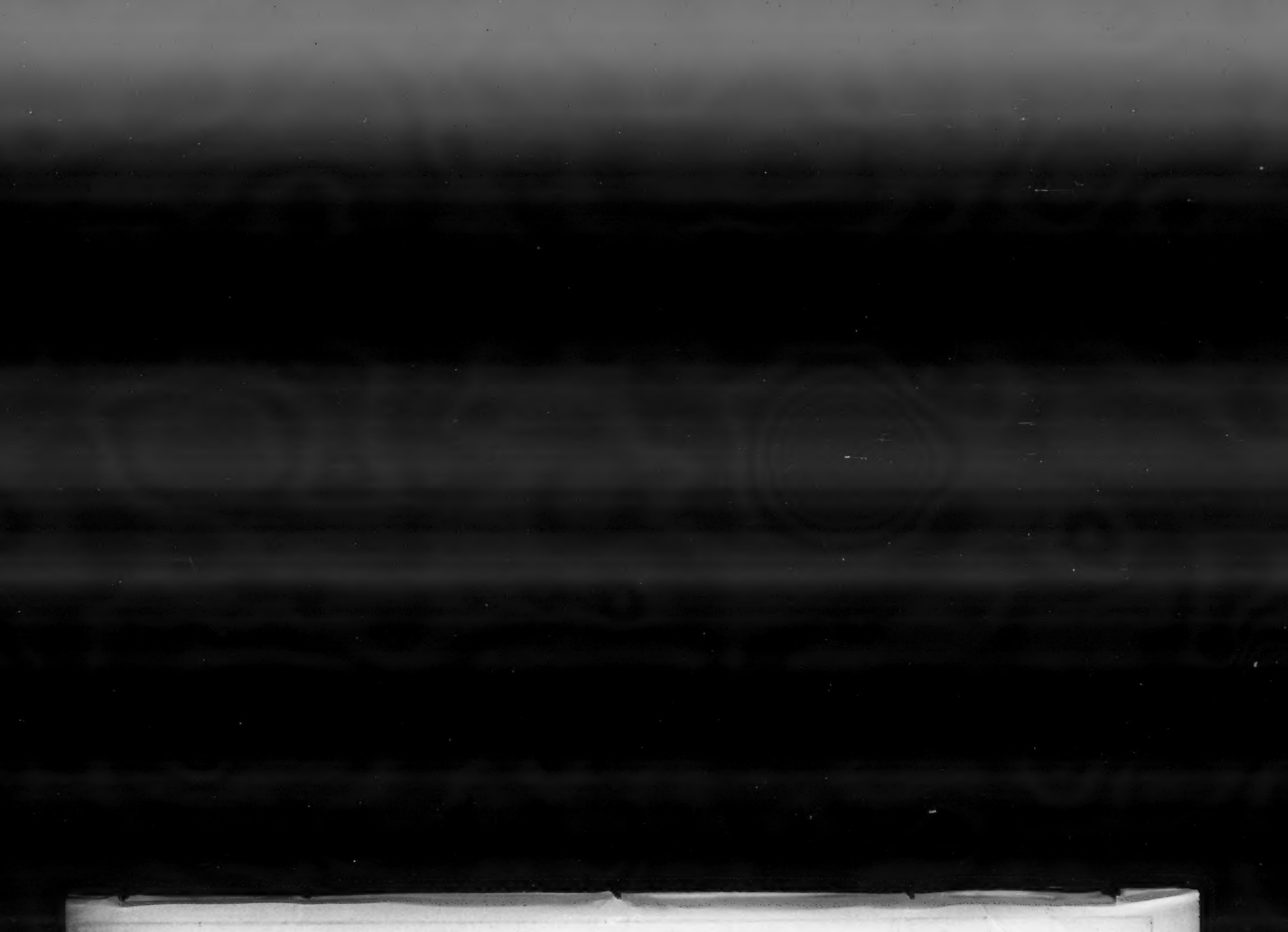


MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. V.—MIGNON'S MESS-ROOM.

(*By* TOM RUM SUMMER, *Author of* "*Mignon's Ma*," "*Mignon's Hub*," "*Footle's Father*," "*Tootle's Tootsie*," "*Ugly Tom*," "*Your Rich Richard*," "*A Baby in Barracks*," "*Stuck*," "*Hoop-Lore*," "*Went for that Pleeceman*," *&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.*)

["This," writes the eminent Author, "is a *real, true* story of the life of soldiers and children. Soldiers are *grand, noble* fellows. They are so *manly*, and all smoke a great deal of tobacco. My drawl is the only genuine one. I could do a lot more of the same sort, but I charge extra for pathos. I'm a man.—T. R. S."]

CHAPTER I.

"Three blind mice—
See how they run."—*Old Song.*

THE Officers of the Purple Dragoons were gathered together in their ante-room. It was a way they had. They were all there. Grand fellows, too, most of them—tall, broad-shouldered, and silky-haired, and as good as gold. That gets tiresome after a time, but everything can be set right with one downright rascally villain—a villain, mind you, that poor, weak women, know nothing about. GAVOR was that kind of man. Of course that was why he was to break his neck, and get smashed up generally. But I am anticipating, and a man should never anticipate. EMILY, for instance, never did. EMILY—Captain EMILY, of the Purple Dragoons—was the biggest fool in the Service. Everybody told him so; and EMILY, who had a trustful, loving nature, always believed what he was told.

"I nev-ah twry," he used to say—it was a difficult word to pronounce, but EMILY always stuck to it as only a soldier can, and got it out somehow—"I nev-ah twry to wremember things the wwrong way wround."

A roar of laughter greeted this sally. They all knew he meant "anticipate," but they all loved their EMILY far too well to set him right.

"'Pon my soul," he continued, "it's quite twrue. You fellows may wroawr wiv laughtewr if you like, but it's twrue, and you know it's twrue."

There was another explosion of what EMILY would have called "mewrwriment," at this, for it was well-known to be one of the gallant dragoon's most humorous efforts. A somewhat protracted silence followed. FOOTLES, however, took it in both hands, and broke it with no greater emotion than he would have shown if he had been called upon to charge a whole squadron of Leicestershire Bullfinches, or to command a Lord Mayor's escort on the 9th of November. Dear old FOOTLES! He wasn't clever, no Purple Dragoon could be, but he wasn't the biggest fool in the Service, like EMILY, and all the rest of them. Still he loved another's.

In fact, whenever a Purple Dragoon fell in love, the object of his affections immediately pretended to love someone else. Hard lines, but soldiers were born to suffer. It is so easy, so true, so usual to say, "there's another day to-morrow," but that never helped even a Purple Dragoon to worry through to-day any the quicker. Poor, brave, noble, drawling, manly, pipe-smoking fellows! On this particular occasion FOOTLES uttered only one word. It was short, and began with the fourth letter of the alphabet. But he may be pardoned, for some of the glowing embers from his magnificent briar-wood pipe had dropped on to his regulation overalls. The result was painful—to FOOTLES. All the others laughed as well as they could, with clays, meerschaums, briars, and asbestos pipes in their mouths. And through the thick cloud of scented smoke the mess-waiter came into the room, bearing in his hand a large registered letter, and coughing violently.

CHAPTER II.

"The mouse ran up the clock."—*Nursery Rhyme.*

THE waiter advanced slowly to FOOTLES, and handed him the letter. FOOTLES took it meditatively, and turned it over in both hands. The post-marks were illegible, and the envelope much crumpled. "Never mind," thought FOOTLES, to himself, "it will dry straight—it will dry straight." He always thought this twice, because it was one of his favourite phrases. At last he decided to open it. As he broke the seal a little cry was heard, and suddenly, before even EMILY had had time to say "I nev-ah!" a charming and beautifully dressed girl, of about fifteen summers, sprang lightly from the packet on to the mess-room floor, and kissed her pretty little hand to the astonished Dragoons.

"You're FOOTLES," she said, skipping up to the thunder-stricken owner of the name. "I know you very well. I'm going to be your daughter, and you're going to marry my mother. Oh, it's all right," she continued, as she observed FOOTLES press his right hand convulsively to the precise spot on his gorgeous mess-waistcoat under which he imagined his heart to be situated, "it's all right. Pa's going to be comfortably killed, and put out of the way, and then you'll marry darling Mamma. She'll be a thousand times more beautiful at thirty-three than she was at twenty-two, and *ever* so much more lovely at fifty-five than at thirty-three. So it's a good bargain, isn't it, EM?" This to EMILY, who appeared confused. She trotted up to him, and laid her soft blooming cheek against his blooming hard one. "Never mind, EM," she lisped, "everything is bound to come out right. I've settled it all"—this with a triumphant look on her baby-face—"with the author; such a splendid writer, none of your twaddling women-scribblers, but a real man, and a great friend of mine. I'm to marry you, EM. You don't know it, because you once loved NAOMI, who 'mawrwried the Wrevewrend SOLOMON'"—at this point most of the Purple Dragoons were rude enough to yawn openly. She paid no attention to them—"and now you love OLIVE, but she loves PARKACK, and he doesn't love her, so she has got to marry PARKOES, whom she doesn't love. Their initials are the same, and everybody knows their caligraphy is exactly alike," she went on wearily, "so that's how the mistake arose. It's a bit far-fetched, but," and her arch smile as she said this would have melted a harder heart than Captain EMILY's, "we mustn't be too particular in a soldier's tale, you know."

As she concluded her remarks the door opened, and Colonel PURSER entered the room.

CHAPTER III.

"Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man."
Old Ballad.

COLONEL PURSER was a stout, plethoric man. He was five feet seven inches high, forty-five inches round the chest, fifty inches round the waist, and every inch of him was a soldier. He was, therefore, a host in himself. He gasped, and turned red, but, like a real soldier, at once grasped the situation. The Colonel was powerful, and the situation, in spite of all my pains, was not a strong one. The struggle was short.

"Pardon me," said the Colonel, when he had recovered his wind, "is your name MIGNON?"

"Yes," she replied, as the tears brimmed over in her lovely eyes, "it is. I am a simple soldier's child, but, oh, I can run so beautifully—through ever so many volumes, and lots of editions. In fact," she added, confidentially, "I don't see why I should stop at all, do you? EMILY *must* marry me. He can't marry OLIVE, because Dame Nature put in *her* eyes with a dirty finger. Ugh! I've got blue eyes."

"But," retorted the Colonel, quickly, "shall you never quarrel?"

"Oh yes," answered MIGNON, "there will come a rift in the hitherto perfect lute of our friendship (the rift's name will be DARKEI), but we shall manage to bridge it over—at least TOM RUM SUMMER says so." Here EMILY broke in. He could stand it no longer. "Dash it, you know, this is wewry extwraowrdinawry, wewry extwraowrdinawry indeed," he observed; "You 'wre a most wremawrkable young woman, you know."

A shout of laughter followed this remark, and in the fog of tobacco-smoke Colonel PURSER could be dimly seen draining a magnum of champagne.

CHAPTER IV.

"Hey diddle, diddle."—*Songs and Romances.*

EVERYTHING fell out exactly as MIGNON prophesied. But if you think that you've come to the end of MIGNON, I can only say you're very much astray, or as EMILY, with his smooth silky voice, and his smoother silkier manners, would have said, "You 'wre wewry much astwray." See my next dozen stories.

THE END. (*Pro tem.*)

THE GRAND OLD STUMPER.

"What is Fashion? 'After a Fashion has been Discarded—if you have only Patience to wait long enough—you will find you will get back to it.' Look at my Collars!—and Umbrella!!" (*See Mr. Gladstone's Speech during the recent Midlothian Campaign.*)

Air—"*Wait a little longer.*"

There 's a good time coming, friends,
That flood is flowing stronger;
The reigning mode in failure ends,
Wait a little longer!
Fashion is ever on the wing,
Arch-enemy of Beauty.
Now, when we get a first-rate thing,
To stick to it 's our duty.
But no, the whirling wheel must whirl,
The zig-zag go zig-zagging;
The wig to-day must crisply curl,
That yesterday was bagging.
But good things *do* come "book agen,"
For banishment but stronger
(With bonnets or with Grand Old Men),
Wait a little longer!

From Eighty unto Eighty-Five
These collars were the rage, friends;
Didn't we keep the game alive,
In spite of creeping age, friends?
But oh, that horrid Eighty-Six!
They deemed me fairly settled,
As though just ferried o'er the Styx,
But I was tougher mettled.
I knew the fashion would return
For just this size of collar.
(And that 's a lesson they 'll soon learn,
You bet your bottom dollar)
Bless you, I 'm "popping up again,"
For four years' fighting stronger.
Once more I 'm here to fire the train—
Wait a little longer!

I 've told you all about Balfour,
And his black Irish scandals;
(With side-lights upon days of yore,
My bachelor life, and candles.)
I 've touched on Disestablishment
(I trust you 'll not say *thinly*),
On Eight Hours Bills a speech I 've spent,
And scarified M'Kinley.
And now, to wind up, I 'll explain
My favourite views on Fashion:
Big Collars will come back again!!!
'Twill raise the Tories' passion.
But, with these Collars, this Umbrella,
I 'd face them, though thrice stronger!
Friends—trust once more your Grand Old Fella,
And—wait a *leetle* longer!

A BOOTHIFUL IDEA!

Just finished my article on "Antediluvian Archæology in its relation to Genesis and the Iliad," and now all that remains to do is to carry the rest of my books down to the new library, make catalogue, consider subjects for five more speeches, write thirty-six letters and postcards, and polish off the ten last clauses of the Home-Rule Bill. This idleness is oppressive. Not used to it. What shall I do?

Piles of correspondence by morning post! What *can* this be about? Ah! I remember now! *Nineteenth Century* just out, of course. Glad I thought of starting "Society of Universal Beneficence." Will keep me going after excitement of Midlothian. Wonder how many people will "bind themselves to give away a fixed proportion of their income,"—also what the proportion will be, if they do. Don't know if I *should* have thought of it, if it hadn't been for General Booth's book. Remarkable person, the General. Perhaps he 'd order his Army to vote solid for Home Rule, if I offered him a place in my next Cabinet? Must sound him on the subject. Salvationists quite a power now. Can't out Field-Marshal Von Booth *up* in a Magazine, so must out him *out* instead!

Ha! Letter from Labouchere, of all people. H—m! Says he 's "glad to see I 've started Universal Beneficence Society. Thought of doing so himself once." Congratulates me on turning my attention to "Social Reform." Says he thinks it 's an "Ecclesent idea,"—he must mean "Excellent," surely!

"Inquirer"—(post-mark, Hatfield. Curious circumstance, rather)—writes to ask for details of the Society. "Prefers at present to remain anonymous," but an answer sent to "S., Hatfield House," will always find him! Meanwhile, encloses postal order for one pound ten shillings a "fixed proportion of his income," as he sees that I 've "offered to make myself the careful recipient of any assents," by which he supposes that I mean cash. A little embarrassing!

Take stroll in Park to collect my thoughts. Find two leading Belfast linen-merchants busily gathering up sawdust, &c., round tree I felled yesterday. They explain that they 've

been "much interested in my novel idea of converting chips of wood into best cambric pocket-handkerchiefs," and think that it beats General BOOTH's notion of making children's toys out of old sardine-tins hollow. I should rather think it did! Still, have to confess that I'm *not* ready at present to "quote them my wholesale price for best oak-shavings delivered free on rail."

Telegram from—CHAMBERLAIN! Says he sees the new Society's one of "universal" beneficence, and supposes it includes him! Quite a mistake! Sends cheque for three pounds, and hopes I'll "keep a strict account of all sums received, and issue a report and balance-sheet shortly." Really, very injudicious of me to use word "universal"! Ought to have expressly excluded Liberal-Unionists (so-called), from my plan. That's where General BOOTH has advantage of me. *He* probably doesn't exclude anybody that wants to send him money. Perhaps, after all, he knows how to do this sort of thing better than I do.

Wire to him, and hand him over the money I've already received, also ask him to start a "universally beneficent" branch of Salvation Army. Receive reply, accepting my offer, in no time! General adds that he has a staff appointment in his Army waiting for me, and that he would like my good lady to become a Salvation Lass. Requires consideration and—hem—consultation!

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE PASTEL EXHIBITION.

IN THE ANTE-ROOM.

A Niece. Just one moment, Auntie, dear; *do* look and see what No. 295 is!

Her Aunt (*with a Catalogue—and a conscience*). Two hundred and ninety-five! Before we have even seen No. 1? No, my dear, no. Let us take things in their proper order—or not at all. (*Perambulates the galleries for some minutes, refraining religiously from looking at anything but the numbers.*) Ah, *here* it is—Number One! *Now*, ETHEL, I'm ready to tell you anything you please!

First Matter-of-Fact Person. Ah, here's another of the funny ones! [*Is suddenly seized with depression.*

Second M.-of-F. P. Y—yes. (*Examines it gloomily.*) What's it all about?

First M.-of-F. P. (*blankly*). Oh, well, it's a Pastel—I don't suppose it's meant to be about anything in particular, you know.

The Conscientious Aunt (*before No.* 129). "*The Sprigged Frock*"? Yes, that must be the one. I suppose those *are* meant for sprigs—but I can't make out the pattern. She *might* have made her hair a little tidier—such a bush! and I never *do* think blue and green go well together, myself.

[*They come to a portrait of a charming lady in grey, by* Mr. SOLOMON.

The Niece (*with a sense of being on firm ground at last*). Why, it's ELLEN TERRY! See if it isn't, Auntie.

The C. A. (*referring to Catalogue*).

"The leaves of Memory seemed to
Make a mournful rustling."

—that's all it *says* about it.

The Niece (*finding a certain vagueness in this as a description*). Oh! But there are *no* leaves—unless it means the leaves in the book she's reading. Still I think it *must* be ELLEN TERRY; don't you?

The C. A. (*cautiously*). Well, my dear, I always think it's as well not to be too positive about a portrait till you know who it was painted from.

[*The* Matter-of-Fact Persons *have arrived at a Pastel representing several green and yellow ladies seated undraped around a fountain, with fiddles suspended to the branches above.*

Second M.-of-F. P. "*Marigolds*," that's called. I don't *see* any though. [*With a sense of being imposed upon.*

First M.-of-F. P. I think *I* do—yes, those orange spots in the green. They're meant for Marigolds, but there aren't very many of them, are there? And why should they all be sitting on the grass like that? Enough to give them their deaths of cold!

Second M.-of-F. P. I expect they've been bathing.

First M.-of-F. P. They couldn't *all* bathe in that fountain, and then what do you make of their bringing out their violins?

[*The other* M.-of-F. Person *making nothing of it, they pass on.*

An Irritable Philistine. Nonsense, Sir, you *can't* admire them, don't tell *me!* Do you mean to say *you* ever saw all those blues, and greens, and yellows, in Nature, Sir?

His Companion. I mean to say that that is how Nature appears to an eye trained to see things in a true and not a merely conventional light.

The I. P. Then all *I* can say is, that if things ever appeared to *me* as unconventionally as all that, I should go straight home and take a couple of liver pills, Sir. I should!

First Frivolous Old Lady. Here's another of them, my dear.

EASY FOR THE JUDGES.

Geoffrey (*to rejected Candidate for honours at the Dog Show*). "NEVER MIND, SMUT! WE'LL HAVE A DOG SHOW THAT SHALL BE ALL CATS EXCEPT YOU, AND THEN YOU 'LL HAVE IT ALL YOUR OWN WAY!"

It's no use, we've *got* to admire it, this is the kind of thing you and I must be educated up to in our old age!

Second F. O. L. It makes me feel as if I was on board a yacht, that's all I know—just look at the perspective in that room, all slanted up!

First F. O. L. That's your ignorance, my dear, it's quite the right perspective for a Pastel, it's our rooms that are all wrong—not these clever young gentlemen.

[*They go about chuckling and poking old ladylike fun at all the more eccentric Pastels, and continue to enjoy themselves immensely.*

First M.-of-F. P. (*they have come to a Pastel depicting a young woman seated on the Crescent Moon, nursing an infant*). H'm—very peculiar. *I* never saw Diana represented with a *baby* before—did *you*?

Second M.-of-F. P. No—(*hopefully*)—but perhaps it's intended for somebody else. But it's *not* the place *I* should choose to nurse an infant in. It doesn't look safe, and it can't be very comfortable.

[*They go on into a smaller room, and come upon a sketch of a small child, with an immense red mouth, and no visible nose, eyes, or legs.*

First M.-of-F. P. "*Little Girl in Black*"—what a very plain child, to be sure!

Second M.-of-F. P. What there *is* of it; but it looks to me as if the artist had spent so much time over the black that he forgot to put in the little girl—he's got her *mouth*, though.

First M.-of-F. P. Well, if it was *my* child, I should insist upon having the poor little thing more finished than that—even if I had to pay extra for it.

[*A* Superior Person *has entered the West Gallery, accompanied by a* Responsive Lady, *who has already grasped the fact that a taste for Pastels is the sure sign of a superior nature.*

The R. L. Isn't that portrait quite wonderful! Wouldn't you take it for an oil-painting?

The S. P. One might—without some experience—which is just where it is so entirely wrong. A Pastel has no business to imitate the *technique* of any other medium.

The R. L. Oh, I think you are *so* right. Because, after all, it *is* only a Pastel, isn't it? and it oughtn't to pretend to be anything else. (*She looks reproachfully at the too ambitious Pastel.*) And it isn't as if it was *successful*, either—it won't bear being looked into at all closely.

The S. P. You should never look at a Pastel closely; they are meant to be seen from a distance.

The R. L. (*brightly*). Or else you miss the effect? I *quite* see. Now, I like *this*—(*indicating a vague and streaky little picture*)—don't you? That's what I call a *real* Pastel.

The S. P. (*screwing up his eyes*). H'm! Yes. Perhaps. Cleverish. Suggestive.

The R. L. (*shocked*). Oh, *do* you think so? I don't see anything of *that* kind in it—at least, I don't think it can be *intentional*.

The S. P. The beauty of Art *is* to suggest, to give work for the imagination.

The R. L. (*recovering herself*). I know so *exactly* what you mean—just as one makes all sorts of things out of the patches of damp on an old ceiling?

The S. P. Hardly. I should define Damp as the product of Nature—not *Art*.

The R. L. Oh, yes; if you put it in that way, of *course!* I only meant it as an illustration—the two things are really as different as possible. (*Changes the subject.*) They don't seem to mind *what* coloured paper they use for Pastels, do they?

The S. P. (*oracularly*). It is—er—always advisable in Pastels to use a tone of paper to harmonise as nearly as possible with the particular tone you—er—want. Because, you see, as the colour doesn't always cover the *whole* of the paper, if the paper which shows through is different in tone, it—er——

The R. L. Won't match? I *see*. How clever! (*She arrives at a highly eccentric composition, and ventures upon an independent opinion.*) Now I can't say I care for *that*—there's so very little done to it, and what there is is so glaring and *crude*, don't you think? I call it *stupid*.

The S. P. I was just about to say that it is the cleverest thing in the Exhibition—from an artistic point of view. No special interest in it, but the scheme of colour very harmonious—and very decorative.

The R. L. Oh, *isn't* it? That's *just* the right word for it—it is *so* decorative! and I do like the scheme of colour. Yes, it's very clever. I quite feel *that* about it. (*With a gush.*) It is *so* nice looking at pictures with somebody who has exactly the same tastes as oneself. And I always *was* fond of pastilles!

A Pavement Pastellist (*to a friend*). Well, JIM, I dunno what *you* think, but I call it a shellin' clean chucked away, I do. I come in yere,—hearin' as all the subjicks was done in chorks, same as I do my own—I come in on the chance o' pickin' up a notion or two as might be useful to me in my perfession. But, Lor, they ain't got a ideer among 'em, that they ain't! They ain't took the measure of the popilar taste not by a nundred miles, they 'aven't. Why, I ain't seen a single thing as I 'd reckincile it to my conscience to perduce before *my* public—there ain't 'ardly a droring in the 'ole bloomin' show as I'd be seen settin' down beyind! Put down some of these 'ere Pastellers to do a mouse a nibbling at a candle, or a battle in the Soudang, or a rat sniffin' at a smashed hegg, and you'd soon see *they* was no good! Precious few coppers 'ud fall into *their* 'ats, I'll go bail! [*Exit indignantly, as Scene closes.*

EXCELLENT EXAMPLE.

IN a recent trial for Breach of Promise, a letter was read from Defendant saying that "he must now get a monkey;" whereupon the "learned Under-Sheriff," as reported in the *Daily Telegraph*, exclaimed, "A Monkey! What the goodness does he mean?" Now, isn't that better than saying, "What the deuce?" Of course, no doubt the learned Under-Sheriff is sufficiently learned to remember the old rhyme—

"There was an old man of Domingo
Who 'd a habit of swearing, 'By Jingo!'
But a friend having come
Who suggested 'By Gum!'
He preferred it at once to 'By Jingo!'"

The goodness of the learned Under-Sheriff is worthy of all praise, and of general imitation.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.—It is stated that one of the features of the Lord Mayor's Show this year is to be a Detachment of the Survivors of the Balaclava Charge. This is an excellent idea, that may be developed to almost any extent. Could we not have the Hero who had read every Novel that has been published during the last six months; the Brave Man who has been to every Dramatic *Matinée* since January; and the Scorner of Death, who has existed during an entire season in the odours (sweet, or otherwise) of Kensington and Tyburnia? The latter on the present occasion might immediately precede the Lord MAYOR Elect, for, by association of ideas, he would certainly serve as an excellent foil to Mr. Alderman SAVORY!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—*Rentrée* of Miss MAGGIE MCINTYRE, appropriately enough as *Marguerite*. "She's Macintyrely first-rate," says our *blasé* young man, on being caught napping after the Opera, and interviewed on the spot, "but can't say much for the rest,"—except the rest he took himself.

Our Reporter hoff to the Hopera.

Tuesday.—Our *blasé* young man went to this, but as we only saw him for a moment passing in a cab, when he looked out, and bade us a "Good night," we can only suppose that it was "a good night" at the Opera. He writes to say that the performance of *The Huguenots* was excellent, GIULIA RAVOGLI being specially good, but the draughts too strong. *What draughts?*

Wednesday.—*La Gioconda.* A good performance all round. But the night specially memorable as being the first appearance of Miss GRACE DAMIAN on the stage of the Royal Italian Opera anywhere. It is a good omen for her that she appeared in Signor PONCHIELLI's Opera, the composer being a distant connection of the great ancient Italian family of the PONCHINELLI, of which *Mr. Punch* is now the chief universal representative. It is a remarkable fact, too, showing the strong force of canine attachment, which centuries cannot obliterate, that the *Libretto* of *La Gioconda*, set to music by Signor PONCHIELLI (the "h" came in when the genuine liquid "n" was dropped) was written by TOBIA GORRIO. That an Opera, written by TOBIA, or TOBY, and composed by PUNCHINELLO, should possess all the elements of success, goes without saying. We welcome Signor GALASSI (a sporting title, reminding us of *Gay Lass*), with MARIA PERI (who must appear in *Il Paradiso*), and GIULIA RAVOGLI. Her Grace of DAMIAN made a most successful *début* as *La Cieca*, and was cheered to the echo. Thank Heaven, there isn't an echo in Covent Garden—but, if there had been, Echo would have repeated hospitably the "good cheer" a dozen times, as she does somewhere about Killarney. Signor LAGO stars "HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN" at the head of his bill, but it is only to say that Her Gracious MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to honour him by subscribing for the Royal Box during the present season, which is, in effect, saying that he has *let the best box in the house for a Sovereign!*

Miss Damian as La Cieca feeling her way.

Thursday Night.—ALBANI as the unhappy *Traviata*. Big and enthusiastic House. Signor PADILLA, as the Elder *Germont*, excellent, and just contrived most gracefully to refuse the honour of an *encore* for his "*Di Provenza.*" Since RONCONI, it is difficult to call to mind an artist equal histrionically to Signor PADILLA, who is so grave and impressive a.. that utter bore, "the Elder *Germont*," so gay and eccentric as *Figaro*, and so dashing and reckless as the unscrupulous *Don Giovanni*. That milksop, *Germont* Junior, known as *Alfredo*, was adequately played by Signor GIANNINI, whose name, were it spelt GIA-"NINNY," would partly describe the character he represented.

Friday Night.—Our *blasé* young man writes to say, "I am suffering from effects of draughts at Opera. Think it must be some Operatic air which has given me cold. It's a gruel case for yours truly."

Saturday Night.—Occasion described as "popular;" and, consequently, *Il Trovatore* announced. A little old-fashioned, but what of that? VERDI just the composer "to keep your memory green." Alas! cold once more to the front. The *blasé* one still off duty, so no reliable report to hand. No doubt everything passed off pleasantly. *Manrico* obviously, when on the stage, more of a man than *Germont* Junior. The standing line has been, "large audience much pleased with the entertainment." Altogether a successful week.

MEM. FOR VISITORS TO LONDON.—Don't forget to look in at the bird-pictures of STACEY MARKS, R.A. *Stay, see Marks!* See Marks! They are land-marks in the history of Modern Art.

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.—No. VI., "*Thrums on the Auld String*," next week.

TO ENGELBERG AND BACK.

Being a few Notes taken en route in search of a Perfect Cure.

"GIVE him another month here, and he'll be giving you all the slip, and walking back to Calais on foot." Young JERRYMAN is commenting on the wonderful restoration that has taken place in the condition of the Dilapidated One, who has just been detected having a row on the lake, all by himself. Not that this is a very prodigious aquatic feat, seeing that three or four good strokes either way take you either into the bank, or on to the heels or tails of a couple of very ill-tempered and irascible swans, who appear to think, and with some reason, that there's not too much waterway as it is, and resent the intrusion of the boat on their domain as a ridiculous superfluity. However, the effort is one that the Dilapidated One would not have ventured on at his arrival a month since, and as our time is up, and we are starting on our return journey home in about half-an-hour's time, we hail it as an indication that if he has not quite obtained the Perfect Cure, that his medical man promised him, as the result of a trip to this delightful spot, he is certainly not far off it.

But the best things must come to an end, and so we find ourselves at length, with much regret, taking our farewell of that excellent and capitally-conducted "Perfect Kurhaus" the Hôtel Titlis. And this reminds me, that in justice to that establishment, I ought to state that some comments I made last week on German feeding in general, in no way were meant to refer to the *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel Titlis, which, served in a lofty and well-ventilated *salon*, lighted by electricity, to four hundred people daily, a capitally well-appointed meal, is one of the notable features of the place. The smoke-stifled children of the Fatherland, who shut every window they come across when they get a chance, though they would dearly like to, cannot carry their tricks on here. Sometimes, but not very often, they rally in force, and render the "*Grosser Gesellschafts Saal*" a sort of Tophet to the ordinary Briton; but the "*Speise Saal*," where smoking is "*verboten*," is happily beyond their reach. But the hour of departure has come, and quitting his comfortable establishment with much regret, we bid good-bye to the courteous Herr CATTANI, and with a crack of the whip we are off, dashing down the valley, and leaving Engelberg up on its heights as a pleasant dream behind us.

And what is Engelberg? There is, first and foremost, *par excellence, the* feature of the place—the Hôtel Titlis; then the Monastery, with the Brethren of the Bell-rope; and *the* Street. This is unique. Set out with a *Châlet* here, a Swiss *Pension* there, a Chapel perched up on a little hill on one side, and a neatly new-made farmhouse stuck up on the other, with cattle (not omitting their dinner-bells) dotted about here and there in the bright green meadows that creep up to, and melt into, the pine-woods stretching from the base of the grand rugged snow-capped heights that tower in every direction above, you get thoroughly impressed with the idea that the whole place is nothing but a box of toys, set out for the season (probably by the Monks), who, you feel convinced, are only waiting for the departure of the last visitor, to get out the box, and carefully pack away *Châlet*, and *Pension*, Chapel and peasant for the winter months, with a view to keeping them fresh for production in the early summer of next year.

Putting Up for the Winter.

However, whatever its fate, Engelberg is left behind us, and we find ourselves tearing down the Practical Joking Engineers' Road at a break-neck pace, and hurrying on to Calais, once more to take our places on our steady old friend, the *Calais-Douvres*, that helps to deposit us finally at Charing Cross, where we are bound to admit that the air, whatever it is, is emphatically *not* the air of Engelberg. But everybody who has seen him, says the Dilapidated One has come back "twice the man he was." So we must take it that our journey has not been in vain.

ADDITIONAL TITLE.—Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, after his brilliant letters in the *D. T.*, worthy of *The Light of the World*, will be remembered in Japan as a "first-rate sort of Jap."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WELLS, GARDNER, DARTON & Co. publish a very good selection of tales for young people. Among the best are *Tom's Opinion*, a boy whose ever readily-expressed opinion is made to change pretty often; and *Halt!* by the same author. The title is suggestive of military manœuvres, but it's only a term for obeying quickly, which is hard to do sometimes. *Gregory of the Foretop*, *Abbot's Cleeve*, and *Going for a Soldier*, are three books containing several stories suitable to more grown-up young people,—so the sooner they grow up the better for the sale of the books. They are all edited by J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.

FREDERICK WARNE & Co. give us *Young England's Nursery Tales*, illustrated by CONSTANCE HASLEWOOD. *Noah's Ark*, by DARLEY DALE, which is not the Ark of the nursery, but a story of the Norfolk Broads. Perhaps "Norfolk Broads" would have suggested stories that could *not* be told in a drawing-room. As to *Bits about Horses for Every Day*, selected and illustrated by S. TURNER,—well, what would horses be without "bits?" These are not tit-bits. Might do for a Bridle gift.

The Love of a Lady, by Miss ANNIE THOMAS, otherwise Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP, like most of this authoress's novels, is full of interest. It is in the regulation three volumes, but appears as if it had wished to be in two, and would have been had not large type insisted upon the addition of a third tome. The love of a lady is transferred, during the course of the story, from an artist, who appears in the last chapter "in threadbare clothes, with broken, patched boots on his feet" (not on his hands, *bien entendu*), to a "well-tailored" novelist. As the lady to whom "the love" originally belonged was "a popular illustrator," it was only natural that the question of appearances should play an important part in determining its ultimate destination.

MR. W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM is never so much in his element as when he revels in gore and guilt. In *Locusta*, in one bulky volume, he tells of "the crime" and "the chastisement." The first is associated with "a house with curtained windows," "an Italian swordsman," "entombed," and "a maimed lion," and the second is developed in chapters headed, "The Hunter lets fly a Poisoned Shaft," "The Silver Dish of Tarts," "The First Victim Falls," "A Dreadful Accuser," and last, but not least, "The Vengeance is Crowned." As the story begins in 1612, and ends with the words, "HENRY, Prince of WALES, art thou not avenged?" it will be seen, that Mr. W. OUTRAM TRISTRAM has seized this opportunity to pleasantly illustrate an incident from English history.

My faithful "Co." has been revelling in the Land of Fancy. He expresses delight at two books called respectively, *Dreams by French Firesides* and *English Fairy Tales*. The first is supposed to have been written before Paris in 1870-71 by a German soldier who had turned his thoughts to his home and children in the far-off Fatherland. The second deals with British folk-lore, and is racy of the soil. Both works are full of capital illustrations. He has, moreover, read *He Went for a Soldier*, the WYNTER Annual of JOHN STRANGE of that ilk. But what had the soldier done, that "he" should "go for him"? The answer to this conundrum will be ascertained on reading the book. *Nutshell Novels*, by J. ASHBY STERRY, is also a volume that repays perusal. The Lazy Poet has turned his leisure to good account—the stories he tells are excellent.

Had the delightfully original *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Through the Looking-Glass*, never been written, I doubt much if we should ever have seen *Maggie in Mythica*, by F. B. DOVETON, who announces it apologetically, as "his first"—perhaps it may be his "unique" fairy story,—and he adds, that he has "kept out of the beaten track as far as possible." "*As far as possible*" is good, for never was there such an example of the "sincerest flattery" than in this undeniable imitation of *Alice in Wonderland*. Some of the illustrations, by J. HARRINGTON WILSON, are not quite as weak as the text, while the best of them only serve to heighten our appreciation of "Our" Mr. TENNIEL's pictures in *Alice*, and its companion volume. But the very title, *Maggie in Mythica*, recalls at once *Alice in Wonderland*, but the lovers of *Alice*, who being attracted by this title may purchase this book under the impression that "it is the same concern," will soon find out their mistake, though it may perhaps amuse a very much younger generation who know not *Alice*, if such a generation exist, which muchly we beg to doubt.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

A MORNING CALL.

The Vicar. "AND WHAT 'S YOUR NAME, MY DEAR?" *Child of the Period.* "WELL—YOU OUGHT TO KNOW! YOU *KWISTENED* ME!"

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(*Before Mr. Commissioner Punch.*)

An Officer of Volunteers introduced.

The Commissioner. Well, what can I do for you, Captain?

Officer of Volunteers. Hush, Sir! If you were heard to give me my military rank, you would be the cause of covering me with ridicule!

The Com. Ridicule! Are you *not* a Captain?

Off. Certainly, Sir. I hold Her Majesty's Commission, and am supposed to be one of the defenders of the country.

The Com. Then why should you not be credited with the rank to which you are entitled?

Off. Because, Sir, I am only a Captain of Volunteers.

The Com. But surely the British Army is composed entirely of Volunteers?

Off. That is the national boast, Sir. But then, you see, I receive no pay.

The Com. Which does not prevent you from working?

Off. On the contrary, Sir, nearly all my leisure is devoted to the study of what I may, perhaps, be permitted to call my supplementary profession.

The Com. What are your duties?

Off. Almost too numerous to enumerate. Before I received my Commission, I had to undertake to make myself proficient in everything appertaining to the rank to which I was appointed. This entailed a month's hard work (five or six hours a day in the barrack-square), at one of the Schools of Instruction.

The Com. Well, let us suppose that you *have* become duly qualified to command a company—what next?

Off. Having reached this point, I find myself called upon to work as hard as any Line officer on full pay. True, I have not (except when the battalion is camping out, or taking part in manœuvres), to trouble myself with matters connected with the Commissariat, but in every other respect my position is exactly analogous to my brother officers in other branches of the QUEEN'S Service. I have to attend numerous drills, and perform the duties, at stated intervals, of the Orderly Room. Besides this, I have to see that every parade is well attended by the men of my company. This entails, as you may imagine, time and trouble.

The Com. May I take it that it is less difficult to command Volunteers than Regulars?

Off. That is a matter of opinion. If a Volunteer officer can bring to bear his social position (for instance, should his men be his tenants, or in his employment), he may find the task of command an easy one. But should the battalion to which he belongs be composed of that large class of persons who consider "one man as good as another, and better," no little tact is required in keeping up discipline. Besides this, he starts at a disadvantage. Every retirement from the regiment means the loss of an earner of the capitation grant; and as the maintenance of a Volunteer corps is an exceedingly expensive matter, a "free and independent private" feels that if he withdraws, or is forced to withdraw, his officers are practically the pecuniary sufferers of the proceeding.

The Com. Am I to understand then that the cost of a battalion falls upon the commissioned rank?

Off. Almost entirely. The officers have generally to pay a heavy entrance fee, and subscription, and must, if they wish to be popular, contribute largely to prize funds, entertainments, and the cost of "marching out." Besides these charges they have to be particularly hospitable or benevolent (either word will do) to the companies to which they specially belong.

The Com. Well, certainly, it seems that an Officer of Volunteers has many responsibilities—what are his privileges?

Off. Only one is officially recognised—the right to be snubbed!

The Com. And the result?

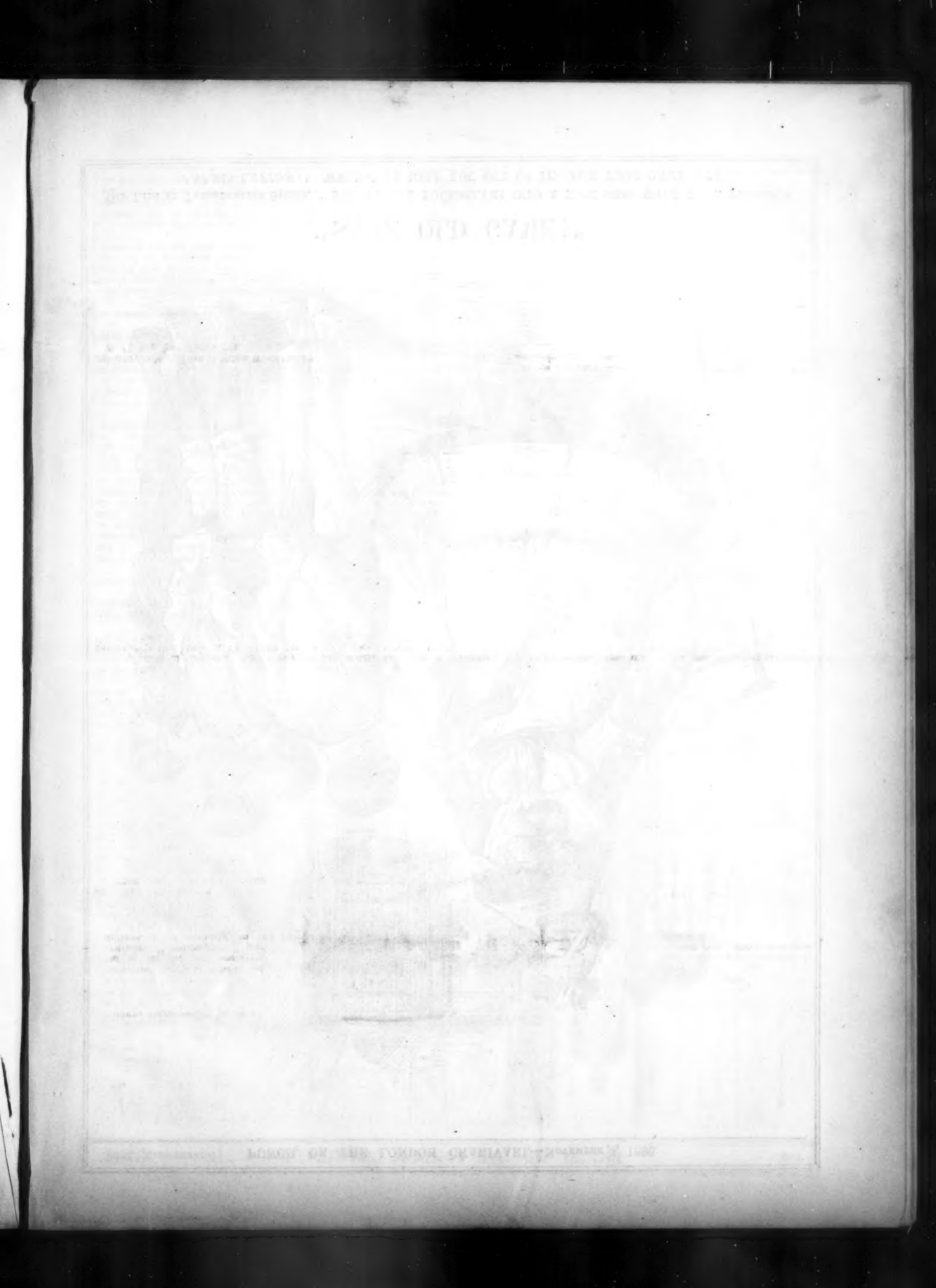
Off. That there is scarcely a corps in the kingdom without vacancies. Men nowadays, fail to see the fun of all work and no pay, play, or anything else. This very week a meeting is being held at the Royal United Service Institution, to consider what can be done to advance the interests of the officers—another word for the interests of the whole force.

The Com. You have my sympathy, and if I can help you——

Off. Not another word, Sir. The good services of *Mr. Punch* for the last thirty years are appreciated by all of us, and we know we can rely upon him as confidently in the future as we have done with good reason in the past. [*The Witness then retired.*

"SAME OLD GAME!"

Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. "YOU 'VE GOT YOURSELVES INTO A NICE MESS WITH YOUR PRECIOUS '*SPECULATION!*' WELL—I 'LL HELP YOU OUT OF IT,—*FOR THIS ONCE!!*"



HOW IT'S DONE.

(A Handbook to Honesty.)

No. IV.—The Grand Old (Jobbing) Gardener.

Scene—*the Garden of a modest Suburban Villa. Present,* Simple Citizen, *with budding horticultural ambitions, and* Jobbing Gardener, "*highly recommended*" *for skill and low charges. The latter is a grizzled personage, very bowed as to back, and baggy as to breeches, but in his manner combining oracular* "*knowingness*" *and deferential plausibility in a remarkable degree.*

Simple Citizen. You see Smuggins, things are a little bit in the rough here, at present.

Grand Old Gardener. Ah, you may well say that, Sir! Bin allowed to run to rack *and* ruin, this here pooty bit o' garding has. Want a lot o' clearing, scurryfunging, and topping and lopping, afore it'll look anythink like. But it's got the making of a puffeck parrydise in it, a puffeck parrydise it has—*with* my advice.

FANCY SKETCH FOR NOVEMBER 5.

Magistrate letting off a Cracker with a Little Caution.

S. C. Glad to hear you say so, Smuggins. Now what I propose is——

G. O. G. (*laying a horny hand on* S. C.'s *coat-sleeve*). If you'll asouse me, Sir, I'll jest give yer *my* ideas. It'll save time. (*Lays down artfully the lines of a plan involving radical alteration of paths, and lawns, and beds, shifting of shrubs, cutting down of trees, rooting up of trailers, and what he calls* "*toppin' an' loppin'*" *to a tremendous extent.*) *Then,* Sir, you'll 'ave a bit o' garding as'll be the pride o' yer eye, and a tidy bit o' profit into the bargain, or I don't know my bizness. An' I *oughter* too, seeing as I wos 'ed gardener to the Dook of Fitz-Fuzz for close on twenty year, afore the rheumaticks took me like wot you see. Hu-a-a-h!!!

S. C. Yes; but, Smuggins, all these alterations will run into time and—expense, I'm afraid.

G. O. G. (*confidentially*). You leave that to *me,* Sir! The fust expense 'll be the biggest, and a saving in the long run, take *my* word. And then you *will* 'ave a garding, *you* will, one as that 'ere muddled up bit o' greenery nex door won't be a patch on it, for all he's so proud of it. (*Gets* Simple Citizen *into his clutches, and works him to his will.*)

Scene II.—*The Same, six months later in the Season.*

S. C. (*returning from a fortnight's absence*). What, Smuggins, still at it? And—eh—by Jove, what *have* you been up to? Why I hardly know the place again!

G. O. G. (*complacently*). I should 'ope not, Sir It *is* a bit different from when you last saw it, I flatter myself. Fact it is a garding, now. *Then* it wos a wildernidge!

S. C. Yes, but Smuggins, hang it all, you've cut almost every bit of greenery away!

G. O. G. (*contemptuously*). Greenery!!! And who wants *greenery?* Greenery ain't gardening, greenery ain't not by chorks. Any fool, even that cove nex door, can grow *greenery!*

S. C. Yes, but Smuggins, I *don't* like my limes to look like gouty posts, my branchy elms to show as bare as broom-sticks, and my fruit-trees to be trimmed into timber-screens!

G. O. G. (*persuasively*). No, Sir, cert'ny *not.* Fact is they'd bin let grow wild so long that cutting on 'em freely back wos the only way to save 'em. Jest wait till next year, Sir, and *you'll* see.

S. C. (*doubtfully*). Humph! Looks beastly now, anyhow. And you've altered all the paths, and nearly all the beds. I didn't tell you——

G. O. G. (*emphatically*). No, Sir, you didn't. You give me *cart blarnch,* you did, and I've done my level best. The Dook 'ad the same ideas at first, but when he comes to know me, he says, says he, Smuggins, you're always right, he says. If you wos to run a reaping-machine through my horchids, or a traction-engine over my turf, I should know as you wos a-doing of the right thing—*in* the long run! Oh, you leave it to me, Sir, and you won't repent it. And—ahem—here's my little haccount, Sir,—*hup* to date.

[*Presents dirty piece of blue paper, giving scanty details, and a spanking total.* Simple Citizen *pays, and tries to look pleasant.*

Scene III.

The Same, six months later. Present, Simple Citizen, *and a* Sympathetic Friend.

Sympathetic Friend. Well, well, it *does* look a waste, Appleyard.

Simple Citizen (*purple*). A waste! I should think it *did,* indeed! And to think of the pretty, green, bowery place it was when I took it! Unprofitable, perhaps, but pleasant. Now it is neither pleasant *nor* profitable.

S. F. And all through that rascally ravaging Smuggins?

S. C. (*furiously*). The scoundrel!—the sleek, insinuating, slaughtering scoundrel! He tore up my paths, he altered my beds, he mutilated my lawns, he stripped my trailers, he hacked my trees into bare hideousness, all to make work and money for himself and his partner in iniquity, that nefarious "florist" friend of his. I was a greenhorn, Mumpson, a juggins, and I let them fool me to the top of my bent. He cut up the shrubbery into those horrible flat beds, in order that I might "grow my hown wegerbles," as he phrased it. He got money from me for the best and most expensive "ashleaf kidneys" and "Prooshian Blues," then planted cheap refuse from a small greengrocer's. My "ashleaf kidneys" turned out waxy marbles; my Prooshian Blues refused to pod; I spent—or rather he received—pounds upon my vinery and cucumber frames. My grape-bunches went mouldy, and I never got a cucumber more than six inches long. His "friend, the florist," did, no doubt. He stole my shrubs overnight, and sold 'em back to me next morning. He bled my maidservants for "beer and 'baccy." In fact, it was the same all round; he had, in every way, ruined my garden, run me up exorbitant bills, and then, when the day of detection was imminent—disappeared. If ever I catch sight of that mulberry nose of his, I shall be tempted to——

S. F. (*soothingly*). Ah, yes, just so. But let's hope that you'll never come across this particular Grand Old Gardener—or his like—again. (*Waggishly.*) By Jove, Appleyard, no wonder the world went wrong, seeing that "the first man" was—a Gardener!!!

Learned by Art.—"Beasts in Bond Street!" "Sheep in the Salon!" Messrs. Dowdeswells have taken the wind out of the sails of the Agricultural Hall, and Mr. Denovan Adam has given us the opportunity of seeing a superb collection of Scottish Highland Cattle. Mountain, meadow, moss and moor have all been laid under contribution. The result is we can have the chance of studying these hornymental animals without being tossed, and staring at them without being gored. In the same gallery may be seen a series of pastels of Hampstead Heath, by Mr. Henry Muhrman—a merman ought to be a sea-painter by rights, but no matter! The poet has told us that, "'Amstead am the place to ruralise on a summer's day!" The artist convinces us it is the place to "pastelise," and he seems to have pastelised to the tune of forty pictures very successfully.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW OF THE FUTURE.

In consequence of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS becoming Sheriff, it is expected that additional lustre will be given to a future Mayoralty by the leading Members of "THE Profession" taking to Civic Life.

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.

Par ci—par là! "A good par here, and a bad par there; here a par, and there a par, and everywhere a par!" Indeed, as an Irishman would say, it is the Judgment of Pars. Let us look in at the Institute, and see the Painters in Ile, and no doubt we shall be iley delighted. We go on the pre-private view day. Not that we are parsimonious, but we prefer to see the pictures without being scrouged. "*The Release*" is a puzzler. We have taken stock of Mr. STOCK'S picture, and fail to understand it. Is it LULU or ZAZEL? There seems to have been an explosion, and one person, lightly attired, is blown up; and another, more warmly clad, is blown down. They will both probably catch cold. Nothing hazy about Mr. HAYES'S pictures. On the contrary, fresh and brilliant—notably, "*A Grey Sunset.*" If you are subject to *mal-de-mer*, his seas will make you qualsy. The President, Sir JAMES LINTON, has only two small pictures, both cleverly painted, but each may be described as a little LINTON; so let us give him a little hint on the subject; like OLIVER TWIST, we ask for more. "*Too Many Cooks*," by BURTON BARBER—a Barber who knows how to dress hair. See the dogs' coats. Miss ETHEL WRIGHT is not very far wrong in her picture of a fair *canoiste*, and Mr. W. L. WYLLIE is both artful and wily in his rendering of a "*A Sou' Wester.*" "*An Old Harbour in Sussex*" gives distinct evidence that LEWIS (C. J.) has been moved to the coast, and it seems to be a move in the right direction. In "*The Red Canoe*," Mr. ALFRED PARSONS delivers an eloquent sermon on the joys of life on the Thames.

The Royal Society of British Artists have fewer pictures than usual at their new show. Quality better than common. Mr. F. BRANGWYN'S "*Funeral at Sea*" is excellent. Mr. R. MACHELL'S "*Lakshmi*," not easy to understand. It might be "Lakshmi, or the Lost Bathing-dress." She might certainly say, "I lacks my *costume de bain*." "*Durham*"—good landscape by Mr. YGLESIAS. Mr. NELSON DAWSON in his "*Sunset Breeze*," gives us real sea and good seamanship. In "*Trying it Over*," Mr. LOMAX has tried it over to some purpose, and has produced a successful little picture of an enthusiastic flautist. Mr. G. F. WATTS sends "*Lord Tennyson.*" But why in ermine? The Laureate is quite good enough for us without his Peer's robes. What did HARRY THE EIGHTH say concerning HOLBEIN? Anything more to see? Of course there is. But what is my text? "Pars about Pictures." And so I pass about. I mustn't linger, but remain

Yours par-ticularly,

OLD PAR.

'ARRY IN ST. PETERSBURGH.

HE TRIES TO MAKE A DROSKI-DRIVER UNDERSTAND THAT HE COULD HAVE GONE THE SAME DISTANCE IN A HANSOM FOR LESS MONEY.

"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER."

Hoist with his own Petard—Guy Fawkes blown up.

GOLF VICTOR!

SIR Golf and Sir Tennis are fighting like mad—
Now Sir Tennis is blown, and Sir Golf 's right above him,
And his face has a look that is weary and sad,
As he hastily turns to the ladies, who love him,
But the racket falls from him, he totters, and swirls,
As he hears them cry, "Golf is the game for the girls!"

* * * * * *

The girls crave for freedom, they cannot endure
To be cramped up at Tennis in courts that are poky,
And they 're all of them certainly, perfectly sure
That they 'll never again touch "that horrible Croquet,"
Where it 's quite on the cards that they play with Papa,
And where all that goes on is surveyed by Mamma.

To Golf on the downs for the whole of the day
Is "so awfully jolly," they keep on asserting,
With a good-looking fellow to teach you the way,
And to fill up the time with some innocent flirting,
And it may be the maiden is wooed and is won,
Ere the whole of the round is completed and done.

Henceforward, then, Golf is the game for the fair—
At home, and abroad, or in pastures Colonial,
And the shouts of the ladies will quite fill the air
For the Links that will turn into bonds Matrimonial,
And for husbands our daughters in future will seek
With the powerful aid of the putter and cleek!

CORRESPONDENCE SPECIAL.—KNOODEL, of Knoodel Court, writes to us:—"Sir,—I have recently come across the name 'bacteriologist.' Is it a new name for a person who writes ill of another behind his back? If so, the best remedy for the mischief he causes is a criminal action." [Our advice to KNOODEL is, "Consult a Solicitor."—ED.]

"CARMEN UP TO DATE AT THE GAIETY."—"Approbation of Miss ALMA STANLEY is praise indeed." The correct quotation adapted *à la fin de Siècle*.

IN OUR GARDEN.

TUESDAY Morning.—Still in Edinburgh, but going home to-night. Just received telegram from Member for SARK. "Come home at once," he says; "the *Peronospora Schleideniana* has got at the onions."

Rather a shock to have news like this flashed upon one with that absence of deliberation that sometimes marks the telegraph service. But I cannot say I am surprised. I had, indeed, before leaving, called SARK's attention to what I recognised as the greyish mycelial threads of the fungus spreading upon the pipes and budding seed-heads. If SARK had steeped the seed in sulphate of copper before planting it, this wouldn't have happened. It's a pity, for I rather thought we would make something towards expenses out of that onion-bed. There's no more profitable crop than your pickling onions if well farmed. I know a man who made £150 an acre out of his onions. But then he wasn't hampered in his arrangements with a fellow like SARK.

Called on Mr. G. to say good-bye. He was sympathetic about the onion blight, but I could see that his mind was occupied with other and perhaps equally saddening thoughts.

"I suppose you have been made aware of the intelligence that has reached me through the usual sources?" he said. "I have had a pretty good time here. I have belaboured the Government from all points of attack. I think I managed pretty well with the Disestablishment Question. You don't think, TOBY," he said, with a passing look of deeper apprehension, "that I gave myself away at all on the matter? The worst of these fellows is that they keep a record of every word I say, a custom which seriously hampers one in his movements. What I should like, if it were permitted, would be to come quite fresh to a question year after year, and say upon it exactly what happened to be convenient, without having before my eyes the certainty that somebody would dig out what I said on the same subject last year, or five years ago."

I assured him that I thought not much could be made out of his remarks on Disestablishment Question. In fact it would be difficult to prove that he had said anything at all. Brightened up at this; but cloud again deepened over his mobile face.

"Yes, perhaps I've done pretty well," he said, with a sigh. "I have steered through a very difficult position without running ashore; I have had an immense popular reception; I have stirred up the constituency, and have, if I may say so, supplied with fresh oil the sacred lamp of Liberalism. Now, just when I was beginning in some modest measure to felicitate myself, there comes news of a crushing master-stroke devised by the Government. Though I do not disguise my discomfiture, I would not withhold my tribute of admiration at the brilliancy of the stroke, of the genius of its conception, and of the completeness with which it has been dealt. I have been here more than a week, and have delivered four speeches. The Government and their friends on the platform and in the press affect to sneer at my efforts and their influence. Still, they feel it is necessary to make a counter-demonstration, and to effectually undo whatever work I may have accomplished. What course do they adopt? Why, they send down ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. He was at Dalkeith last night, and, in a single speech, destroyed the effect of my great effort of Saturday. He will go to West Calder; he will come here; he will follow me step by step with relentless energy, tearing up, so to speak, the rails I have laid, and which I had hoped would have safely conducted the Liberal train into the Westminster station. *Sic vos non vobis.* It is cruel, it is crushing. If I had only foreseen it, I would have remained at Hawarden, and you might have averted the calamity that overshadows your Garden."

Quite distressed to see my venerated friend broken down. Bad for him to stop at home and brood over calamity. Best thing would be change of scene and thought. He had made engagement to-day to go to Pumpherston and inspect oil and candle works. Better keep it.

"No," said Mr. G., wearily, "oil comforts me not, nor candles either. Now, if it were pork, it would be different. Few things so interesting as pork. Not from a dietetic point of view, but regarded historically. As I mentioned to a Correspondent the other day, in the course of Homeric work I have examined into the use of pork by the ancients. A very curious subject. I shall make some references to it in the closing paper which I am writing for *Good Words* on the Old Testament. I am under the impression that the dangers which lurk beneath the integument of a leg (or sirloin) of pork, are specially connected with the heat of Southern climates."

Curious to see how rapidly his aspect changed as these thoughts pressed upon his mind. When I came in, he had been sitting in an arm-chair, with his head resting on his hand, and his brow painfully wrinkled. He looked quite old—at least seventy. Now he was up, walking about the room with springy stride, his mind actively engaged in framing theories on the use of pork by HOMER's contemporaries. If I could only keep him engaged, he would forget the blow that had descended upon him, and would regain his usual equanimity. A question as to whether he thought Achilles liked sage with his pork, cunningly led him on to a long disquisition, till, in a quarter of an hour, he was quite a changed man, and set out with great energy for Pumpherston.

Fine enthusiasm along the route. Immense reception from the working men. Splendid luncheon set out at one end of the shed where we were assembled; bill of fare included crude oil, sulphate of ammonia, various mineral oils, and candles made from paraffin. There was no wine, but plenty of ammonia-water. Manager presented Mrs. G. with bust in paraffin wax, which he said was Mr. G. Also handed her a packet of dips cunningly carved in the likeness of HERBERT, the wick combed out so as to represent a shock of hair. Mr. G. delighted; standing on a barrel of paraffin, he addressed the company in a luminous speech, tracing back the candle to the earliest times. That candles existed in the Mosaic era, he reminded them, was shown by the question which had puzzled succeeding ages—as to the precise locality in which the great Law-giver stood when the medium of illumination provided for his convenience was suddenly extinguished. This was a great hit; enthusiasm knew no bounds. Hospitality of the Pumpherston people really embarrassing; they filled our pockets with candles of all sizes and descriptions, and insisted upon each of us taking away a quart bottle of paraffin oil imperfectly corked.

Never shall I forget the radiant look of Mr. G. as he left the works loaded with candles and congratulations, whilst Mrs. G., walking by his side, carefully carried the bust in paraffin wax. He had evidently forgotten all about ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

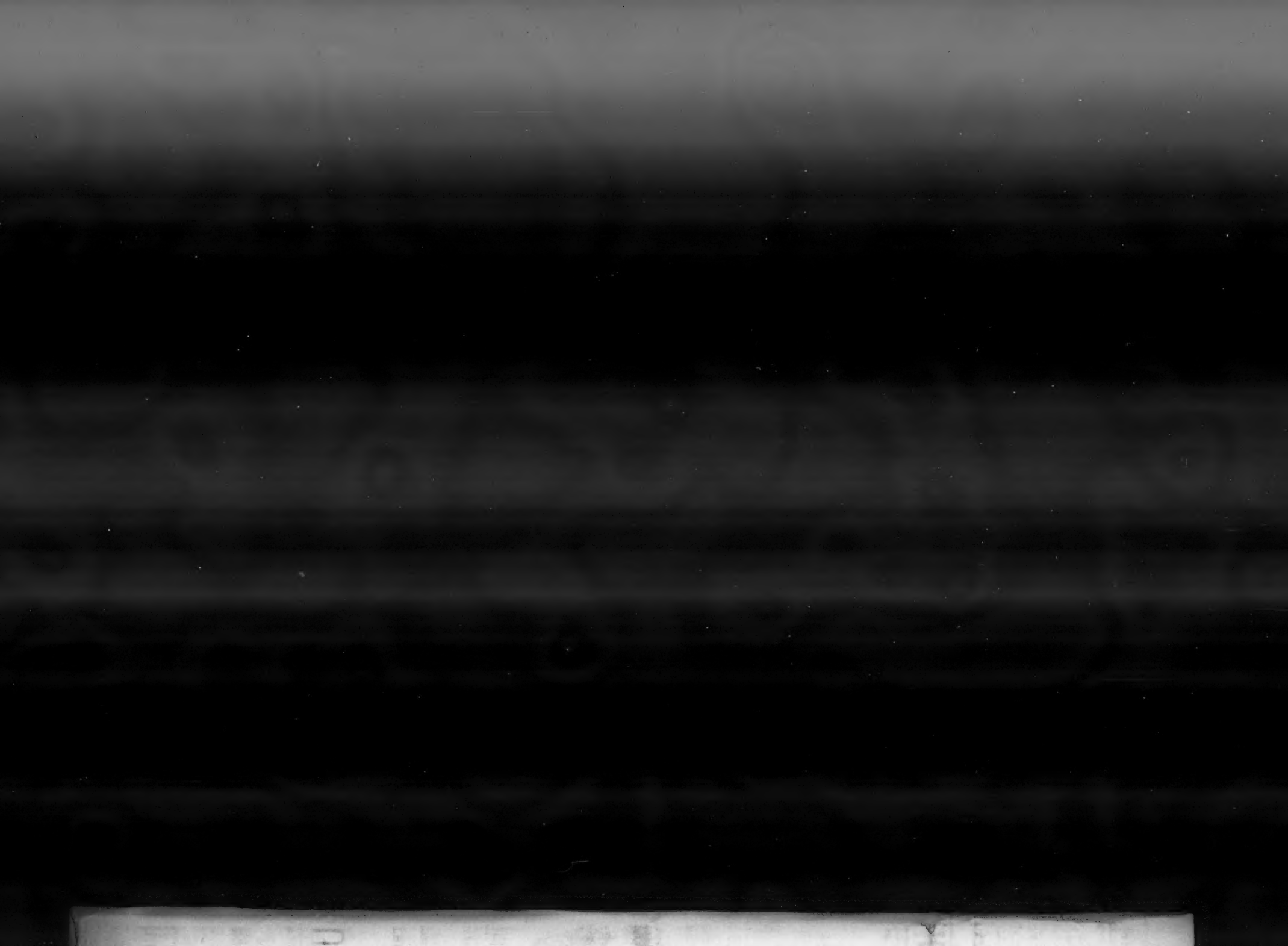
DEATH-BALL; OR, A NEW NAME FOR IT.

YESTERDAY the celebrated Midland Spine-splitters met the Ribcracking Rovers at the prepared Ambulance Grounds recently opened in conjunction with the local County Hospital. A large staff of medical men, supplied with all the necessary surgical appliances, were in attendance. Play commenced effectively, the Rovers keeping the ball well before them, with only a few broken arms, a dislocated thigh, and a fractured jaw or two. Later, however, affairs moved more briskly, one of the Spine-splitter forwards getting the ball well down to goal; but, being met with "opposition," he was carried senseless from the field. A lively scrimmage followed, amid a general cracking of ribs and snapping of spines. The field now being covered with wounded, the Police interfered, and the play terminated in a draw.

PIECE WITH HONOUR AT THE AVENUE.—The successful and pretty little play just produced at Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER's theatre may be described as more "*Shadow*" than "*Sunlight*."

A SAFE COURSE.—A German physician, Dr. KOCH, hopes to benefit humanity by his new cure for Consumption. At present he is reticent on the subject, and he won't speak till he is KOCH sure.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. VI.—THRUMS ON THE AULD STRING.

(By J. MUIR KIRRIE, *Author of "A Door on Thumbs," "Eight Bald Fiddlers," "When a Man Sees Double," "My Gentleman Meerschaum," &c.*

[With this story came a glossary of Scotch expressions. We have referred to it as we went along, and found everything quite intelligible. As, however, we have no room to publish the glossary, we can only appeal to the indulgence of our readers. The story itself was written in a very clear, legible hand, and was enclosed in a wrapper labelled, "Arcadia Mixture. Strength and Aroma combined. Sold in Six-shilling cases. Special terms for Southrons. Liberal allowance for returned empties."]

CHAPTER I.

We were all sitting on the pig-sty at T'NOWHEAD'S Farm. A pig-sty is not, perhaps, a strictly eligible seat, but there were special reasons, of which you shall hear something later, for sitting on this particular pig-sty.

The old sow was within, extended at full length. Occasionally she grunted approval of what was said, but, beyond that, she seemed to show but a faint interest in the proceedings. She had been a witness of similar gatherings for some years, and, to tell the truth, they had begun to bore her, but, on the whole, I am not prepared to deny that her appreciation was an intelligent one. Behind us was the brae. Ah, that brae! Do you remember how the child you once were sat in the brae, spinning the peerie, and hunkering at I-dree I-dree I droppit-it? Do you remember that? Do you even know what I mean? Life is like that. When we are children the bread is thick, and the butter is thin; as we grow to be lads and lassies, the bread dwindles, and the butter increases; but the old men and women who totter about the commonty, how shall they munch when their teeth are gone? That's the question. I'm a Dominie. What!—no answer? Go to the bottom of the class, all of you.

CHAPTER II.

As I said, we were all on the pig-sty. Of the *habitués* I scarcely need to speak to you, since you must know their names, even if you fail to pronounce them. But there was a stranger amongst us, a stranger who, it was said, had come from London. Yesterday when I went ben the house I found him sitting with JESS; to-day, he too, was sitting with us on the pig-sty. There were tales told about him, that he wrote for papers in London, and stuffed his vases and his pillows with money, but TAMMAS HAGGART only shook his head at what he called "auch auld fowks' yeppins," and evidently didn't believe a single word. Now TAMMAS, you must know, was our humorist. It was not without difficulty that TAMMAS had attained to this position, and he was resolved to keep it. Possibly he scented in the stranger a rival humorist whom he would have to crush. At any rate, his greeting was not marked with the usual genial cordiality characteristic of Scotch weavers, and many were the anxious looks exchanged amongst us, as we watched the preparations for the impending conflict.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER TAMMAS had finished boring half-a-dozen holes in the old sow with his sarcastic eye, he looked up, and addressed HENDRY MCQUMPHA.

"HENDRY," he said, "ye ken I'm a humorist, div ye no?"

HENDRY scratched the old sow meditatively, before he answered.

"Ou ay," he said, at length. "I'm no saying 'at ye're no a humorist. I ken fine ye're a sarcesticist, but there's other humorists in the world, am thinkin."

This was scarcely what TAMMAS had expected. HENDRY was usually one of his most devoted admirers. There was an awkward silence which made me feel uncomfortable. I am only a poor Dominie, but some of my happiest hours had been passed on the pig-sty. Were these merry meetings to come to an end? PETE took up the talking.

"HENDRY, my man," he observed, as he helped himself out of TAMMAS'S snuff-mull, "ye're ower kyow-owy. Ye ken humour's a thing 'at spouts out o' its ain accord, an' there's no nae spouter in Thrums 'at can match wi' TAMMAS."

He looked defiantly at HENDRY, who was engaged in searching for coppers in his north-east-by-east-trouser pocket. T'NOWHEAD said nothing, and HOOKEY was similarly occupied. At last, the stranger spoke.

"Gentleman," he began, "may I say a word? I may lay claim to some experience in the matter. I travel in humour, and generally manage to do a large business."

He looked round interrogatively. TAMMAS eyed him with one of his keen glances. Then he worked his mouth round and round to clear the course for a sarcasm.

"So you're the puir crittur," said the stone-breaker, "'at's meanin' to be a humorist."

This was the challenge. We all knew what it meant, and fixed our eyes on the stranger.

"Certainly," was his answer; "that is exactly my meaning. I trust I make myself plain. I'm willing to meet any man at catch-weights. Now here," he continued, "are some of my samples. This story about a house-boat, for instance, has been much appreciated. It's almost in the style of Mr. JEROME'S masterpiece; or this screamer about my wife's tobacco-pipe and the smoking mixture. "Observe," he went on, holding the sample near to his mouth, "I can expand it to any extent. Puff, puff! Ah! it has burst. No matter, these accidents sometimes happen to the best regulated humorists. Now, just look at these," he produced half-a-dozen packets rapidly from his bundle. "Here we have a packet of sarcasm—equal to dynamite. I left it on the steps of the Savile Club, but it missed fire somehow. Then here are some particularly neat things in cheques. I use them myself to paper my bedroom. It's simpler and easier than cashing them, and besides," adjusting his mouth to his sleeve, and laughing, "it's quite killing when you come to think of it in that way. Lastly, there's this banking-account sample, thoroughly suitable for journalists and children. You see how it's done. I open it, you draw on it. Oh, you don't want a drawing-master, any fellow can do it, and the point is it never varies. Now," he concluded, aggressively, "what have you got to set against that, my friend?"

We all looked at TAMMAS. HENDRY kicked the pail towards him, and he put his foot on it. Thus we knew that HENDRY had returned to his ancient allegiance, and that the stranger would be crushed. Then TAMMAS began——

"Man, man, there's no nae doubt at ye lauch at havers, an' there's mony 'at lauchs 'at your clipper-clapper, but they're no Thrums fowk, and they canna' lauch richt. But we maun juist settle this matter. When we're ta'en up wi' the makkin' o' humour, we're a' dependent on other fowk to tak' note o' the humour. There's no nane o' us 'at's lauched at anything you've telt us. But they'll lauch at me. Noo then," he roared out, "'A pie sat on a pear-tree.'"

We all knew this song of TAMMAS'S. A shout of laughter went up from the whole gathering. The stranger fell backwards into the sty a senseless mass.

"Man, man," said HOOKEY to TAMMAS, as we walked home; "what a crittur ye are! What pit that in your heed?"

"It juist took a grip o' me," replied TAMMAS, without moving a muscle; "it flashed upon me 'at he'd no stand that auld song. That's where the humour o' it comes in."

"Ou, ay," added HENDRY, "Thrums is the place for rale humour."

On the whole, I agree with him.

SUGGESTIVE.—*My Musical Experiences*, by BETTINA WALKER, will probably be followed by *My Eye*, by BETTINA MARTIN.

THE YOUNG SPARK AND THE OLD FLAME.

Young Spark. "TRY ME! YOU 'VE TOLERATED THAT FUSTY OLD FOGEY LONG ENOUGH!"
Old Flame (aside). "FLASHY YOUNG UPSTART!"

["It is obvious that small tunnels for single lines, of the usual standard gauge, may be constructed some distance below the ground, and yet the atmosphere of such tunnels be as pure as upon a railway on the surface."—*Illustrated London News, on the City & South London Electric Company.*]

"*Young Spark*" *loquitur* :—

Your arm, my dear Madam! *This* way, down the lift, Ma'am!
No danger at all, no discomfort, no dirt!
You love Sweetness and Light? They are both in my gift, Ma'am;
I'll prove like a shot what I boldly assert.
Don't heed your Old Flame, Ma'am, he's bitterly jealous,
'Tis natural, quite, with his nose out of joint;
You just let him bluster and blow like old bellows,
And try *me* instead—*I* will not disappoint!
Old Flame? He's a very fuliginous "Flame," Ma'am;
I wonder, I'm sure, how you 've stood him so long;
He has choked you for years—'tis a thundering shame, Ma'am!
High time the Young Spark put a term to his wrong.
Just look at me! Am I not trim, smart, and sparkling,
As clean as a pin, and as bright as a star?
Compare me with him, who stands scowling and darkling! [VAR.
So gazed the old gallant on Young LOCHIN-
He's ugly and huffy, and smoky, and stuffy,
And pokey, and chokey, and black as my hat.
As wooer he's dull, for his breath smells of sulphur;
Asphyxia incarnate, and horrid at that!
You *cannot* see beauty in one who's so sooty,
So dusty, and dingy, and dismal, and dark.
He's feeble and footy; 'tis plainly your duty
To "chuck" the Old Flame, and take on the Young Spark.
A Cyclops for lover, no doubt you discover,
My dear Lady LONDON, is not *comme il faut*;
If I do not woo you the sunny earth over,
At least I lend light to love-making below.

He's just like old Pluto, Persephone's prigger;
You'll follow Apollo the Younger—that's me!
He's sombre as Styx, and as black as a nigger.
His lady-love, LONDON! Bah! Fiddle-de-dee!

His murky monopoly, Madam, is ended.
Come down, my dear love, to my subterrene hall!
I think you'll admit it is sparkling and splendid,
As clean as a palace, not black as a pall.
Electrical traction with sheer stupefaction
Strikes Steam, the old buffer, and spoils his small game.
You're off with the old Love, so try the new bold Love,
And let the Young Spark supersede the Old Flame.
[*Carries her off in triumph.*

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.

CLOSE upon a hundred years ago, when GEORGE THE THIRD was King, MENDOZA opened a saloon in the Strand, whereat various studies in Black and Blue might be enjoyed. To-day MENDOZA has a gallery in King Street, which is devoted to studies in Black and White. You may say, history repeats itself. Nothing of the kind. The gentleman of GEORGE THE THIRD's time devoted himself to the pugilistic art; the gentleman of the time of VICTORIA gives his attention to graphic art. The one was the patron of fists, the other of fingers—that makes all the difference. MENDOZA the Past, closed eyes—MENDOZA the Present opens them, and, if you go to the St. James's Gallery, you will find a pleasant collection of Eye Art—open to all peepers. It is true it may not be High Art, but you will find it, like Epps's Cocoa, "grateful and comforting."

Mr. MCLEAN, who has had an Art-show in the Haymarket since the days of GEORGE THE THIRD, or rather his ancestor had, is "quite up to time, and smiling," with his present collection (your Old PAR can't help using the argot of the P.R., and brings COLE, not to Newcastle, but to the Haymarket, in "*A Bend in the River, near Maple Durham.*" He shows us the views of BURTON BARBER on "*Compulsory Education*," also a wondrous picture of the "*Gate of the Great Mosque of Damascus*," by BAUERNFEIND, "*A Venetian Brunette*," by FILDES, and many other works that will well repay inspection, but of which there is no space for anything more to be said by yours par-enthetically, OLD PAR.

THE GENTLE ART (OF SNIGGLING).

["Whoever walks beside the river (the Ettrick), will observe five or six or more men and boys, equipped with gigantic wading-breeches, busy in each pool. They are only armed with rods and flies, and thus have a false appearance of being fair fishers. . . . The truth is that the apparent sportsmen are snigglers, not anglers. They drive the top part of their rods deep into the water, so as to rake the bottom, and then bring the hook out with a jerk. Every now and then . . . one of the persecuted fishes . . . is hauled out with short shrift."—*Daily News.*]

OH! the world's very bad, and our hearts they are sore
As we think of the errors and wrongs we have got to
Endure uncomplaining, and oh! we deplore
The things people do, that they really ought not to!
With Courtesy dead, and with Justice "a-bed,"
When the mention of Love only causes a giggle,—
But we'd manage to live and still hold up our head,
Were it not for the villain who ventures to sniggle.

With his rod and his hook see him carefully rake
The bed of the river, and gallantly wading,
Arrayed in his breeches, endeavour to make
Of genuine sport but a mere masquerading.
You might think him a fool for his trouble—but look!
(And it's true, though at first it appears to be gammon)
With a horrible jerk, as he pulls up his hook,
The sportsmanlike sniggler has landed a salmon!

As a nation of sportsmen, it rouses our ire
To hear of sport ruined by such a proceeding;
And to snigglers we earnestly wish and desire
To give the advice they so sadly seem needing.
Let them think, as they work their inglorious plan,
How old IZAAK must turn in his grave and must wriggle;
And may they in future all see if they can,
By learning to angle, forget how to sniggle!

IN OUR GARDEN.

DISCOVERED on returning home that the Member for SARK had not at all exaggerated the facts picturing disaster to our onion-bed. This portion of the garden had been disappointing from the first. Early in the Spring, when hope beat high, and the young gardener's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of large crops, SARK and I were resting after a frugal luncheon, when ARPACHSHAD suddenly appeared at the open window. I knew from his beaming face that something was wrong.

Perhaps I should explain that ARPACHSHAD is our head gardener. We have no other, therefore he is the head. Out of the garden he is known as PETER WALLOPS. It was SARK who insisted upon calling him ARPACHSHAD. SARK had noticed that about the time of the Flood there was singular deliberation in entering upon the marriage state. Matrimony did not seem to be thought of till a man had turned the corner of a century. SHEM, himself, for example, was fully a hundred before his third son, ARPACHSHAD, was born. But ARPACHSHAD was already a husband and a father at thirty-five.

"That," said SARK, "is a remarkable circumstance that has escaped the notice of the commentators. It indicates unusual forwardness of character and a habit of swift decision. We hear nothing more of ARPACHSHAD, but we may be sure he made things move. Now what we want in this garden is a brisk man, a fellow always up to date, if not ahead of it. Let us encourage WALLOPS by calling him ARPACHSHAD."

WALLOPS on being consulted said, he thought it ought to be a matter of another two shillings a-week in his wages; to which I demurred, and it was finally compromised on the basis of a rise of a shilling a-week. As far as I have observed, SARK's device, like many others he has put forward, has nothing in it. WALLOPS couldn't be slower in going round than is ARPACHSHAD. The only time he ever displays any animation is when he discovers some fresh disaster. When things are going well (which isn't often) he is gloomy and apprehensive of an early change for the worse. When the worst comes he positively beams over it. Difficult to say whether he enjoys himself more in an over-wet season, or in one of drought. His special and ever-recurring joy is the discovery of some insect breaking out in a fresh place. He is always on the look-out for the Mottled Amber Moth, or the Frit-fly, or the Currant Scale, or the Apple-bark Beetle, or the Mustard Beetle,—"Black Jack," as he familiarly calls him. To see, as is not unfrequent, a promising apple-tree, cherry-tree, or damson-tree, fading under the attack of the caterpillars of the Winter Moth, makes ARPACHSHAD a new man. His back unbends, his wrinkles smooth out, the gleam of faded youth reillumines his countenance, and his eyes melt in softer glance.

"The flies hev got at them honions," he said, on this Spring afternoon. "I thought they would, and I reckon they're done for. Ever seen a honion-fly, Sir? A nice, lively, busy-looking thing; pretty reddish-grey coat, with a whitish face, and pale grey wings. About this time of the year it lays its eggs on the sheath of the onion-leaf, and within a week you've got the larvey burrowing down into the bulb; after which, there's hardly any hope for your honion."

"Can nothing be done to save them?" SARK asked. As for me, I was too down-hearted to speak.

"Well," said ARPACHSHAD, ruefully, not liking the prospect of interfering with beneficent Nature, "if you was to get a bag of soot, wait about till a shower was a coming on, carefully sprinkle the plant, and let the soot wash in, *that*

might save a few here and there. Or if you were to get a can of paraffin, and syringe them, it would make the fly sit up. But I don't know as how it's worth the trouble. Nater will have its way, and, if the fly wants the honion, who are we that we should say it nay? I think, TOBY, M.P., if I was you, I'd let things take their swing. It's a terrible thing to go a interfering with Nater."

But we didn't follow ARPACHSHAD's advice. Having undertaken to run this garden, we were determined to do it thoroughly; so I got SARK to sweep out the flues of the furnace in the greenhouse, in the course of which he broke several panes of glass, not expecting, so he explained, to find the handle of his brush so near the roof. We half filled a sack with soot, and carried it to the onion-bed. Then we waited for a wet day, usually plentiful enough in haymaking time, now long deferred. ARPACHSHAD insisted that we were to make quite sure that rain was coming—then sprinkle the soot over the unsuspectiong onion. We waited just too long, not starting till the rain began to fall. Found it exceedingly unpleasant handling the soot under conditions of moisture. But, as SARK said, having put our hands to the soot-bag, we were not going to turn back. Nor did we till we had completed the task, ARPACHSHAD looking on, cheered only by the hope that the heavy rain would wash the soot off before it could have any effect on the fly. On the whole, the task proved productive of reward. Either ARPACHSHAD had been mistaken, and the crop had not been attacked by the fly, or the soot had done its work. Anyhow, the bed bloomed and blossomed, and, at the time I left for Midlothian, was looking exceedingly well. Then came SARK's telegram, as described in the last chapter. A ter the fly came the mildew. Close on the heels, or rather the wings, of the *Anthomyia Ceparum*, fell the *Peronospora Schleideniana*.

"It isn't often'it happens," said ARPACHSHAD, rubbing his hands gleefully;—"but, when you get one on the top of t'other, you don't look for much crop in that particular year."

HOW IT'S DONE.

A Hand-book to Honesty.

[No. V.—MONEY LENT (ONE WAY AMONG MANY.)

SCENE I.—*Apartment of innocent but temporarily impecunious person.*

I. P. *discovered reading advertisements and correspondence.*

Impecunious Person. Humph! It *sounds* all right. I *have* heard that these Loan-mongers are sometimes scoundrels and sharks. But this one is surely genuine. There is a manly frankness, a sort of considerate and sympathetic delicacy about him, that quite appeals to one. No inquiry fees, no publicity, no delay! Just what I want. Has clients, men of capital, but *not* speculators, who wish to invest money on sound security at reasonable interest. Just so! Note of hand of any respectable person sufficient. *That's* all right. Advance at a few hours' notice. Excellent! Let me see, the address is Fitz-Guelph Mansions, W. That sounds respectable enough. A penniless shark would hardly live *there*. By Jove, I'll write, and make an appointment *at his own address*, as he suggests.

[*Does so, hopefully.*

SCENE II.—*Fitz-Guelph Mansions, W., at* 11 A.M. *Enter* Impecunious Person, *hurriedly.*

Impecunious Person. Ah! I'm a little bit late, but here's the place sure enough, and that's the number. Fine house, too. Nothing sharkish about *this*, anyhow.

[*Makes for No.* 14, *consulting his watch. On door-step encounters another person, also apparently in a hurry, and also consulting his watch. This person is perhaps a trifle shabby-genteel in attire, but genially pompous and semi-military in bearing. He makes as if to go, but stopping suddenly, stares at* I. P., *and addresses him.*—

Ahem! I—a—beg pardon, I'm sure, but have you by any chance an appointment for 11 A.M. at this address, with a Mr. MUGSNAP?

I. P. Why—a—yes, as a matter of fact, I have.

Mr. Mugsnap. Quite so. And your name is SOFTSHELL?

I. P. Well—yes, as a matter of fact, it is.

Mr. Mugsnap (cheerily). Ah! that's all right. Well met, Mr. SOFTSHELL! (*Produces letter.*) This is yours, I fancy. The time was eleven sharp, and you're just seven minutes and a quarter behind. I was just off, for if I gave all my clients seven minutes and a quarter grace, I should lose about four hours a day, Sir. (*Laughs jovially.*) But no matter! Just step this way. (*Produces latch-key.*) But no, on second thoughts I won't go back. Unlucky, you know! We'll step across to the Wine Shades yonder, and talk our business over together with a glass of sound port, my boy. Best glass of port in London, BUMPUS sells, and as an old Army Man I appreciate it.

[*They cross to "The Shades," where* Mr. MUGSNAP *wins upon his companion by his hearty style, and all difficulties in the way of "an early advance" are smoothed away in a highly satisfactory manner. A couple of references, of course, "just as a matter of form," and a couple of guineas for visiting them. Not an Inquiry Fee, oh! dear no, merely "expenses." Some people apply for a loan, and, when everything is arranged, actually decline to receive it! Must provide against that, you know. Within three days at the outside,* Mr. SOFTSHELL *is assured, that money will be in his hands without fail. Meanwhile the "couple o' guineas" leave his hands, and* Mr. MUGSNAP *leaves him, hopeful, and admiring.*

I. P. (*strolling homeward*). Very pleasant person, Mr. MUGSNAP. Quite a pleasure to deal with him. Sharks, indeed! How worthy people get misrepresented! By the way, though, there's one question I forgot to ask him. I'll just step back. Don't suppose he has gone yet.

[*Returns to No.* 14, *Fitz-Guelph Mansions. Knocks, and is answered by smart and austere-looking Domestic.*

I. P. Oh, just tell Mr. MUGSNAP I should like just *one* word more with him. Won't detain him a moment.

Austere Domestic. Mr. MUGSNAP! And who's Mr. MUGSNAP, pray? Don't know any seoh persing.

I. P. Oh yes, he lives here. Met him, by appointment, only an hour ago. Hasn't he returned?

A. D. (*emphatically*). I tell you there ain't no Mr. MUGSNAP lives here at all.

I. P. Oh *dear*, yes! Stout gentleman—military appearance—white waistcoat!

A. S. (*scornfully*). Oh, *him!* I saw seoh a party 'anging about suspiciously awhile ago, and *spoke to the perliceman about him.* But I don't know him, and he don't live *here!* [*Shuts door sharply.*

I. P. (*perspiring profusely, as the state of things dawns upon him.*) Phew! I see it all. "A plant." *That's* why he met me on the door-step. Of course he doesn't live here at all. Gave a respectable address, and *watched for me outside!* And the sleek-spoken shark is gone! So are my two guineas!

[*Retires a sadder, and a wiser man.*

THE MAN OF SCIENCE.

[It has been suggested, with reference to an amusing article in *Blackwood*, on a new religion, that science is equal to it.]

PROFESSOR PROTOPLASM *sings:*—

I'M a mighty man of science, and on that I place reliance,
And I hurl a stern defiance at what other people say:
Learning's torch I fiercely kindle, with my HAECKEL, HUXLEY, TYNDALL,
And all preaching is a swindle, that's the motto of to-day.
I'd give the wildest latitude to each agnostic attitude,
And everything's a platitude that springs not from my mind:
I've studied entomology, astronomy, conchology,
And every other 'ology that anyone can find.
I am a man of science, with my bottles on the shelf,
I'm game to make a little world, and govern it myself.

I'm a demon at dissection, and I've always had affection
For a curious collection from both animals and man:
I've a lovely pterodactyle, some old bones a little cracked, I'll
Get some mummies, and in fact I'll pounce on anything I can.'
I'm full of lore botanical, and chemistry organical,
I oft put in a panic all the neighbours I must own: [phorus:
They smell the fumes and phosphorus from London to the Bos-
Oh, sad would be the loss for us, had I been never known.
I am a man of science, with my bottles on the shelf;
I'm game to make a little world, and govern it myself.

OUR OTHER "WILLIAM."—Question by the G.O.M. on quitting the North,—"Stands Scotland where it did?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

READ *The World and the Will*, by JAMES PAYN, says the Baron. Successful novelist is our "J. P." for England and the Colonies generally. "The profits blazoned on the Payn," is a line he quotes, with a slight difference of spelling, in his present three volumes, which is full of good things; his own "asides" being, to my thinking, quoth the Baron, by far the most enjoyable part of his books. Herein he resembles THACKERAY, who used to delight in taking the reader behind the scenes, and exhibiting the wires. Not so JAMES PAYN. He comes in front, and comments upon the actions of his puppets, or upon men and morals in general, or he makes a quip, or utters a quirk, or proposes a quiddity, and pauses to laugh with you, before he resumes the story, and says, with the older romancers, "But to our tale."

Most companionable writer is JAMES PAYN. Tells his story so clearly. A PAYN to be seen through.

In the christening of his Christmas books, Mr. MERRY ANDREW LANG has hit upon a genuine Happy Thought, on which the Baron begs sincerely to congratulate him. It is a perfect little gold mine as a book-title series. Last year M. ANDREW LANG wrote, and LANGMAN'S—no, beg pardon—LONGMANS published *The Blue Fairy Book*. The *Blue Fairy Book*, when it appeared, however, was read everywhere, so this year the MERRY ANDREW issues *The Red Fairy Book*, which, of course, will be more read than the other. Excellent notion! Where will it stop? Why should it stop? Next year there'll be *The Green Fairy Book*; in '92 the *Yellow Fairy Book* (commencing with new version of *Yellow Dwarf*), then the White, then the Black, then the Ver-millionth edition, and so on and so on, *ad infinitum*, through all the possible stages of the combination and permutation of colour.

The Magazine of Art for 1890, published by CASSELL & Co., is one of the best of its kind for pictures and Art-articles. The Mixture as before.

"Christmas is coming"—but the Publishers seem to think that the Merry Old Gentleman will be here to-morrow. Yet we know the proverbial history of to-morrow. However, to humour the up-to-date notion, the Baron recommends to his young friends who wish to amuse their elders, *Dolldom*, a dolls' opera, by CLIFTON BINGHAM, set to music by FLORIAN PASCAL. Some of the songs are exquisite. It would make a very funny play, children imitating dolls. Published by J. WILLIAMS.

BLACKIE AND SON, are going it. Here are two more, by their indefatigable writer, G. A. HENTY: *By Right of Conquest; or, With Cortez in Mexico*. The young Sixteenth-Century boy, by his marvellous adventures, proves *his* right to be a hero in the Conquest of Mexico. Of a more modern date is *A Chapter of Accidents*, which deals with the Bombardment of Alexandria. The young fisher-lad has to go through many chapters of adventure before he reaches a happy ending. *A Rough Shaking*, by GEORGE MACDONALD, is a capital boys' book, while *The Light Princess, and other Fairy Stories*, by the same author, will please the Baron's old-fashioned fairy-book readers at Christmas-time.

Whoever possesses the *Henry Irving Shakspeare*,—started originally by my dear old enthusiastic friend the late FRANK MARSHALL, and now concluded by the new volume of plays, poems, and sonnets,—possesses a literary treasure. The notes are varied, interesting, and all valuable. The illustrations exactly serve their purpose, which is the highest praise.

MR. SMALLEY'S Letters are not to an *Inconnue*. They were written to his paper, the *Tribune*, and have redressed the balance between the Old World and the New by furnishing New York from week to week with brilliant, incisive, and faithful pictures of life in London. The initials, "G. W. S.," appended in their original form, are as familiar throughout the United States as are those of our own "G. A. S." in the still United Kingdom. Mr. SMALLEY goes everywhere, sees everything, knows everybody, and his readers in New York learn a great deal more of what is going on in London than some of us who live here. Most public men of the present day, whether in politics, literature, or art, have, all unconsciously, sat to "G. W. S." He has a wonderful gift of seizing the salient points of a character, and reproducing them in a few pellucid sentences. The men he treats of have many friends who will be delighted to find that Mr. SMALLEY'S pen is dipped in just enough gall to make the writing pleasant to those who are not its topic. *Personalities* is the alluring title of the first volume, which contains forty-two studies of character. It is dangerous kind of work; but Mr. SMALLEY has skilfully steered his passage. Written for a newspaper, *London Letters* (MACMILLAN & Co.) rank higher than journalism. They will take their place in Literature.

November Number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, excellent. Wykehamists, please note Mr. GALE'S article, and Lord SELBORNE'S introduction. The COOKE who presides in this particular kitchen serves up a capital dish every month—and "quite English, you know."

My faithful "Co." has been rather startled by a volume called *The Decline and Fall of the British Empire*, written by "Anonymous," and published by the Messrs. TRISCHLER. The tome deals with Australia, rather than England, and is dated a thousand years hence; so those who have no immediate leisure will have plenty of time to read it before the events therein recorded, so to speak, reach maturity.

I notice an advertisement of a book by Major ELLIS, entitled *The Ewe-speaking People of the Slave Coast of West Africa*. These Ewe-speaking folk must be a sheepish lot. Black-sheepish lot apparently, as being in West Africa. Major ELLIS is the author also of *The Tshi-speaking People*. These last must be either timidly bashful, or else a very T-shi lot. After this, there's nothing ELLIS this week, says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"QUITE A LITTLE (ROMAN) HOLIDAY."

(*An Intercepted Letter.*)

DEAREST BECKY,—I have had *such* luck! Oh, *so* fortunate! Fancy, we *did* get in, after all! You know Mr. TENTERFORE, of Somerset House, has a friend a barrister, and this friend said, if we would be by the door of the Court at eleven, he *thought* he could slip us in. And he did, my dear—he did! We got *capital* places, and as we had brought with us some sherry and sandwiches, we had "a real good time of it," as your brother calls it! We had our work, too, and so were *quite* comfortable. The night-charges were *such* fun! A lot of men and women were brought before the Magistrate for being "drunk and incapable" (that's a legal term, my dear), and got so chaffed! One of the women was very old—such a silly frump!—she was still dreadfully intoxicated I am afraid! Very sad, *of course*, but we couldn't help laughing! She was *such* a figure before they got rid of her! But this was only the overture to the drama. After the night-charges were over, the Court was cleared, but we were allowed to remain, as Mr. WIGINBLOCK (our barrister friend) declared we belonged to the Press! He said that MARY contributed to the *Blood and Thunder News*, and I to the *Murder Gazette!* I am sure it must have been in *fun*, for we have never *seen* the papers. When lunch was over, in came the Magistrate with *a number* of the "*smartest*" people! Really, I was *quite delighted* to be in such *good* company. All sorts of *nice* people. And then—oh—it was *lovely!* We saw *her quite* close, and could watch the colour come and go in her cheeks! She is rather pretty! She was wearing her *ordinary* clothes; not the workhouse, nor the ones *with the blood on them*, but some that had been sent in to her since the inquest. I tried your opera-glasses. They are *simply capital*, darling! We were much amused with *his* evidence; and it was really *excellent* fun to listen to the howls of the crowd outside! But I am not sure *he* cared for them! We got away in *excellent* time, and I hope to go again. I am trying *very hard* (should it come to anything) to be present at the *last scene of all!* Wouldn't that be *lovely?* I should have to be at the place, though, at *ten minutes to eight o'clock!* I don't think I should go to bed that night *at all!* If I did, I am *sure* I should not sleep! It would be so very, *very* interesting! And now, my *dearest*, good-bye. Your ever *most* affectionate friend,

LUCRETIA.

"MINE EASE AT MY CLUB."—In its most useful and instructive theatrical column last Sunday's *Observer* (the only Observer of a Sunday in London!) inserted this notice:—

"MR. H. A. JONES is to read a paper at the Playgoers' Club, Henrietta Street, Tuesday next."

Why announce it? Why not let the hard-worked HENRY ARTHUR JONES read his paper at his Club in peace and quietness? Very hard on poor HENRY DRAMATIC AUTHOR JONES, if he can't have a few minutes of peace (not "piece," *bien entendu*) to himself. Leave him alone to take his ease at his Club.

UNSATISFACTORY FOR LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS.—At a recent meeting of Anarchists at New Jersey some were arrested, but MOST escaped.

A LAMENT FROM THE NORTH.

"AND THEN THE WEATHER 'S BEEN SO BAD, DONALD!"
"OU AY, SIR. ONLY THREE FINE DAYS—AND TWA OF THEM SNAPPIT UP BY THE SAWBATH!"

THE "LAIDLY WORM" OF LONDON;

Or, The Great Slum Dragon and Little Master County Council.

["The Worm (at first neglected) grew till it was too large for its habitation. . . . It became the terror of the country, and, among other enormities, levied a daily contribution . . . in default of which it would devour both man and beast. . . . Young LAMBTON was extremely shocked at witnessing the effects of his youthful imprudence, and immediately undertook the adventure."—*Legend of "The Lambton Worm," as related by Surtees.*]

OLD stories tell how Hercules
At Lerna slew a "Dragon;"
And the "Lambton Worm" (told by SURTEES)
The Durham men still brag on.
How the "Laidly Worm" was made to squirm
Old legends tell (they *can't* lie!);
And of MORE, of More-hall, when, "with nothing at all,"
He slew the Dragon of Wantley.

Our Dragon here is a bigger beast
Than LAMBTON slew, or MORE did;
On poor men's bodies he doth feast,
And ill-got gold long hoarded.
He hath iron claws, and from his jaws
Foul fumings are emitted.
The folks, his prey, who cross his way,
Are sorely to be pitied.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse
Held seventy men inside him?
This Dragon 's bigger, and of such force
That none may rein or ride him.

Men hour by hour he doth devour,
And would they with him grapple,
At one big sup he 'll gobble them up,
As schoolboys munch an apple.

All sorts of prey this Dragon doth eat;
But his favourite food 's poor people,
But he 'd swallow a city, street by street,
From cottage to church steeple.
Like the Worm of Wear, this Dragon drear,
Hath grown, and grown, and grown, Sir,
And many a lair of dim despair
The Worm hath made its own, Sir.

In Bethnal Green our Laidly Worm
Hath made a loathly den,
And there hath fed for a weary term
On the bodies and souls of men.
There doth it writhe, and ramp, and glower,
Whilst in its coils close prest [Power,"
Are the things it thrives on—"Landlord
And "Vested Interest."

Now, who shall tackle this Dragon bold?
Lo! a champion appears.
He seems but small, and he looks not old—
A youth of scarce three years.
But "he hath put on his coat of mail,
Thick set with razors all,"
And a blade as big as a thresher's flail,
On that Dragon's crest to fall.

And like young LAMBTON, or young MORE,
He to the fight advances.
Yet looks to that Slum Dragon o'er,
With caution in his glances.
If he make shift that sword to lift,
And smite that Dragon dead,
No hero young song yet hath sung
A fouler pest hath sped.

Now guard ye, guard ye, young County C.!
That two-edged blade is big, Sir!
That Dragon 's so spiky, he well might be
"Some Egyptian porcupig," Sir,
(As the singer of Wantley's Dragon says,
In his quaint and curious story.)
If this Dragon he slays, he shall win men's
And legendary glory. [praise,

When London's streets are haunts of health
(Ah! happy if distant, when)
And the death-rate ruleth low, and Wealth
Feeds not on the filthy den;
The men to this champion's memory
Shall lift the brimming flagon,
And drink with glee to young County C.,
Who slew the Grim Slum Dragon!

A "DARK CONTINENT" HINT.—Mr. STANLEY, it is said, now wishes he had gone on his exploration journey quite alone, without any travelling TROUP. It is a curious fact, but worth mentioning here, that, up to now, the only mention of difficulties with a "Travelling Troupe" is to be found in a little shilling book recently published by Messrs. TRISCHLER & Co., at present nearing its fifty thousandth copy, entitled, *A New Light thrown across the Darkest Africa*. Whether H. M. STANLEY will appeal to this as evidence remains to be seen. We must have the whole truth out about STANLEY'S Rear Column before we rear a column to STANLEY.

THE "NORFOLK BROADS," according to the *Standard*, are in future to be the English cradle of the German "Bass." Not beer, but fish. There are to be "no takers" at present, so the cradle will not be a Bass-in-net.

THE "LAIDLY WORM" OF LONDON—AND YOUNG COUNTY COUNCIL.

HUNTING PREDICAMENTS. No. 1.

Miss Nelly (to her Slave, in the middle of the best thing of the Season). "Oh, Mr. Rowel, do you mind going back? I dropped my Whip at the last Fence!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday.—Welcome once more to our old friend, *Norma, the Deceived Druidess*, who was called *Norma* for short, she being an orphan, and having "nor par, nor ma." The Ancient Order of Druids, with Arch-Druid *Oroveso* in the chair, might have had a better brass band. *Norma* nowadays is not particularly attractive, and the house, when it is given, cannot be expected to be more than normal or ordinary.

Thursday.—Orfeo. First appearance of Mlles. Giulia and Sofia Ravogli in Glück's beautiful Opera, which has not been seen here for many years, but—judging from its reception by a full and delighted house—will be seen many times before Signor Lago's season comes to an end. Enthusiastic reception of Giulia Ravogli as *Orpheus;* double recall after three of the four Acts; house insisting on having "*Che farò*" all over again. Orchestra, under Signor Bevignani, admirable. Recreations of Demons and Furies, when let out of Gates of Erebus for a half-holiday, peculiar, not to say eccentric. Demons lie on rocks, with silver serpents round their necks as comforters, claw the air, and trot round in circles, after which they exhibit Dutch-metalled walking-sticks to one another with sombre pride. Furies trip measures and strike attitudes in pink tights and draperies of unæsthetic hues, when not engaged in witnessing, with qualified interest, incidental dances by two *premières danseuses*. Hades evidently less dull than generally supposed.

Suggestion.—Curious that no enterprising shaving-soap proprietor has as yet, as far as we know, advertised his invention as "*Tabula Rasa*." This is worth thousands, and takes the cake—of soap.

QUIS NOMINABIT?

(*Being a few Remarks à propos of a "British Academy of Letters."*)

Mr. Punch, Sir,

I have been reading with some morbid interest a series of contributions to the pages of a contemporary from several more or less distinguished literary men who have apparently been invited to express their opinions, favourable or the reverse, on the recently launched proposition to establish in our midst, after the French model, a "British Academy of Letters." Some ask, "What's the use?" Others want to know who is to elect the elected, and seem much exercised in their minds as to the status and qualifications of those who ought to be chosen for the purpose of discharging this all-important function. As to what would be the use of an institution of the kind, the answer is so obvious that I will not attempt to reply to it. But if it comes to naming a representative body capable of selecting the two or three thousand aspirants who have already, in imagination, seen their claims to the distinction recognised by the elective body to which has been entrusted the duty of weighing their respective merits—well then, to use a colloquial phrase, I may confidently say that "I am all there!"

Of course, Royalty must head it, so I head the list of, say, twelve Academic Electors, with the name of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. This should be followed up by that of some generally widely-known personage, who has the literary confidence of the public, and in this connection, I have no hesitation in supplying it by that of the Compiler of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*. Several now should follow, of varied and even conflicting interests, so as to satisfy any over-captious criticism inclined to question the thoroughly cosmopolitan character of the elective body. And so I next add, Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Proprietor of Pears' Soap, and the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade.

It might now be well to give a distinctively literary flavour to the body, and so I am disposed to continue my list with the names of the Poet Laureate and the City Editor of *Tit Bits*, following them up with the representatives of commercial enterprise, speculative art, and sportive leisure, guaranteed respectively by the names of the Chairman of the Chelsea Steam-boat Company, Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, and Prince Henry of Battenberg. For the twelfth, and remaining name, I would suggest that of Mr. Henry Irving, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Manager of Madame Tussaud's Wax Works, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, General Booth, Mr. Slavin, Mr. J. L. Toole, or any other striking or notable one that arrests the eye with the familiarity of long acquaintance. With the existing deplorable position of the Pantomime literature of the country, there can be little need to question further the necessity of a British Academy of Letters. The naming of those who are to constitute that institution is another thing; but if an authoritative fountain-head, to discharge this inevitable function, is sought, and the public puts the question, "*Quis Nominabit?*" I think, Sir, you will admit that I have most satisfactorily supplied the answer. Trusting to your judicious appreciation of the full gravity of the matter at issue, to publish this communication,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A very Possible Future Academician.

BEFORE AND BEHIND.

(*From a Thoughtful Grammarian.*)

Sir,—In the *Times'* Court Circular, on Friday last, I read that—

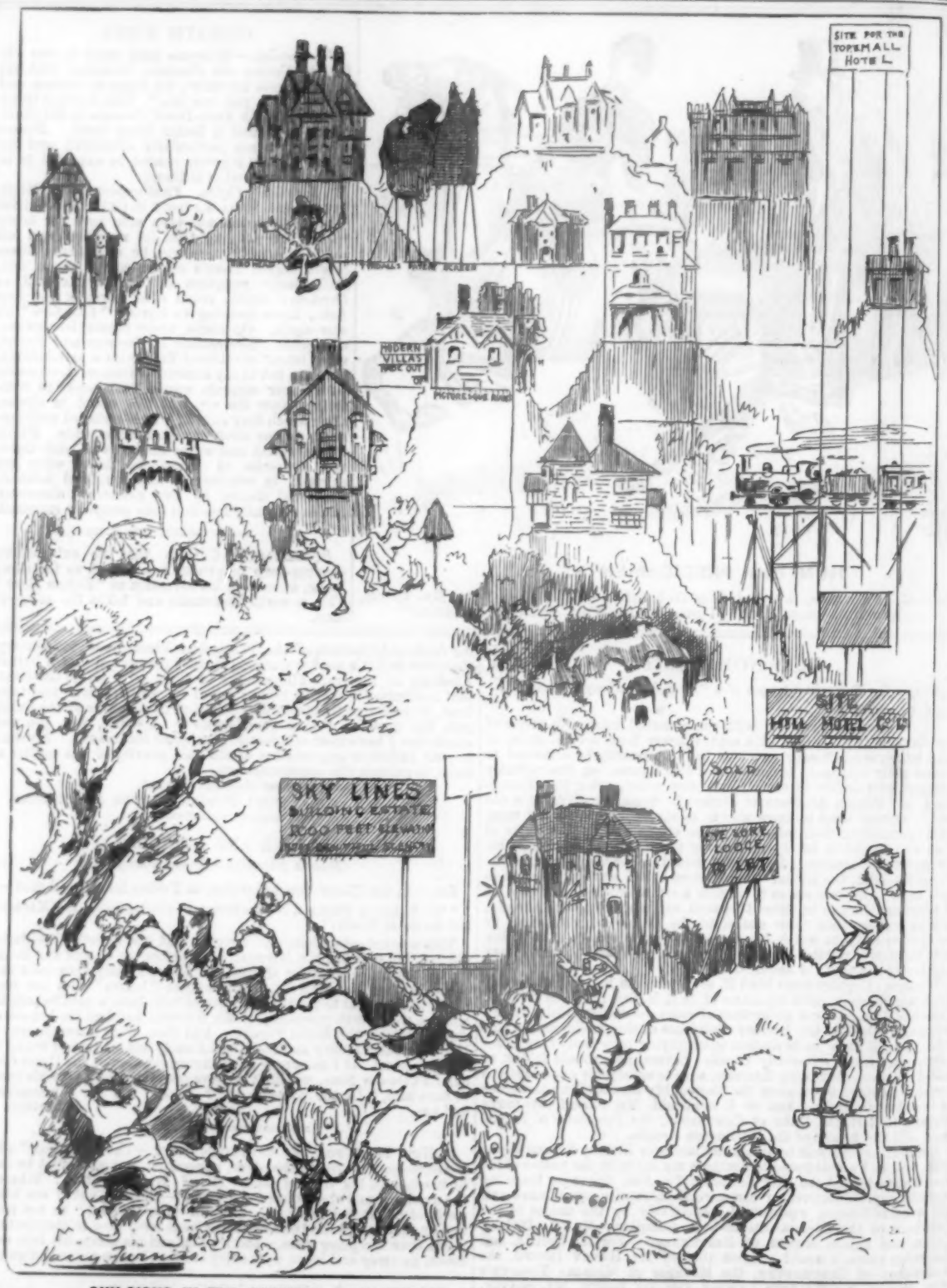
"Mr. William Nicholl had the honour of singing before Her Majesty and the Royal Family."

This was indeed an honour. I regret that the Courtly Circularist did not tell us what Mr. Nicholl sang before the Queen and Royal Family, and also what the Queen and Royal Family sang (solo and chorus?) after Mr. Nicholl. But suppose "before" does not here relate to time, but to position. It would have been a novelty indeed, and one well worth recording, if Mr. Nicholl had had the honour of singing *behind* the Royal Family. And then, what a compliment if Her Gracious Majesty and the Royal Family had all turned round to listen to him! If I am wrong in my interpretation of the Court Circular's Circular Note, wouldn't it have prevented any possible error to have said, "In the presence of"? I only ask for information, and am

Yours, Fideliter.

A New Tract for the Salvation Army.—The "General," who is the biggest Booth in the show, announced last week that he had been offered a big tract of land. Hear! Hear! Where? Where? "Anywhere, anywhere out of the world"—at least, out of our little world of Great Britain & Co. Let not "the General" be too particular, but accept the tract,—though he is more used to distributing tracts than accepting them,—and let him and his army, his lads and lasses, go away and leave us to enjoy our Sundays in peace and quiet.

New City Firm (*adapted from West End by Our Own Scotchman*).—"Savory and Mayor."



SKY-SIGNS IN THE COUNTRY. (AS SEEN BY OUR ARTIST IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.)

VOCES POPULI.

AN EVENING WITH A CONJUROR.

SCENE—*A Suburban Hall. The Performance has not yet begun. The Audience is limited, and low-spirited, and may perhaps number—including the Attendants—eighteen. The only people in the front seats are, a man in full evening dress, which he tries to conceal under a caped cloak, and two Ladies in plush opera-cloaks. Fog is hanging about in the rafters, and the gas-stars sing a melancholy dirge. Each casual cough arouses dismal echoes. Enter an intending Spectator, who is conducted to a seat in the middle of an empty row. After removing his hat and coat, he suddenly thinks better—or worse—of it, puts them on again, and vanishes hurriedly.*

First Sardonic Attendant (at doorway). Reg'lar turnin' em away to-night, *we* are!

Second Sardonic Attendant. He come up to me afore he goes to the pay-box, and sez he—"Is there a seat left?" he sez. And I sez to 'im, "Well, I *think* we can manage to squeeze you in somewhere." Like that, I sez.

[*The Orchestra, consisting of two thin-armed little girls, with pigtails, enter, and perform a stumbling Overture upon a cracked piano.* Herr Von KAMBERWOHL, *the Conjuror, appears on platform, amidst loud clapping from two obvious Confederates in a back row.*

Herr V. K. (*in a mixed accent*). Lyties and Shentilmans, pefoor I co-mence viz my hillusions zis hevenin', I 'ave most hemphadically to repoodiate hall hassistance from hany spirrids or soopernatural beins vatsohever. All I shall 'ave ze honour of showing you will be perform by simple Sloight of 'and, or Ledger-dee-Mang! (*He invites any member of the Audience to step up and assist him, but the spectators remain coy.*) I see zat I 'ave not to-night so larsh an orjence to select from as usual, still I 'ope——(*Here one of the obvious Confederates slouches up, and joins him on the platform.*) Ah, zat is goot! I am vair moch oblige to you, Sare. (*The Confederate grins sheepishly.*) Led me see—I seem to remember your face some'ow. (*Broader grin from Confederate.*) Hah, you vos 'ere last night?—zat exblains it! But you 'ave nevaire assist me befoor, eh? (*Reckless shake of the head from Confederate.*) I thought nod. *Vair* vell. You 'ave nevaire done any dricks mit carts—no? Bot you vill drv? You nevaire dell vat you gan do till you dry, as ze ole sow said ven she learn ze halphabet. (*He pauses for a laugh—which doesn't come.*) Now, Sare, you know a cart ven you see 'im? Ah, zat is somtings alretty! Now I vill ask you to choose any cart or carts out of zis back. (*The Confederate fumbles.*) I don't vish to 'urry you—but I vant you to mike 'aste—&c., &c.

The Man in Evening Dress. I remember giving BIMBO, the Wizard of the West, a guinea once to teach me that trick—there was nothing in it.

First Lady in Plush Cloak. And can you *do* it?

The M. in E. D. (*guardedly*). Well, I don't know that I could exactly do it *now*—but I know how it's done.

[*He explains elaborately how it is done.*

Herr Von K. (*stamping, as a signal that the Orchestra may leave off*). Next I shall show you my zelebrated hillusion of ze inexhaustible 'At, to gonclude viz ze Invisible 'En. And I shall be moch oblige if any shentelmans vill kindly favour me viz 'is 'at for ze burpose of my exberiment.

The M. in E. D. Here's mine—it's quite at your service. [*To his companions.*] This is a stale old trick, he merely—(*explains as before.*) But you wait and see how I'll score off him over it!

Herr V. K. (*to the* M. in E. D). You are gvide sure, Sare, you leaf nossing insoide of your 'at?

The M. in E. D. (*with a wink to his neighbours*). On the contrary, there are several little things there belonging to me, which I'll thank you to give me back by-and-by.

Herr V. K. (*diving into the hat*). So? Vat 'ave we 'ere? A bonch of flowairs! Anozzer bonch of flowairs? Anozzer—*and* anozzer! Ha, do you alvays garry flowairs insoide your 'at, Sare?

The M. in E. D. Invariably—to keep my head cool; so hand them over, please; I want them.

[*His Companions titter, and declare "it really is too bad of him!"*

Herr V. K. Bresently, Sare,—zere is somtings ailse, it feels loike—yes, it ees—a mahouse-drap. Your haid is drouble vid moice, Sare, yes? Bot zere is none 'ere in ze 'at!

The M. in E. D. (*with rather feeble indignation.*) I never said there were.

Herr V. K. No, zere is no mahouse—bot—[*diving again*]—ha! a leedle vide rad! Anozzer vide rad! And again a vide rad—and one, two, dree *more* vide rads! You vind zey keep your haid noice and cool, Sare? May I drouble you to com and dake zem avay? I don't loike ze vide rads myself, it is madder of daste. [*The Audience snigger.*] Oh, bot vait—zis is a *most* gonvenient 'at—[*extracting a large feeding-bottle and a complete set of baby-linen*]—ze shentelman is vairy domestic, I see. And zere is more yet, he is goot business man, he knows how von must hadvertise in zese 'ere toimes. 'E 'as 'elp me, so I vill 'elp 'im by dist-ributing some of his cairculars for 'im.

[*He showers cards, commencing somebody's self-adjusting trousers amongst the Audience, each person receiving about two dozen—chiefly in the eye—until the air is dark, and the floor thick with them.*

The M. in E. D (*much annoyed*). Infernal liberty! Confounded impudence! Shouldn't have had *my* hat if I'd known he was going to play the fool with it like this!

First Lady in Plush Cloak. But I thought you knew what was coming?

The M. in E. D. So I did—but this fellow does it differently.

[Herr VON K. *is preparing to fire a marked half-crown from a blunderbuss into a crystal casket.*

A Lady with Nerves (*to her husband*). JOHN, I'm *sure* he's going to let that thing off!

John (*a Brute*). Well, I shouldn't be surprised if he is. *I* can't help it.

The L. with N. You could if you liked—you could tell him my nerves won't stand it—the trick will be every *bit* as good if he only *pretends* to fire, I'm sure.

John. Oh, nonsense!—you can stand it very well if you *like*.

The L. w. N. I *can't*, John. . . . There, he's raising it to his shoulder. JOHN, I *must* go out. I shall scream if I sit here, I *know* I shall!

John. No, no—what's the use? He'll have fired long before you get to the door. Much better stay where you are, and do your screaming sitting down. (*The Conjuror fires.*) There, you see, you *didn't* scream, after all!

The L. w. N. I screamed to *myself*—which is ever so much worse for me; but you never *will* understand me till it's too late!

[Herr VON K. *performs another trick.*

First Lady in Plush Cloak. That was very clever, wasn't it? I can't *imagine* how it was done!

The M. in E. D. (*in whom the memory of his desecrated hat is still rankling*). Oh, can't you? Simplest thing in the world—any child could do it!

Second Lady. What, find the rabbit inside those boxes, when they were all corded up, and sealed!

The M. in E. D. You don't mean to say you were taken in by *that*? Why, it was another rabbit, of course!

NOSTALGIA.

"YOU SEEM OUT OF SORTS, JAMES, EVER SINCE WE 'VE COME NORTH. IT 'S THE CHANGE OF CLIMATE AND SCENERY, I S'POSE!"
"IT 'S WUSS NOR THAT, MARIAR. IT 'S THE CHANGE OF BEER!"

"A HIT! A PALPABLE HIT!"

"OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON! I DID NOT SEE YOU, SIR!"
"SEE ME! CONFOUND IT, SIR, YOU CAN SEE *THROUGH* ME NOW!"

First Lady. But even if it *was* another rabbit, it was wearing the borrowed watch round its neck.

The M. in E. D. Easy enough to slip the watch in, if all the boxes have false bottoms.

Second L. Yes, but he passed the boxes round for us to examine.

The M. in E. D. Boxes—but not *those* boxes.

First L. But how could he slip the watch in when somebody was holding it all the time in a paper bag?

The M. in E. D. Ah, *I* saw how it was done—but it would take too long to explain it now. I *have* seen it so well performed that you *couldn't* spot it. But this chap's a regular duffer!

Herr V. K. (*who finds this sort of thing rather disturbing*). Lyties and Shentilmans, I see zere is von among us who is a brofessional like myself, and knows how all my leedle dricks is done. Now—*suddenly abandoning his accent*—I am always griteful for hanything that will distrack the attention of the orjence from what is going on upon the Stige; naterally so, because it prevents you from follerin' my actions too closely, and so I now call upon this gentleman in the hevenin' dress jest to speak hup a very little louder than what he '*as* been doin', so that you will be enabled to 'ear hevery word of his hexplanation more puffickly than what some of you in the back benches have done 'itherto. Now, Sir, if you 'll kindly repeat your very hinterestin' remarks in a more haudible tone, I can go on between like. [*Murmurs of "No, no!" "Shut up!" "We don't want to hear him!" from various places;* The Man in Evening Dress *subsides into a crimson taciturnity, which continues during the remainder of the performance.*

Mr. Punch's Dictionary of Phrases.

JOURNALISTIC.

"*Inspector —— gives you the impression of a particularly able and open-minded Police-officer;*" *i.e.*, "An easy prey to the interviewing correspondent."

"*It could not, of course, be expected that a particularly shrewd and able young Solicitor would be* very *communicative about his client's case;*" *i.e.*, "Knew precious little himself, and didn't even offer me a drink."

QUITE THE KOCH OF THE WALK.—The great Berlin Bacteriologist.

ROBERT AT BURN'EM BEACHES.

THEY is still so jolly busy at the "Grand" that I had sum differculty in getting leaf of habsense for Satterday, larst week, for to go with a werry select Copperashun Party on a most himportent hexcurshun to Burn'em Beaches about cuttin all the trees down, so that then it woodn't be not Burn'em Beaches not no longer! However, by promisin for to stick to the "Grand" all thro' the cumming Winter, the too Gentelmanly Managers let me go.

The fust thing as summat staggered me, in a long day of staggerers, was the fack, that all the hole Party had a grand Royal Saloon all to theirselves for to take them to Slough, but my estonishment ceased when I saw that they was Chairmaned by the same "King of good fellers" as took 'em all to Ship Lake on a prewious ocasion. They didn't have not no refreshments all the way to Slough, so they was naterally all pretty well harf starved by the time they got there, but there they found a lovly Shampane Lunshon a waiting for to refresh xhawsted Natur, and at it they went like One o'Clock altho it wasn't only arf parst Elewen. Now for the second staggerer! One of the party, a rayther antient Deputty, insted of jining the rest of the Party, declared his intenshun to take his Lunch off the Sunshine which was shining most brillient outside the room, and acordingly off he set a warking up and down in it for three quorters of a hour, without not no wittels nor no drink! till "the King of all good fellers" coodn't stand it not no longer, and sent me out to him with sum sangwidges and a bottel of Sham. He woodn't not touch no sangwidges, and ony took one glass of wine, and told me to put by the bottel for his dinner, which I did in course; but somehows, when he asked for it arterwards, the cork had got out, and the wine had got out, but I thinks I can wenture to say as that not one drop of it was wasted, and werry good it was too.

We then set out on our luvly drive, me on the box-seat of one of the Carridges, and the other pore fellers cramped up hinside. Sumhows or other, weather it was hoeing to the nobel Lunch or not, I don't kno, we lost our way, and found ourselves at larst, not where we all wanted to be, but at a most bewtifool House of call, where they has the werry sensebel custom that, when they thinks as wisiters has had enuff drink, they won't let 'em have not a Drop More, and that is acshally the name by which the ouse is known, both far and wide! Whether it 's a good plan for the howse, in course I don't kno, but Mr. FOURBES, the superintendent of the Beeches, says as nothink woodn't injuice 'em to alter the name. Whether that singler custom had anythink to do with it I don't kno, but our party didn't stay there long, and we soon found ourselves at bewtifool Burn'em Beaches.

In course I didn't intrewde myself when they was a settling of the himportant bizziness as they was cum about, so I strolled off to a little willage as I seed in the distance, and which is acshally called Egipt, tho it ain't much bigger than Whetstone Park, Hobern, the ome of my herly birth! From a rayther hurryed conwersashun with a real Native, I gathered the himportant fack that the one reason why all the great big Beach Trees of the Forest had had their tops cut off, was, that OLIWER CROMWEEL wanted the bows for his sojers to carry, so as to make 'em look more than they was when he marched at their Hed to the Seege of Winsor Carsel! What curius and hinteresting hinformashun we can get from the werry humblest of our Feller Creturs when we goes the rite way to git it!

I got back to the Party jest as they had cum to the werry sensebil reserlushun that Nowember was not at all the best munth to see whether Trees was really dead, or was ony shamming, so they determined, like true patriots as they is, to adjourn the matter till the 1st of next April, by which time they wond be able to decide.

On our way back to Slough they all got out to see Stoke Pogies Church, where some great Post was buried long long ago, who had wrote a most lovely Poem there, all about what could be seen from the Churchyard of an evening, and one of the party said, that the sperrit of the bewtifool seen and of the luvly Poem was so strong upon him, that, if they wond stand round the Toom, he wond try to recite some of its sweetest lines, and he did so, and I heard one on 'em say, as we was a driving back, that more than one among them had his eyes filled with plessant tears as he lissened. Ah, it isn't for a pore Waiter like me to write on these matters, but I hopes as I don't offend not anybody when I says, that praps if jest a leetle more pains was taken for to make us pore fellers understand, and feel, and share in the rapshur as such poems seems to inspire in our betters, it might help to smooth, if not to shorten, the long dreary road as lies between the Hignorant and the Heddicated. ROBERT.

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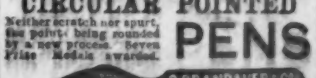

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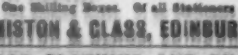

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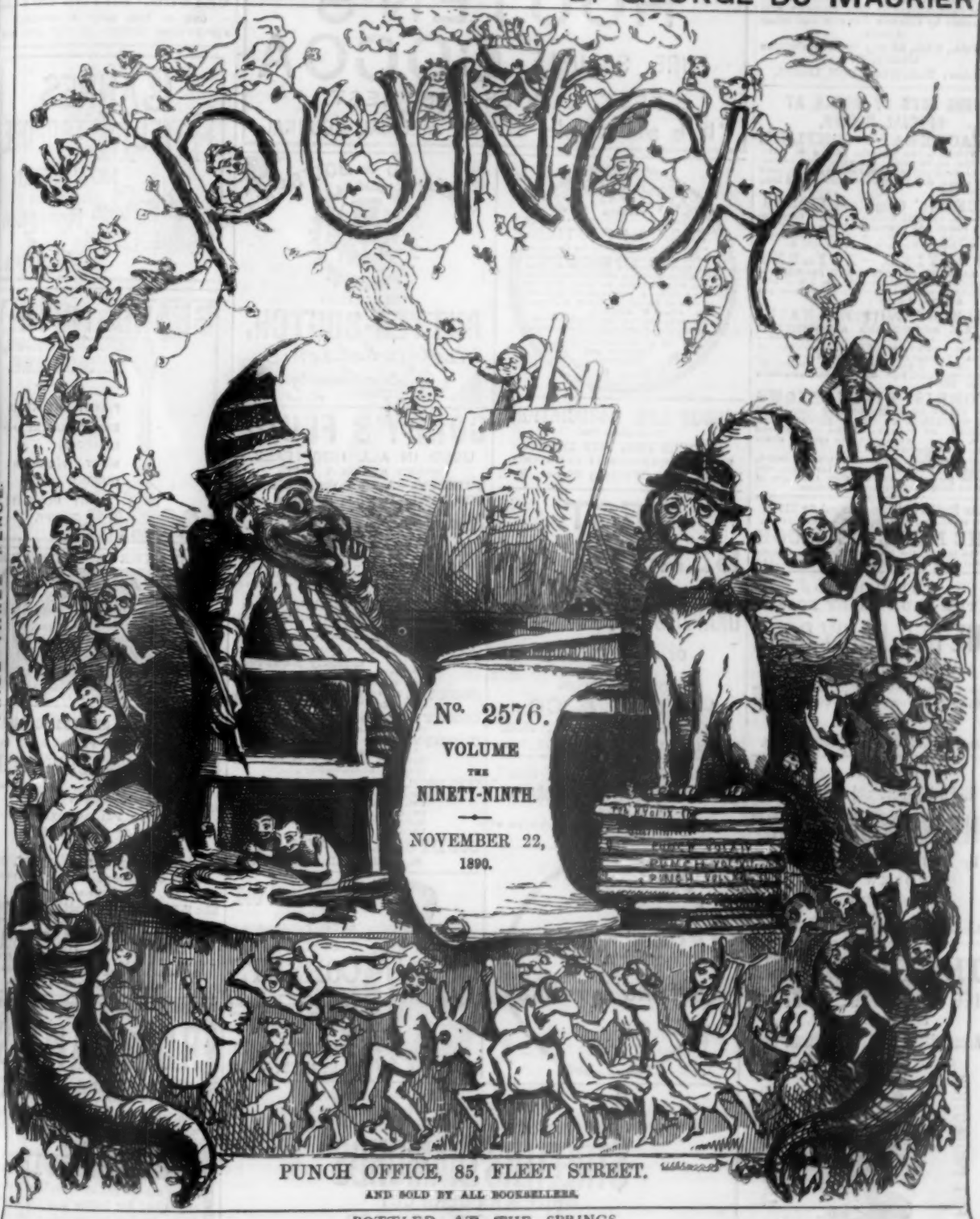

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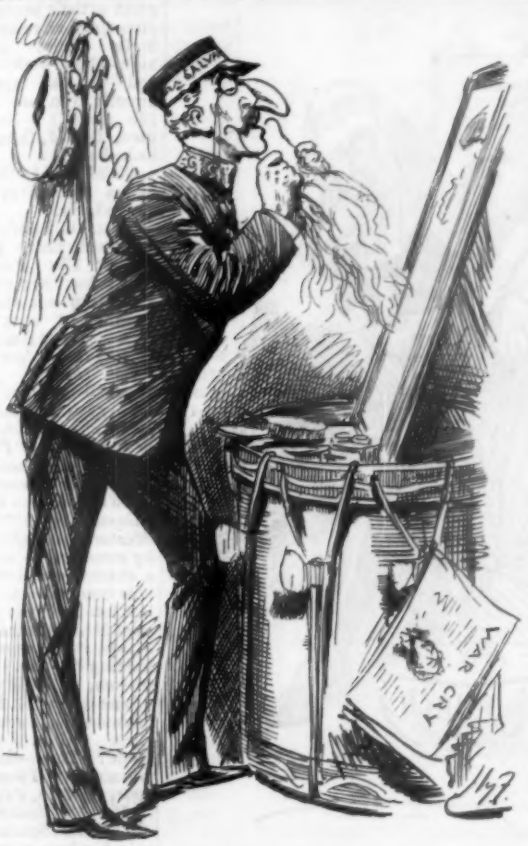


DOUBLING THE PART.

Mr. S. B. B-ncr-ft, having retired from the Stage, thinks of taking to the Booth.

"'WHEN THE CUE COMES, CALL ME.' AW!—VERY LIKE HIM—VERY!"

[One day last week Mr. S. B. BANCROFT wrote to the *Daily Telegraph*, saying, that so struck was he by "General" BOOTH's scheme for relieving everybody generally—of course "generally"—that he wished at once to relieve himself of £1000, if he could only find out ninety-and-nine other sheep in the wilderness of London to follow his example, and consent to be shorn of a similar amount. Send your cheque to 85, Fleet Street, and we'll undertake to use it for the benefit of most deserving objects.]

A GOOD-NATURED TEMPEST.

IT was stated in the *Echo* that, during the late storm, a brig "brought into Dover harbour two men, with their ribs and arms broken by a squall off Beachy Head. The deck-house and steering-gear were carried away, and the men taken to Dover Hospital." Who shall say, after this, that storms do not temper severity with kindness? This particular one, it is true, broke some ribs and arms, and carried away portions of a brig, but, in the very act of doing this, it took the sufferers, and laid them, apparently, on the steps of Dover Hospital. If we must have storms, may they all imitate this motherly example.

"WHAT A WONDERFUL BO-OY!"—In the *Head-Master's Guide* for November, in the list of applicants for Masterships, appears a gentleman who offers to teach Mathematics, Euclid, Arithmetic, Algebra, Natural Science, History, Geography, Book-keeping, French Grammar, Freehand, and Perspective Drawing, the Piano, the Organ, and the Harmonium, and Singing, for the modest salary of £20 a-year without a residence! But it is only just to add, that this person seems to be of marvellous origin, for although he admits extreme youth (he says he is *only three years of age!*) he boasts ten years of experience! *O si sic omnes!* So wise, so young, so cheap!

IF spectacular effects are worth remembering, then Sheriff DRURIOLANUS ought to be a member of the Spectacle-makers' Company.

ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND.

(On the Ninth of November.)

["Our difficulties are such as these—that America has instituted a vast system of prohibitive tariffs, mainly, I believe, because . . . American pigs do not receive proper treatment at the hands of Europe . . . If we have any difficulty with our good neighbours in France, it is because of that unintelligent animal the lobster; and if we have any difficulty with our good neighbours in America, it is because of that not very much nobler animal, the seal."—*Lord Salisbury at the Mansion House.*]

THE Real Turtle sang this, very slowly, and sadly:—

"We are getting quite important," said the Porker to the Seal,
"For we're 'European Questions,' as a Premier seems to feel.
See the 'unintelligent' Lobster, even he, makes an advance!
Oh, we lead the Politicians of the earth a pretty dance.
Will you, won't you, Yankee Doodle, England, and gay France.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, let *us* lead the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,
When they take *us* up as matters of the High Diplomacee."
But the Seal replied, "They brain us!" and he gave a look askance
At the goggle-eyed mailed Lobster, who was loved (and boiled) by France.
"Would they, could they, would they, could they, give us half a chance?
Lobsters, Pigs, and Seals all suffer, Commerce to advance!"

"What matters it how grand we are!" his plated friend replied,
If our destiny is Salad, or the Sausage boiled or fried?
Though we breed strife 'twixt England, and America, and France,
If we're chopped up, or boiled, or brained where is *our* great advance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you chuck away a chance
Of peace in pig-stye, or at sea, to play the game of France?"

"Thank you, it's a very amusing dance—*to watch*," said ALICE, feeling very glad that she had not to stand up in it.

"You may not have lived much under the Sea" (said the Real Turtle) ("I haven't," said ALICE), "and perhaps you were never introduced to a Lobster—" (ALICE began to say "I once tasted——" but checked herself hastily, and said, "No, never"),—"So you can have no idea what a delightful dance a (Diplomatic) Lobster Quadrille is!"

"I dare say not," said ALICE.

"Stand up and repeat '*'Tis the Voice of the Premier*,'" said the Griffin.

ALICE got up and began to repeat it, but her head was so full of Lobsters, Pigs, and Seals, that she hardly knew what she was saying, and the words came very queer indeed:—

"'Tis the voice of the Premier; I heard him complain
On the Ninth of November all prophecy 's vain.
I *must* make some sort of a speech, I suppose.
Dear DIZZY (who led the whole world by the nose)
Said the world heard, for once, on this day, 'Truth and Sense'
(*I.e.* neatly phrased Make-believe and Pretence),
But when GLADDY'S 'tide' rises, and lost seats abound,
One's voice has a cautious and timorous sound."

"I've heard this sort of thing so often before," said the Real Turtle; "but it sounds uncommon nonsense. Go on with the next verse."

ALICE did not dare disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice:—

"I passed by the Session, and marked, by the way,
How the Lion and Eagles would share Af-ri-ca.
How the peoples, at peace, were not shooting with lead,
But bethumping each other with Tariffs instead,
How the Eight Hours' Bill, on which BURNS was so sweet,
Was (like bye-elections) a snare and a cheat;
How the Lobster, the Pig, and the Seal, I would say
At my sixth Lord Mayor's Banquet——"

"What *is* the use of repeating all that stuff," the Real Turtle interrupted, "if you don't explain it as you go on? It's by far the most confusing thing *I* ever heard!"

"Yes, I think you'd better leave off," said the Griffin; and ALICE was only too glad to do so.

GAMES.—It being the season of burglaries, E. WOLF AND SON—("WOLF," most appropriate name,—but *Wolf and Moon* would have been still better than WOLF AND SON)—take the auspicious time to bring out their new game of "Burglar and Bobbies." On a sort of draught-board, so that both Burglar and Bobby play "on the square," which is in itself a novelty. The thief may be caught in thirteen moves. This won't do. We want him to be caught before he moves at all.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A SALE OF HIGH-CLASS SCULPTURE.

SCENE—*An upper floor in a City Warehouse; a low, whitewashed room, dimly lighted by dusty windows and two gas-burners in wire cages. Around the walls are ranged several statues of meek aspect, but securely confined in wooden cases, like a sort of marble menagerie. In the centre, a labyrinthine grove of pedestals, surmounted by busts, groups, and statuettes by modern Italian masters. About these pedestals a small crowd—consisting of Elderly Merchants on the look out for a "neat thing in statuary" for the conservatory at Croydon or Muswell Hill, Young City Men who have dropped in after lunch, Disinterested Dealers, Upholsterers' Buyers, Obliging Brokers, and Grubby and Mysterious men—is cautiously circulating.*

Obliging Broker (*to* Amiable Spectator, *who has come in out of curiosity, and without the remotest intention of purchasing sculpture*). No Catlog, Sir? 'Ere, allow me to orfer,' you mine—that 's *my* name in pencil on the top of it, Sir; and, if you *should* 'appen to see any lot that takes your fancy, you jest ketch my eye. (*Reassuringly.*) I shan't be fur off. Or look 'ere, gimme a nudge—*I* shall know what it means.

[*The* A. S. *thanks him profusely, and edges away with an inward vow to avoid his and the* Auctioneer's *eyes, as he would those of a basilisk.*

Auctioneer (*from desk, with the usual perfunctory fervour*). Lot 13, Gentlemen, very charming pair of subjects from child life—"*The Pricked Finger*" and "*The Scratched Toe*"—by BIMBI.

A Stolid Assistant (*in shirtsleeves*). Figgers 'ere, Gen'lm'n!

[*Languid surge of crowd towards them.*

A Facetious Bidder. Which of 'em 's the finger, and which the toe?

Auct. (*coldly*). I should have thought it was easy to identify by the attitude. Now, Gentlemen, give me a bidding for these very finely-executed works by BIMBI. Make any offer. What will you give me for 'em? Both very sweet things, Gentlemen. Shall we say ten guineas?

A Grubby Man. Give yer five.

Auct. (*with grieved resignation*). Very well, start 'em at five. Any advance on five? (*To* Assist.) Turn 'em round, to show the back view. And a 'arf! Six! And a 'arf! Only six and a 'arf bid for this beautiful pair of figures, done direct from nature by BIMBI. Come, Gentlemen, come! Seven! Was that *you*, Mr. GRIMES? (*The Grubby Man admits the soft impeachment.*) Seven and a 'arf. Eight! It 's *against* you.

Mr. Grimes (*with a supreme effort*). Two-and-six!

[*Mops his brow with a red cotton handkerchief.*

Auct. (*in a tone of gratitude for the smallest mercies*). Eight-ten-six. All done at eight-ten-six? Going . . . gone! GRIMES, Eight, ten, six. Take money for 'em. Now we come to a very 'andsome work by PIFFALINI—"*The Ocarina Player*," one of this great artist's masterpieces, and an exceedingly choice and high-class work, as you will all agree directly you see it. (*To* Assist.) Now, then, Lot 14, there—look sharp!

Stolid Assist. "Ocarina Plier," eyn't arrived, Sir.

Auct. Oh, hasn't it? Very well, then. Lot 15. "*The Pretty Pill-taker*," by ANTONIO BILLIO—a really magnificent work of Art, Gentlemen. ("*Pill-taker, 'ere!*" *from the S. A.*) What 'll you give me for her? Come, make me an offer. (*Bidding proceeds till the* "*Pill-taker*" *is knocked down for twenty-three-and-a-half guineas.*) Lot 16, "*The Mixture as Before*," by same artist—make a charming and suitable companion to the last lot. What do you say, Mr. MIDDLEMAN—take it at the same bidding? (Mr. M. *assents, with the end of one eyebrow.*) Any advance on twenty-three and a 'arf? None? Then.—MIDDLEMAN, Twenty-four, thirteen, six.

Mr. Middleman (*to the* Amiable Spectator, *who has been vaguely inspecting the* "*Pill-taker.*") Don't know if you noticed it, Sir, but I got that last couple very cheap—on'y forty-seven guineas the pair, and they are worth eighty, I solemnly declare to you. I could get forty a-piece for 'em to-morrow, upon my word and honour, I could. Ah, and I know who 'd *give* it me for 'em, too!

The A. S. (*sympathetically*). Dear me, then you 've done very well over it.

Mr. M. Ah, well ain't the word—and those two aren't the only lots I 've got either. That "*Sandwich-Man*" over there is mine—look at the work in those boards, and the nature in his clay pipe; and "*The Boot-Black*," that 's mine, too—all worth twice what *I* got 'em for—and lovely things, too, ain't they?

The A. S. Oh, very nice, very clever—congratulate you, I 'm sure.

Mr. M. I can see you 've took a fancy to 'em, Sir, and, when I come across a gentleman that 's a connysewer, I 'm always sorry to stand in his light; so, see here, you can have any one you like out o' my little lot, or all on 'em, with all the pleasure in the wide world, Sir, and I 'll on'y charge you five per cent. on what I gave for 'em, and be exceedingly obliged to you, into the bargain, Sir. (*The* A. S. *feebly disclaims any desire to take advantage of this magnanimous offer.*) Don't say No, if you mean Yes, Sir. Will you '*ave* the "*Pill-taker*," Sir?

The A. S. (*politely*). Thank you very much, but—er—I think *not*.

Mr. M. Then perhaps you could do with "*The Little Boot-Black*," or "*The Sandwich-Man*," Sir?

The A. S. Perhaps—but I could do still better *without* them.

[*He moves to another part of the room.*

The Obl. Broker (*whispering beerily in his ear*). Seen anythink yet as takes your fancy, Sir; 'cos, if so——

[*The* A. S. *escapes to a dark corner—where he is warmly welcomed by* Mr. MIDDLEMAN.

Mr. M. Knew you 'd think better on it, Sir. Now which is it to be—the "*Boot-Black*," or "*Mixture as Before*"?

Auct. Now we come to Lot 19. Massive fluted column in coral marble with revolving-top—a column, Gentlemen, which will speak for itself.

NEW EDITION OF "ROBA DI 'ROMER.'"

With Mr. Punch's sincere congratulations to his Old Friend the New Judge.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Fond Parent (*to Professional Lady*). "Tell me, Miss Le Vavasour, did my Son acquit himself creditably at this Afternoon's Rehearsal?"

Miss Le Vavasour. "Well, my Lord,—if your Son only acts the Lover on the Stage half as energetically as he does in the Green-room, the Piece will be a success!"

The Facetious Bidder (*after a scrutiny*). Then it may as well mention, while it 's *about* it, that it 's got a bit out of its back!

Auct. Flaw in the marble, that 's all. (*To Assist.*) Nothing the *matter* with the column, is there?

Assist. (*with reluctant candour*). Well, it 's *as* got a little chipped, Sir.

Auct. (*easily*). Oh, very well then, we 'll sell it "A.F." Very glad it was found out in time, I 'm sure.

[*Bidding proceeds.*

First Dealer to Second (*in a husky whisper*). Talkin' o' Old Masters, I put young 'Anway up to a good thing the other day.

Second D. (*without surprise—probably from a knowledge of his friend's noble, unselfish nature*). Ah—'ow was that?

First D. Well, there was a picter as I 'appened to know could be got in for a deal under what it ought—in good 'ands, mind yer—to fetch. It was a Morlan'—leastwise, it was so like you couldn't ha' told the difference, if you understand my meanin'. (*The other nods with complete intelligence.*) Well, I 'adn't no openin' for it myself just then, so I sez to young 'Anway, "You might do worse than go and 'ave a *look* at it," I told him. And I run against him yesterday, Wardour Street way, and I sez, "Did yer go and *see* that picter?" "Yes," sez he, "and what 's more, I got it at pretty much my own figger, too!" "Well," sez I, "and ain't yer goin' to *shake 'ands with me over it?*"

Second D. (*interested*). And *did* he?

First D. Yes, he did—he beyaved very fair over the matter, I will say *that* for him.

Second D. Oh, 'Anway 's a very decent little feller—*now*.

Auct. (*hopefully*). Now, Gentlemen, this next lot 'll tempt you, *I* 'm sure! Lot 33, a magnificent and very finely executed dramatic group out of the "*Merchant of Venice*," *Othello* in the act of smothering *Desdemona*, both nearly life-size. (*Assist., with a sardonic inflection.* "*Group 'ere, Gen'lm'n!*") What shall we say for this great work by Roccocippi, Gentlemen? A hundred guineas, just to start us?

The F. B. Can't you put the two figgers up separate?

Auct. You know better than that—being a group, Sir. Come, come, anyone give me a hundred for this magnificent marble group! The figure of *Othello* very finely finished, Gentlemen.

The F. B. I should ha' thought it was *her* who was the finely finished one of the two.

Auct. (*pained by this levity*). Really, Gentlemen, *do* 'ave more appreciation of a 'igh-class work like this!... Twenty-five guineas?... Nonsense! I can't put it up at that.

[*Bidding languishes. Lot withdrawn.*

Second Disinterested Dealer (*to First D. D., in an undertone*). I wouldn't tell everyone, but I shouldn't like to see *you* stay 'ere and waste your time; so, in case you *was* thinking of waiting for that last lot, I may just as well mention—— [*Whispers.*

First D. D. Ah, it 's *that* way, is it? Much obliged to you for the 'int. But I 'd do the same for you any day.

Second D. D. I 'm *sure* yer would!

[*They watch one another suspiciously.*

Auct. Now 'ere 's a tasteful thing, Gentlemen. Lot 41. "*Nymph eating Oysters*" ("*Nymph 'ere, Gen'lm'n!*"), by the celebrated Italian artist Vabene, one of the finest works of Art in this room, and they 're *all* exceedingly fine works of Art; but this is *truly* a work of Art, Gentlemen. What shall we say for her, eh? (*Silence.*) Why, Gentlemen, no more appreciation than *that?* Come, don't be afraid of it. Make a beginning. (*Bidding starts.*) Forty-five guineas. Forty-six—*pounds*. Forty-six pounds only, this remarkable specimen of modern Italian Art. Forty-six and a 'arf. Only forty-six ten bid for it. Give character to any gentleman's collection, a figure like this would. Forty-seven *pounds—guineas!* and a 'arf.... Forty-seven and a 'arf guineas.... For the last time! Bidding with you, Sir. Forty-seven guineas and a 'arf—Gone! Name, Sir, if *you* please. Oh, money? Very well. Thank you.

Proud Purchaser (*to Friend, in excuse for his extravagance*). You see, I must have something for that grotto I 've got in the grounds.

His Friend. If she was mine, I should put her in the hall, and have a gaslight fitted in the oyster-shell.

P. P. (*thoughtfully*). Not a bad idea. But electric light would be more suitable, and easier to fix too. Yes—we 'll see.

The Obl. Broker (*pursuing the Am. Spect.*). I 'ope, Sir, you 'll remember me, next time you 're this way.

The Am. Spect. (*who has only ransomed himself by taking over an odd lot, consisting of imitation marble fruit, a model, under crystal, of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and three busts of Italian celebrities of whom he has never heard*). I 'm afraid I shan't have very much chance of forgetting you. *Good* afternoon!

[*Exit hurriedly, dropping the fruit, as Scene closes.*

FROM OUR MUSIC HALL.

I had a fine performance at my little place last week. Gave the *Elijah* with a chorus whose vigorous delivery and precision were excellent, and except for uncertain intonation of *soprani* in first chorus, I think though perhaps I say it who shouldn't, I never heard better chorussing within my walls. Madame Schmidt-Koehne has a good voice, but I can't say I approve of her German method, nor do I like embellishments of text, even when they can be justified. The *contralto*, Madame Sviatlovsky (O Heavenly name that ends in *sky!*) is not what I should have expected, coming to us with such a name. Perhaps not heard to advantage: perhaps 'vantage to me if I hadn't heard her. But Miss Sarah Berry brought down the house just as Samson did, and we were Berry'd all alive, O, and applauding beautifully. *Brava*, Miss Sarah Berry!

"As we are hearing *Elijah*," says Mr. Corner Man, "may I ask you, Sir, what Queen in Scripture History this young lady reminds me of?" Of course I reply, "I give it up, Sir." Whereupon he answers, "She reminds me, Sir, of the Queen who was Berenick—'Berry-Nicey'—see?"

Number next in the books. Mr. Watkin Mills was dignified and impressive as *Elijah*; but, while admitting the excellence of this profit, we can't forget our loss in the absence of Mr. Santley. Ben Mio Davies sang the tenor music, but apologised for having unfortunately got a pony on the event,—that is, he had got a little hoarse during the day. "Ben Mio" is—um—rather *troppo operatico* for the oratorio. Mr. Barnby bravely bâtoned, as usual. Bravo, Barnby! He goes on with the work because he likes it. Did he not, he would say with the *General Bombastes*—

"Give o'er! give o'er!
For I will bâton on this tune no more."

Perhaps the quotation is not quite exact, but no matter, all 's well that ends well, as everyone said as they left

Yours truly, Albert Hall.

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. VII.—A BUCCANEER'S BLOOD-BATH.

By L. S. DERVENSON, *Author of "Toldon Dryland," "The White Heron," "Wentnap," "Amiss with a Candlestray," "An Outlandish Trip," "A Travelled Donkey," "A Queer Fall on a Treacle Slide," "The Old Persian Baronets," &c., &c., &c.)*

[For some weeks before this Novel actually arrived, we received by every post an immense consignment of paragraphs, notices, and newspaper cuttings, all referring to it in glowing terms. "This" observed the *Bi-weekly Boomer*, "is, perhaps, the most brilliant effort of the brilliant and versatile Author's genius. Humour and pathos are inextricably blended in it. He sweeps with confident finger over the whole gamut of human emotions, and moves us equally to terror and to pity. Of the style, it is sufficient to say that it is MR. DERVENSON'S." The MS. of the Novel itself came in a wrapper bearing the Samoan post-mark.—ED. *Punch*.]

CHAPTER I.

I AM a man stricken in years, and well-nigh spent with labour, yet it behoves that, for the public good, I should take pen in hand, and set down the truth of those matters wherein I played a part. And, indeed, it may befall that, when the tale is put forth in print, the public may find it to their liking, and buy it with no sparing hand, so that, at the last, the payment shall be worthy of the labourer.

I have never been gifted with what pedants miscall courage. That extreme rashness of the temper which drives fools to their destruction hath no place in my disposition. A shrinking meekness under provocation, and a commendable absence of body whenever blows fell thick, seemed always to me to be the better part. And for this I have boldly endured many taunts. Yet it so chanced that in my life I fell in with many to whom the cutting of throats was but a moment's diversion. Nay, more, in most of their astounding ventures I shared with them; I made one upon their reckless forays; I was forced, sorely against my will, to accompany them upon their stormy voyages, and to endure with them their dangers; and there does not live one man, since all of them are dead, and I alone survive, so well able as myself to narrate these matters faithfully within the compass of a single five-shilling volume.

CHAPTER II.

ON a December evening of the year 17—, ten men sat together in the parlour of "The Haunted Man." Without, upon the desolate moorland, a windless stricture of frost had bound the air as though in boards, but within, the tongues were loosened, and the talk flowed merrily, and the clink of steaming tumblers filled the room. DR. DEADEYE sat with the rest at the long deal table, puffing mightily at the brown old Broseley church-warden, whom the heat and the comfort of his evening meal had so far conquered, that he resented the doctor's treatment of him only by an occasional splutter. For myself, I sat where the warmth of the cheerful fire could reach my chilled toes, close by the side of the good doctor. I was a mere lad, and even now, as I search in my memory for these long-forgotten scenes, I am prone to marvel at my own heedlessness in thus affronting these lawless men. But, indeed, I knew them not to be lawless, or I doubt not but that my prudence had counselled me to withdraw ere the events befell which I am now about to narrate.

As I remember, the Doctor and Captain JAWKINS were seated opposite to one another, and, as their wont was, they were in high debate upon a question of navigation, on which the Doctor held and expressed an emphatic opinion.

"Never tell me," he said, with flaming aspect, "that the common term, 'Port your helm,' implies aught but what a man, not otherwise foolish, would gather from the word. Port means port, and starboard is starboard, and all the d—d sea-captains in the world cannot move me from that." With that the Doctor beat his fist upon the table until the glasses rattled again and glared into the Captain's weather-beaten face.*

"Hear the man," said the Captain—"hear him. A man would think he had spent his days and nights upon the sea, instead of mixing pills and powders all his life in a snuffy village dispensary."

The quarrel seemed like to be fierce, when a sudden sound struck upon our ears, and stopped all tongues. I cannot call it a song. Rather, it was like the moon-struck wailing of some unhappy dog, low, and unearthly; and yet not that, either, for there were words to it. That much we all heard distinctly.

"Fifteen two and a pair make four,
Two for his heels, and that makes six."

We listened, awestruck, with blanched faces, scarce daring to look at one another. For myself, I am bold to confess that I crept under the sheltering table and hid my head in my hands. Again the mournful notes were moaned forth—

"Fifteen two and a pair make four,
Two for his heels, and——"

But ere it was ended, Captain JAWKINS had sprung forward, and rushed into the further corner of the parlour. "I know that voice," he cried aloud; "I know it amid a thousand!" And even as he spoke, a strange light dispelled the shadows, and by its rays we could see the crouching form of BILL BLUENOSE, with the red seam across his face where the devil had long since done his work.

CHAPTER III.

I HAD forgot to say that, as he ran, the Captain had drawn his sword. In the confusion which followed on the discovery of BLUENOSE, I could not rightly tell how each thing fell out; indeed, from where I lay, with the men crowding together in front of me, to see at all was no easy matter. But this I saw clearly. The Captain stood in the corner, his blade raised to strike. BLUENOSE never stirred, but his breath came and went, and his eyelids blinked strangely, like the flutter of a sere leaf against the wall. There came a roar of voices, and, in the tumult, the Captain's sword flashed quickly, and fell. Then, with a broken cry like a sheep's bleat, the great seamed face fell separate from the body, and a fountain of blood rose into the air from the severed neck, and splashed heavily upon the sanded floor of the parlour.

"Man, man!" cried the Doctor, angrily, "what have ye done? Ye've kilt BLUENOSE, and with him goes our chance of the treasure. But, maybe, it's not yet too late."

So saying, he plucked the head from the floor and clapped it again upon its shoulders. Then, drawing a long stick of sealing-wax from his pocket, he held it well before the Captain's ruddy face. The wax spluttered and melted. The Doctor applied it to the cut with deft fingers, and with a strange condescension of manner in one so proud. My heart beat like a bird's, both quick and little; and on a sudden BLUENOSE raised his dripping hands, and in a quavering kind of voice piped out—

"Fifteen two and a pair make four."

But we had heard too much, and the next moment we were speeding with terror at our backs across the desert moorland.

CHAPTER IV.

YOU are to remember that when the events I have narrated befell I was but a lad, and had a lad's horror of that which smacked of the supernatural. As we ran, I must have fallen in a swoon, for I remember nothing more until I found myself walking with trembling feet through the policies of the ancient mansion of Dearodear. By my side strode a young nobleman, whom I straightway recognised as

* *Editor to Author:* "How did the glasses manage to glare? It seems an odd proceeding for a glass. Answer paid."
Author to Editor: "Don't be a fool. I meant the Doctor—not the glasses."

the Master. His gallant bearing and handsome face served but to conceal the black heart that beat within his breast. He gazed at me with a curious look in his eyes.

"SQUARETOES, SQUARETOES," said he—it was thus he had named me, and by that I knew that we were in Scotland, and that my name was become MACKELLAR—"I have a mind to end your prying and your lectures here where we stand."

"End it," said I, with a boldness which seemed strange to me even as I spoke; "end it, and where will you be? A penniless beggar and an outcast."

"The old fool speaks truly," he continued, kicking me twice violently in the back, but otherwise ignoring my presence; "and if I end him, who shall tell the story? Nay, SQUARETOES, let us make a compact. I will play the villain, and brawl, and cheat, and murder; you shall take notes of my actions, and, after I have died dramatically in a North American forest, you shall set up a stone to my memory, and publish the story. What say you? Your hand upon it."

Such was the fascination of the man that even then I could not withstand him. Moreover, the measure of his misdeeds was not yet full. My caution prevailed, and I gave him my hand.

"Done!" said he; "and a very good bargain for you, SQUARETOES!"

Let the public, then, judge between me and the Master, since of his house not one remains, and I alone may write the tale.

(To be continued.—Author.) THE END.—Ed. *Punch*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Children of the Castle, by Mrs. MOLESWORTH (published by MACMILLAN), will certainly be a favourite with the children in the house. A quaintly pretty story of child life and fairies, such as she can write so well, it is valuably assisted with Illustrations by WALTER CRANE.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE evidently means to catch the youthful book-worm's eye by the brilliancy of his bindings, but the attraction will not stay there long, for the contents are equal to the covers.

These are days of reminiscences, so "*Bob*," *the Spotted Terrier*, writes his own tale, or, wags it. Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. And here for the tiny ones, bless 'em, is *The House that Jack Built*,—a paper book in actually the very shape of the house he built! And then there's the melancholy but moral tale of *Froggy would a-Wooing Go*. "Recommended," says the Baron.

Published by DEAN AND SON, who should call their publishing establishment "The Deanery," is *The Doyle Fairy Book*, a splendid collection of regular fairy lore; and the Illustrations are by RICHARD DOYLE, which needs nothing more.

The Mistletoe Bough, edited by M. E. BRADDON, is not only very strong to send forth so many sprigs, but it is a curious branch, as from each sprig hangs a tale. The first, by the Editor and Authoress, *His Oldest Friends*, is excellent.

Flowers of The Hunt, by FINCH MASON, published by Messrs. FORES. Rather too spring-like a title for a sporting book, as it suggests hunting for flowers. Sketchy and amusing.

HACHETTE AND CIE. getting ahead of Christmas, and neck and neck with the New Year, issue a *Nouveau Calendrier Perpétuel*, "*Les Amis Fidèles*," representing three poodles, the first of which carries in his mouth the day of the week, the second the day of the month, and the third the name of the month. This design is quaint, and if not absolutely original, is new in the combination and application. Unfortunately it only suggests one period of the year, the dog-days, but in 1892 this can be improved upon, and amplified.

No nursery would be complete without a *Chatterbox*, and, as a reward to keep him quiet, *The Prize* would come in useful. WELLS, DARTON, & GARDNER, can supply both of them.

F. WARNE has another Birthday-book, *Fortune's Mirror, Set in Gems*, by M. HALFORD, with Illustrations by KATE CRAUFORD. A novel idea of setting the mirror in the binding; but, to find your fortune, you must look inside, and then you will see what gem ought to be worn in the month of your birth.

WILLERT BEALE'S *Light of Other Days* is most interesting to those who, like the Baron, remember the latter days of GRISI and MARIO, who can call to mind MARIO in *Les Huguenots*, in *Trovatore*, in *Rigoletto*; and GRISI in *Norma*, *Valentina*, *Fides*, *Lucrezia*, and some others. It seems to me that the centre of attraction in these two volumes is the history of MARIO and GRISI on and off the stage; and the gem of all is the simple narrative of Mrs. GODFREY PEARSE, their daughter, which M. WILLERT BEALE has had the good taste to give *verbatim*, with few notes or comments. To think that only twenty years ago we lost GRISI, and that only nine years ago MARIO died in Rome! Peace to them both! In Art they were a glorious couple, and in their death our thoughts cannot divide them. GRISI and MARIO, Queen and King of song, inseparable. I have never looked upon their like again, and probably never shall. My tribute to their memory is, to advise all those to whom their memory is dear, and those to whom their memory is but a tradition, to read these Reminiscences, of them and of others, by WILLERT BEALE, in order to learn all they can about this romantic couple, who, caring little for money, and everything for their art, were united in life, in love, in work, and, let us, *peccatores*, humbly hope, in death. WILLERT BEALE has, in his Reminiscences, given us a greater romance of real life than will be found in twenty volumes of novels, by the most eminent authors. Yet all so naturally and so simply told. At least so, with moist eyes, says your tender-hearted critic,

THE SYMPATHETIC BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

WIGS AND RADICALS.

["As a protest against the acceptance by the Corporation of Sunderland of robes, wigs, and cocked hats, for the Mayor and Town Clerk, Mr. STOREY, M.P., has sent in his resignation of the office of Alderman of that body."—*Daily Paper*.]

Brutus. Tell us what has chanced to-day, that STOREY looks so sad.

Casca. Why, there was a wig and a cocked hat offered him, and he put it away with the back of his hand, thus; and then the Sunderland Radicals fell a-shouting.

Brutus. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Brutus. They shouted thrice—what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too—not to mention a municipal robe.

Brutus. Was the wig, &c., offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was it, and he put the things by thrice, every time more savagely than before.

Brutus. Who offered him the wig?

Casca. Why, the Sunderland Municipality, of course—stoopid!

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle CASCA.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell you. It was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw the people offer a cocked hat to him—yet 'twas not to him neither, because he's only an Alderman, 'twas to the Mayor and Town Clerk—and, as I told you, he put the things by thrice; yet, to my thinking, had he been Mayor, he would fain have had them. And the rabblement, of course, cheered such an exhibition of stern Radical simplicity, and STOREY called the wig a bauble, though, to my thinking, there's not much bauble about it, and the cocked-hat he called a mediæval intrusion, though, to my thinking, there were precious few cocked-hats in the Middle Ages. Then he said he would no more serve as Alderman; and the Mayor and the Town Clerk cried—"Alas, good soul!"—and accepted his resignation with all their hearts.

Brutus. Then will not the Sunderland Town Hall miss him?

Casca. Not it, as I am a true man! There'll be a STOREY the less on it, that's all. Farewell!

"Not there, Not there, My Child!"

BY some misadventure I was unable to attend the pianoforte recital of Paddy REWSKI, the player from Irish Poland at the St. James's Hall last Wednesday. Everybody much pleased, I'm told. Glad to hear it. I was "Not there, not there, my child!" But audience gratified—

"And Stalldom shrieked when Paddy REWSKI played,"

as the Poet says, or something like it. I hear he made a hit. The papers say he did, and if he didn't it's another thumper, that's all.

"SO NO MAYER AT PRESENT FROM YOURS TRULY THE ENTREPRENEUR OF THE FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE."—It is hard on the indefatigable M. MAYER, but when Englishmen can so easily cross the Channel, and so willingly brave the *mal-de-mer* for the sake of a week in Paris, it is not likely that they will patronise French theatricals in London, even for their own linguistic and artistic improvement, or solely for the benefit of the deserving and enterprising M. MAYER. Even if it be *mal-de-mer* against *bien de Mayer*, an English admirer of French acting would risk the former to get a week in Paris. We are sorry 'tis so, but so 'tis.

"THE MAGAZINE RIFLE."—Is this invention patented by the Editor of *The Review of Reviews*? Good title for the Staff of that Magazine, "The Magazine Rifle Corps."

UNNECESSARY CANDOUR.

Critic. "BY JOVE, HOW ONE CHANGES! I'VE QUITE CEASED TO ADMIRE THE KIND OF PAINTING I USED TO THINK SO CLEVER TEN YEARS AGO; AND *VICE VERSÂ!*"

Pictor. "THAT'S AS IT *SHOULD BE!* IT SHOWS PROGRESS, DEVELOPMENT! IT'S AN UNMISTAKABLE PROOF THAT YOU'VE REACHED A HIGHER INTELLECTUAL AND ARTISTIC LEVEL, A MORE ADVANCED STAGE OF CULTURE, A LOFTIER——"

Critic. "I'M GLAD YOU THINK SO, OLD MAN. BUT, CONFOUND IT, YOU KNOW!—THE KIND OF PAINTING I USED TO THINK SO CLEVER TEN YEARS AGO, HAPPENS TO BE *YOURS!*"

BETWEEN THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

THE Appeal's to Justice! Justice lendeth ear
Unstirred by favour, unseduced by fear;
And they who Justice love must check the thrill
Of natural shame, and listen, and be still.
These wrangling tales of horror shake the heart
With pitiful disgust. Oh, glorious part
For British manhood, much bepraised, to play [day!
In that dark land late touched by culture's
Are these our Heroes, pictured each by each?
We fondly deemed that where our English speech [humane.
Sounded, there English hearts, of mould
Justice would strengthen, cruelty restrain.
And is it all a figment of false pride?
Such horrors do our vaunting annals hide
Beneath a world of words, like flowers that wave
In tropic swamps o'er a malarious grave?

These are the questions which perforce intrude
As the long tale of horror coarse and crude,
Rolls out its sickening chapters one by one.
What will the verdict be when all is done?
Conflicting counsels in loud chorus *rise*,
"Hush the thing up!" the knowing cynic cries,
"Arm not our chuckling enemies at gaze
With charnel dust to foul our brightest bays!
Let the dead past bury its tainted dead,
Lest aliens at our 'heroes' wag the head."
"Shocking!" wails out the sentimentalist.
Believe no tale unpleasant, scorn to list
To slanderous charges on the British name!
That brutish baseness, or that sordid shame
Can touch 'our gallant fellows,' is a thing
Incredible. Do not our poets sing,
Our pressmen praise in dithyrambic prose,
The 'lads' who win our worlds and face our foes?
Who never, save to human pity, yield
One step in wilderness or battlefield!"

Meanwhile, with troubled eyes and straining hands,
Silent, attentive, thoughtful, Justice stands.
To her alone let the appeal be made.
Heroes, or merely tools of huckstering Trade,
Men brave, though fallible, or sordid brutes,
Let all be heard. Since each to each imputes
Unmeasured baseness, *somewhere* the black stain [slain
Must surely rest. The dead speak not, the
Have not a voice, save such as that which spoke
From ABEL'S blood. Green laurels, or the stroke [alternative
Of shame's swift scourge? There's the
Before the lifted eyes of those who live.
One fain would see the grass unstained that waves
In the dark Afric waste o'er those two graves.
To Justice the protagonist makes appeal.
Justice would wish him smirchless as her steel,
But stands with steadfast eyes and unbowed head
Silent—betwixt the Living and the Dead!

OPERA NOTES.

WHAT'S a Drama without a Moral, and what's *Rigoletto* without a MAUREL, who was cast for the part, but who was too indisposed to appear? So Signor GALASSI came and "played the fool" instead, much to the satisfaction of all concerned, and all were very much concerned about the illness or indisposition of M. MAUREL. DIMITRESCO not particularly strong as the *Duke*; but Mlle. STROMFELD came out well as *Gilda*, and, being called, came out in excellent form in front of the Curtain. Signor BEVIGNANI, beating time in Orchestra, and time all the better for his beating.

"FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS."—The difficulties in The City, which *Mr. Punch* represented in his Cartoon of November 8, were by the *Times* of last Saturday publicly acknowledged to be at an end. The adventurous mariners were luckily able to rest on the Bank, and are now once more fairly started. They will bear in mind the warning of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, as given to the boys in the above mentioned Cartoon.

BETWEEN THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

AVENUE HUNCHBACK.

OF course there is nothing very new in the idea of a cripple loving a beautiful maiden, while the beautiful maiden bestows her affections on somebody else. SHERIDAN KNOWLES's Hunchback, *Master Walter*, is an exception to Hunchbacks generally, as he turns out

Mr. Punch applauding Master Walter George Desmarets.

to be the father, not the lover, of the leading lady. It has remained for Mr. CARTON to give us in an original three-act play a deformed hero, who has to sacrifice love to duty, or, rather, to let self-abnegation triumph over the gratification of self. This self-sacrificing part is admirably played by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, whose simple make-up for the character is irreproachable. That something more can still be made by him of the scene of his great temptation I feel sure, and if he does this he will have developed several full leaves from his already budding laurels, and, which is presently important, he will have added another 100 nights to the run.

Maud (*without* the final "*e*") capitally played by Miss MAUDE (*with* the final "E") MILLETT. (Why didn't the author choose another name when this character was cast to Miss MILLETT? Not surely for the sake of someone saying, "Come into the garden"—eh? And the author has already indulged his pungent humour by giving "*George*" *Addis* to "GEORGE" ALEXANDER. Mistake.) This character of *Maud* is a sketch of an utterly odious girl,—odious, that is, at home, but fascinating no doubt, away from the domestic circle. Is a sketch of such a character worth the setting? How one pities the future Bamfield *ménage*, when the unfortunate idiot *Bamfield*, well represented by Mr. BEN WEBSTER, has married this flirting, flighty, sharp-tongued, selfish little girl. To these two are given some good, light, and bright comedy scenes, recalling to the mind of the middle-aged playgoer the palmy days of what used to be known as the Robertsonian "Tea-cup-and-saucer Comedies," with dialogue, scarcely *fin de siècle* perhaps, but pleasant to listen to, when spoken by Miss MAUDE MILLETT, Miss TERRY, and Mr. BEN WEBSTER.

Dr. Latimer at the Steak. Historical subject treated in Act II. of *S. & S.*

In Miss MARION TERRY'S *Helen*, the elder of the Doctor's daughters, we have a charming type, nor could Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD'S *Dr. Latimer* be improved upon as an artistic performance where repose and perfectly natural demeanour give a certain coherence and solidity to the entire work. Mr. YORKE STEPHENS as *Mark Denzil* is too heavy, and his manner conveys the impression that, at some time or other, he will commit a crime, such, perhaps, as stealing the money from the Doctor's desk; or, when this danger is past and he hasn't done it, his still darkening, melodramatic manner misleads the audience into supposing that in Act III. he will make away with his objectionable wife, possess himself of the two hundred pounds, and then, just at the moment when, with a darkling scowl and a gleaming eye, he steps forward to claim his affianced bride, *Scollick*, Mr. ALFRED HOLLES, hitherto only known as the drunken gardener, will throw off his disguise, and, to a burst of applause from an excited audience, will say, "I arrest you for murder and robbery! and—I am HAWKSHAW the Detective!!!" or words to this effect. In his impersonation of *Mark Denzil* Mr. STEPHENS seems to have attempted an imitation of the light and airy style of Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING.

The end of the Second Act is, to my thinking, a mistake in dramatic art. Everyone of the audience knows that the woman who has stolen the money is *Mark Denzil's* wife, and nobody requires from *Denzil* himself oral confirmation of the fact, much less do they want an interval of several minutes,—it may be only seconds, but it seems minutes,—before the Curtain descends, occupied only by *Mark Denzil* imploring that his wife shall not be taken before the magistrate and be charged with theft.

"The Shadow," but more like the substance. Collapse of Mr. Yorke Stephens into the arms of Miss Marrying Terry, on hearing the Shadow exclaim, "Yorke (Stephens), you're wanted!"

This is an anti-climax, weakening an otherwise effective situation, as the immediate result of this scene could easily be given in a couple of sentences of dialogue at the commencement of the last Act. It is this fault, far more than the unpruned passages of dialogue, that makes this interesting and well acted play *seem* too long—at least, such is the honest opinion of

A FRIEND IN FRONT.

THE BURDEN OF BACILLUS.

Is there no one to protect us, is existence then a sin,
That we're worried here in London and in Paris and Berlin?
We would live at peace with all men, but "Destroy them!" is the cry,
Physiological assassins are not happy till we die.
With the rights of man acknowledged, can you wonder that we squirm
At the endless persecution of the much-maltreated germ.

We are ta'en from home and hearthstone, from the newly-wedded bride,
To be looked at by cold optics on a microscopic slide;
We are boiled and stewed together, and they never think it hurts;
We're injected into rabbits by those hypodermic squirts:
Never safe, although so very insignificant in size,
There's no peace for poor Bacillus, so it seems, until he dies.

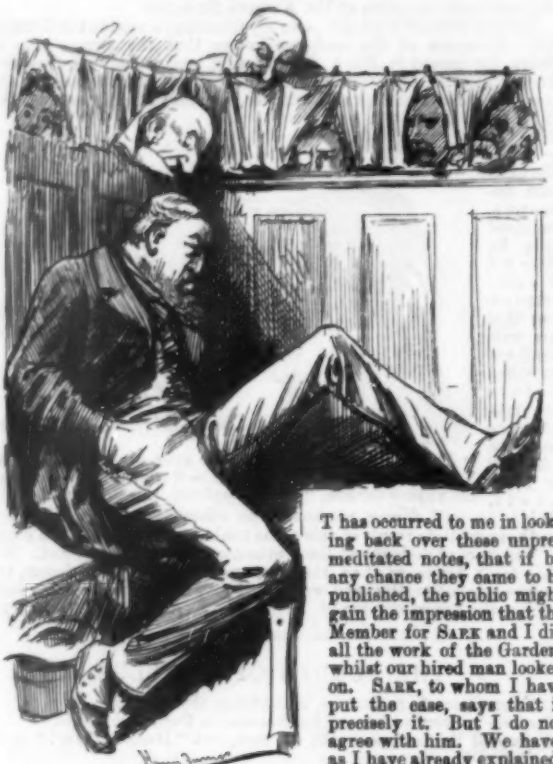
It is strange to think how men lived in the days of long ago,
When the fact of our existence they had never chanced to know.
If the scientific ghouls are right who hunt us to the death,
Those who came before them surely had expired ere they drew breath:
We were there in those old ages, thriving in our youthful bloom;
Then there was no KOCH or PASTEUR bent on compassing our doom.

Men humanity are preaching, and philanthropists elate
Point out he who injures horses shall be punished by the State;
Dogs are carefully protected, likewise the domestic cats,
Possibly kind-hearted people would not draw the line at rats:
If all that be right and proper, why then persecute and kill us?
Lo! the age's foremost martyr is the vilified Bacillus!

WALK UP!

As far as Vigo Street, and see Mr. NETTLESHIP'S Wild Beast Show at the sign of "The Rembrandt Head." Here are Wild Animals to be seen done from the life, and to the life; tawny lions, sleepy bears, flapping vultures, and eagles, and brilliant macaws—all in excellent condition. Observe the "Lion roaring" at No. 28, and the "Ibis flying" with the sunlight on his big white wings against a deep blue sky, No. 36. All these Wild Animals can be safely guaranteed as pleasant and agreeable companions to live with, and so, judging from certain labels on the frames, the British picture-buyer has already discovered. Poor Mr. NETTLESHIP'S Menagerie will return to him shorn of its finest specimens—that is, if he ever sees any of them back at all.

IN OUR GARDEN.



It has occurred to me in looking back over these unpremeditated notes, that if by any chance they came to be published, the public might gain the impression that the Member for Sark and I did all the work of the Garden, whilst our hired man looked on. Sark, to whom I have put the case, says that is precisely it. But I do not agree with him. We have, as I have already explained, undertaken this new responsibility from a desire to preserve health and strength useful to our Queen and Country. Therefore we, as Arpachshad says, potter about the Garden, get in each other's way, and in his; that is to say, we are out working pretty well all day, with inadequate intervals for meals.

Arpachshad, to do him justice, is most anxious not to interfere with our project by unduly taking labour on himself. When we are shifting earth, and as we shift it backwards and forwards there is a good deal to be done in that way, he is quite content to walk by the side, or in front of the barrow, whilst Sark wheels it, and I walk behind, picking up any bits that have shaken out of the vehicle. (Earth trodden into the gravel-walk would militate against its efficiency.) But of course Arpachshad is, in the terms of his contract, "a working gardener," and I see that he works.

At the same time it must be admitted that he does not display any eagerness in engaging himself, nor does he rapidly and energetically carry out little tasks which are set him. There are, for example, the sods about the trees in the orchard. He says it's very bad for the trees to have the sods close up to their trunks. There should be a small space of open ground. Arpachshad thought that perhaps "the gents," as he calls us, would enjoy digging a clear space round the trees. We thought we would, and set to work. But Sark having woefully hacked the stem of a young apple-tree (*Lord Suffield*) and I having laboriously and carefully cut away the entire network of the roots of a damson-tree, under the impression that it was a weed, it was decided that Arpachshad had better do this skilled labour. We will attain to it by-and-by.

Arpachshad has now been engaged on the work for a fortnight, and I think it will carry him on into the spring. The way he walks round the harmless apple-tree before cautiously putting in the spade, is very impressive. Having dug three exceedingly small sods, he packs them in a basket, and then, with a great sigh, heaves it on to his shoulder, and walks off to store the sods by the potting-shed. Anything more solemn than his walk, more depressing than his mien, has not been seen outside a churchyard. If he were burying the child of his old age, he could not look more cut up. Sark, who, probably owing to personal associations, is beginning to develop some sense of humour, walked by the side of him this morning whistling "*The Dead March in Saul.*"

The effect was unexpected and embarrassing. Arpachshad slowly relieved himself of the burden of the three sods, dropped them on the ground with a disproportionate thud, and, producing a large pocket-handkerchief, whose variegated and brilliant colours were, happily, dimmed by a month's use, mopped his eyes.

"You'll excuse *me*, gents," he snuffled, "but I never hear that there tune, '*Rule Britanny*,' whistled or sung but I think of the time when I went down to see my son off from Portsmouth for the Crimea. '*Rule Britanny*' was the tune they played when he walked proudly aboard. He was in all the battles, Almy, Inkerman, Ballyklaver, Seringapatam, and Sebastopol."

"And was he killed?" asked the Member for Sark, making as though he would help Arpachshad with the basket on to his shoulder again.

"No," said Arpachshad, overlooking the attention—"he lived to come home; and last week he rode in the Lord Mayor's coach through the streets of London, with all his medals on. Five shillings for the day, and a good blow-out, presided over by Mr. Augustin Harris, in his Sheriff's Cloak and Chain at the 'Plough-and-Thunder,' in the Barbican."

Hartington came down to see us to-day. Mentioned Arpachshad, and his natural indisposition to hurry himself.

"Why should he?" asked Hartington, yawning, as he leaned over the fence. "What's the use, as Whosthis says, of ever climbing up the climbing wave? I can't understand how you fellows go about here with your shirt-sleeves turned up, bustling along as if you hadn't a minute to spare. It's just the same in the House; bustle everywhere; everybody straining and pushing—everybody but me."

"Well," said Sark, "but you've been up in Scotland, making quite a lot of speeches. Just as if you were Mr. G. himself."

"Yes," said Hartington, looking admiringly at Arpachshad, who had taken off his coat, and was carefully folding it up, preparatory to overtaking a snail, whose upward march on a peach-tree his keen eye had noted; "but that wasn't my fault. I was dragged into it against my will. It came about this way. Months ago, when Mr. G.'s tour was settled, they said nothing would do but that I must follow him over the same ground, speech by speech. If it had been to take place in the next day or two, or in the next week, I would have plumply said No. But, you see, it was a long way off. No one could say what might not happen in the interval. If I'd said No, they would have worried me week after week. If I said Yes, at least I wouldn't be bored on the matter for a month or two. So I consented, and, when the time came, I had to put in an appearance. But I mean to cut the whole business. Shall take a Garden, like you and Sark, only it shall be a place to lounge in, not to work in. Should like to have a fellow like your Arpachshad; soothing and comforting to see him going about his work."

"I suppose you'll take a partner?" I asked. "Hope you'll get one more satisfactory than Sark has proved."

Hartington blushed a rosy red at this reference to a partner. Didn't know he was so sensitive on account of Sark; abruptly changed subject.

"Fact is, Toby," he said, "I hate politics; always been dragged into them by one man or another. First it was Bright; then Mr. G.; now the Markiss is always at me, making out that chaos will come if I don't stick at my place in the House during the Session, and occasionally go about country making speeches in the recess. Wouldn't mind the House if seats were more comfortable. Can sleep there pretty well for twenty minutes before dinner; but nothing to rest your head against; back falls your head; off goes your hat; and then those Radical fellows grin. I could stand politics better if Front Opposition Bench or Treasury Bench were constructed on principle of family pews in country churches. Get a decent quiet corner, and there you are. In any new Reformed Parliament hope they'll think of it; though it doesn't matter much to me. I'm going to cut it. Done my share; been abused now all round the Party circle. Conservatives, Whigs, Liberals, Radicals, Irish Members, Scotch and Welsh, each alternately have praised and belaboured me. My old enemies now my closest friends. Old friends look at me askance. It's a poor business. I never liked it, never had anything to get out of it, and you'll see presently that I'll give it up. Don't you suppose, Toby my boy, that you shall keep the monopoly of retirement. I'll find a partner, peradventure an Arpachshad, and we'll all live happily for the rest of our life."

With his right hand thrust in his trouser-pocket, his left swinging loosely at his side, and his hat low over his brow, Hartington lounged off till his tall figure was lost in the gloaming.

"That's the man for *my* money," said Arpachshad, looking with growing discontent at the Member for Sark, who, with the only blade left in his tortoiseshell-handled penknife, was diligently digging weeds out of the walk.

In the Club Smoking-Room.

"Lux Mundi," said somebody, reading aloud the title heading a lengthy criticism in the *Times*.

"Don't know so much about that," observed a sporting and superstitious young man; "but I know that '*Ill luck's Friday*.'"

HIGHER EDUCATION.

Mr. Punch. "THAT 'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT IT 'S TOO DULL. LET THEM HAVE A LITTLE SUNSHINE, OR THEY WILL NEVER FOLLOW YOU."

A POSER.

Fair Client. "I 'M ALWAYS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE SAME SIDE, BUT I FORGET WHICH!"

Scotch Photographer (reflectively). "WELL, IT 'LL NO BE *THIS* SIDE, I 'M THINKIN'. MAYBE IT 'S TITHER!"

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.

YES, quite so. It's a very good excuse! Whenever I do not turn up when I am expected, my children say, "Pa 's about pictures." It's just the same as a doctor, when he forgets to keep an appointment, says, "he has unexpectedly been called out." Yah! *I'd* call some of 'em out if I had the chance. I took French leave the other day, and went to the French Gallery, expecting to see sketches in French chalk, or studies in French grey. Nothing of the kind! Mr. WALLIS will have his little joke. The main part of the exhibition is essentially English, and so I found my Parisian accent was entirely thrown away. If it had only been Scotch, I could have said something about the "Scots wha hae wi' WALLIS" but I didn't have even that chance. Too bad, though, the show is a good one. "English, you know, quite English." Lots of good landscapes by LEADER, bright, fresh, breezy. Young painters should "follow their Leader," and they can't go very far wrong. I would write a leader on the subject, and introduce something about the land-scape-goat, only I know it would be cut out. Being very busy, sent Young Par to see Miss CHARLOTTE ROBINSON'S Exhibition of Screens. He behaved badly. Instead of looking at matters in a serious light, he seemed to look upon the whole affair as a "screening farce," and began to sing—

Here screens of all kinds you may see,
Designed most ar-tist-*tic*-a-lee,
In exquisite va-ri-e-tee,
By clever CHARLOTTE ROBINSON!
They 'll screen you from the bitter breeze,
They 'll screen you when you take your teas,
They 'll screen you when you flirt with shes—
Delightful CHARLOTTE ROBINSON!

He then folded his arms, and began to sing, "with my riddle-ol, de riddle-ol, de ri, de O," danced a hornpipe all over the place, broke several valuable pieces of furniture, and was removed in charge of the police. And this is the boy that was to be a comfort to me in my old age!

Yours parabolically, OLD PAR.

NOVEL praise from the *D. T.* for the Lord Mayor's Show, during a pause for lunch:—"It is so quaint, so bright, so thoroughly un-English." The Lord Mayor's Show "So Un-English, you know"! Then, indeed have we arrived at the end of the ancient *al-fresco* spectacle.

IN A HOLE.

(Brief Imperial Tragi-Comedy, in Two Acts, in Active Rehearsal.)

["Well, if it comes to fighting, we should be just in a hole."—*A Lineman's Opinion of the New Rifle, from Conversation in Daily Paper.*]

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Public Place in Time of Peace.*

Mrs. Britannia (receiving a highly finished and improved newly constructed scientific weapon from cautious and circumspect Head of Department). And so this is the new Magazine Rifle?

Head of Department (in a tone of quiet and self-satisfied triumph). It is, Madam.

Mrs. Britannia. And I may take your word for it, that it is a weapon I can with confidence place in the hands of my soldiers.

Head of Department. You may, Madam. Excellent as has been all the work turned out by the Department I have the honour to represent, I think I may fairly claim this as our greatest achievement. No less than nine firms have been employed in its construction, and I am proud to say that in one of the principal portions of its intricate mechanism, fully seven-and-thirty different parts, united by microscopic screws, are employed in the adjustment. But allow me to explain. [*Does so, giving an elaborate and confusing account of the construction, showing that, without the greatest care, and strictest attention to a series of minute precautions on the part of the soldier, the weapon is likely to get suddenly out of order, and prove worse than useless in action. This, however, he artfully glides over in his description, minimising all its possible defects, and finally insisting that no power in Europe has turned out such a handy, powerful, and serviceable rifle.*

Mrs. Britannia. Ah, well, I don't profess to understand the practical working of the weapon. But I have trusted you implicitly to provide me with a good one, and this being, as you tell me, what I want, I herewith place it the hands of my Army. (*Presents the rifle to* TOMMY ATKINS.) Here, ATKINS, take your rifle, and I hope you 'll know how to use it.

Tommy Atkins (with a broad grin). Thank 'ee, Ma'am. I hope I shall, for I shall be in a precious 'ole if I don't.

[*Flourish of newspaper articles, general congratulatory chorus on all sides, as Act-drop descends.*

ACT II.

A Battle-field in time of War. Enter TOMMY ATKINS *with his rifle. In the interval, since the close of the last Act, he is supposed to have been thoroughly instructed in its proper use, and, though on one or two occasions, owing to disregard of some trifling precaution, he has found it "jam," still, in the leisure of the practice-field, he has been generally able to get it right again, and put it in workable order. He is now hurrying along in all the excitement of battle, and in face of the enemy, of whom a batch appear on the horizon in front of him, when the word is given to "fire."*

Tommy Atkins (endeavours to execute the order, but he finds something "stuck," and his rifle refuses to go off.) Dang it! What's the matter with the beastly thing! It's that there bolt that 's caught agin' (*thumps it furiously in his excitement and makes matters worse.*) Dang the blooming thing; I can't make it go. (*Vainly endeavours to recall some directions, committed in calmer moments, to memory.*) Drop the bolt? No! that ain't it. Loose this 'ere pin (*tugs frantically at a portion of the mechanism.*) 'Ang me if I can make it go! (*Removes a pin which suddenly releases the magazine*), well, I 've done it now and no mistake. Might as well send one to fight with a broomstick. (*A shell explodes just behind him.*) Well, *I am in a 'ole* and no mistake. [*Battle proceeds with results as Act-drop falls.*

OLD FRENCH SAW RE-SET.—From *The Standard*, November 14:—

"The duel between M. DÉROULÈDE and M. LAGUERRE occurred yesterday morning in the neighbourhood of Charleroi, in Belgium. Four shots were exchanged without any result. On returning to Charleroi the combatants and their seconds were arrested."

"*C'est Laguerre, mais ce n'est pas magnifique.*"

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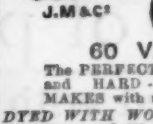

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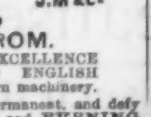

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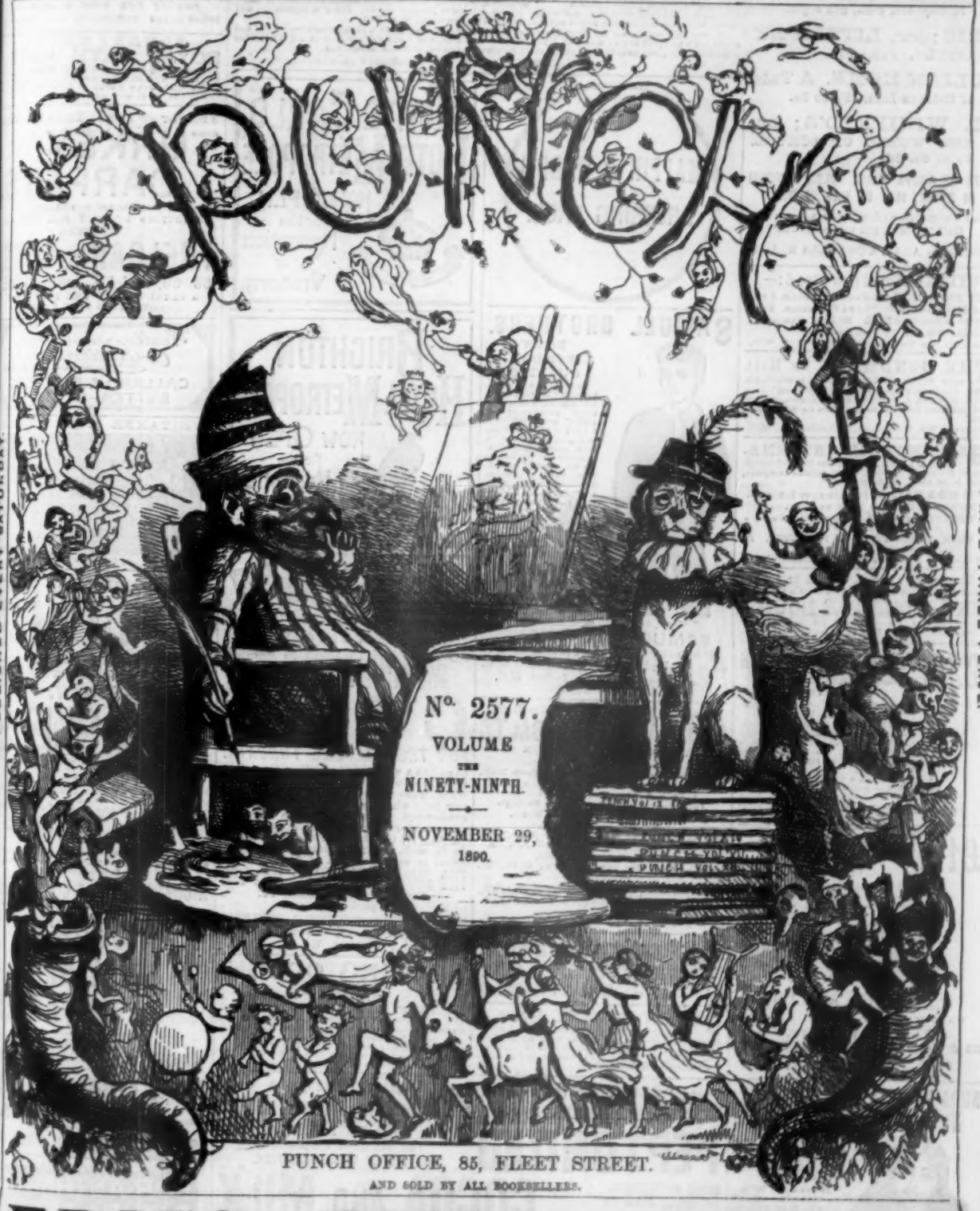

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MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELS.

No. VIII.—JONNIE.

(Par DICK DODY, *Auteur de "Le Nabab Boffin-Newcome," "Madame de Marneffe Jeune et Rawdon Crawley Commerçant," "Trente Ans à prendre mon bien partout," "La Lie de mon Encrier," "Raclure des Petits Journaux," &c., &c.)*

I.—LE HIGLIFE SCOLASTIQUE.

Le recteur regardait avec un air égrillard le museau chiffonné de la jolie Madame COPPERFIELD, qui désirait lui confier son petit garçon comme élève dans l'institution la plus distinguée de tout Paris, une maison où chaque enfant devait apporter dans sa petite malle trois couverts en vermeille, et un trousseau de six douzaines de chemises en batiste fine; une maison où les extras, les vin d'oporto, les beef-tea, les sandwich, souvent dépassaient la pension.

"Voyons, ma belle dame," dit le recteur, "comment s'appelle-t'il—ce petit mome—pardon—ce cher enfant?"

"DOMBEY, Monsieur, JONNIE DOMBEY. JONNIE sans l'H."

"Il est noble?"

"Mais, non, Monsieur. Son père était banquier, financier, que sais-je! Il faisait des affaires énormes—gigantesques! Il regardait les ROTHSCHILD comme de nouveaux venus—il——" et la gentille petite COPPERFIELD se perdait dans un labyrinthe de phrases, et se réfugiait dans une énorme houppe à poudre-Sarah, qu'elle portait toujours dans son manchon.

"Mais il n'était pas noble," dit le recteur, avec dureté; "je regrette fort, Madame, de ne pouvoir accepter votre petit gosse—votre fils—comme élève; mais cette institution scolastique est des plus *fashionables* de Paris. Si vous aviez une petite couronne de Marquise sur votre carte de visite, si vous étiez descendue d'une voiture blasonnée aux chevaux fringants, avec cocher en perruque spun-glass, mes bras de père spirituel se seraient ouverts avec effusion pour accueillir cet enfant. Mais vous portez sur votre carte un nom suspect, et vous êtes arrivée en voiture de place. Ainsi avec la plus haute considération je dois vous prier de prendre la peine de débarrasser le plancher. Adieu, mon petit bonhomme. Tu as l'air scrofuleux mais charmant."

Madame COPPERFIELD, qui était entrée comme Zéphire partit comme Borée. Sa robe de soie faisait un frou-frou prodigieux dans le vestibule. Elle monta dans la voiture au cheval étique, aux coussins moisis, tirant le petit JONNIE avec une violence hystérique.

JACK CUIVRECHAMP SE FAIT RECONNAITRE PAR MLLE. ELISABETH TROTTEBOIS.

"Parceque tu n'est pas fils de Marquis on m'outrage," elle dit, fondant en larmes. "Et pourquoi n'est-tu pas fils de Marquis, petite brute? Moi, je ne sais pas."

Le petit DOMBEY sautait sur les genoux de sa mère; il la consolait, et quelques instants plus tard mère et fils suçaient ensemble un grand morceau de butter-scotch, pendant que la petite écervelée considérait le costume qu'elle devait porter le soir au Bal Bullier.

II.—UN GYMNASE À TOUTES LES COULEURS.

MADAME COPPERFIELD ne se tenait pas pour vaincue sur cette question d'une pension pour le petit. Sa cuisinière lui souffiait le nom d'un Monsieur SQUEERS, qui habitait dans les environs de Clichy, et cette fois c'était la cuisinière qui conduisait le petit JONNIE chez son alumnus; et la cuisinière ne faisait pas de façons; c'était à prendre ou à laisser.

Le bon SQUEERS, qui avait habité auparavant le Yorkshire, avait développé une goutte de sang nègre, et s'était établi avec la seconde Madame SQUEERS (sœur cadette de la respectable Madame MICAWBER) dans les environs de Clichy. Malheureusement il n'avait pas oublié son système anglais, et quoiqu'il faisait bien des raffinements sur les rudes et franches pratiques de Dotheboys, le système était au fond le même. Il lui fallait toujours sa victime—son SMIKE. À Dotheboys le SMIKE était blanc, et s'attachait à NICHOLAS, le pion; à Clichy le SMIKE était noir, mais c'était toujours bien SMIKE, qui entrait dans la pension bien vêtu, ses frais payés ponctuellement, et qui tombait bien bas, jusqu'à balayer le plancher, et à servir à table. Et plus tard le SMIKE noir devait mourir accablé de cruautés, d'une mort encore plus larmoyante et plus terrible que la douce phthisie du SMIKE blanc. Il est mort dans la seconde manière de DICKENS, plus travaillée, plus tendue que le style jeune et fort de NICKLEBY.

III.—CE QU'ON APPELLE UN BEAU-PÈRE.

Il n'y a pas loin du premier chapitre dans la vie de JONNIE jusqu'à l'entrée de MURDSTONE—le MURDSTONE français, dur, mais poète, ainsi plus frivole que le MURDSTONE anglais. Mais, puisque pour le petit ARRIE tout ce qu'il y a de pénible dans l'histoire de son petit cousin anglais doit s'augmenter, le MURDSTONE français a des traits des NÉRON et des CALIGULA. Naturellement le jeune DOMBEY, se souvenant des escapades du cousin, fait son petit voyage d'enfant—une fuite de la pension jusqu'à la maison maternelle où la petite dame s'est installée en secondes noces avec MURDSTONE D'ARGENTON, le poète. Alors commencent l'éducation de l'enfant par le beau-père, les larmes de la mère, le martyre du petit. Que de gifles; que de dictionnaires lancés à la tête du chétif bambin!

"Faut qu'il aille quelque part gagner sa vie," dit MURDSTONE, qui s'enrageait de plus en plus, à cause de deux incommodités dans leur vie de famille, la première que lui, MURDSTONE, n'avait pas le génie d'ALFRED DE MUSSET, la seconde que l'enfant avait un rhume de cerveau incurable. "Envoyez-le laver les bouteilles chez un marchand de vins," proposait un ami de la maison.

"Mais, non, cela ne serait pas assez dur," repondit le poète. "Je suis fâché qu'il n'y ait plus à Londres ce bon système de ramoneurs-garçons qu'on faisait brûler vifs quelquefois dans les cheminées. Faute de cela je le mettrai sur la voie ferrée, à graisser les roues avec son petit pot de pommade jaune—et si par hasard il se faisait écraser par un train—tant pis pour lui."

Il était grand garçon maintenant, ce joli petit JONNIE du premier chapitre, et avant de partir pour se perdre entre les Parias du pot à graisse sur la ligne d'Est, il s'enhardit jusqu'à questionner sa mère sur un sujet qu'elle avait approché de temps en temps gentillement du bout des lèvres, en lui soufflant des idées romanesques, des visions de ducs espagnols et de millionnaires anglais.

"Dis donc, p'tite Maman, comment s'appelait-il, mon père?"

"Mais, mon chéri, naturellement, il s'appelait COPPERFIELD."

"Mais, Maman, tu me disais autrefois qu'il était DOMBEY, un grand financier, riche à millions. Se peut-il que de DOMBEY je sois devenu COPPERFIELD?"

La pauvre inconséquente sanglotait avec véhémence—"Mon JONNIE, je te trompais. DOMBEY, le financier raide et hautain, n'a jamais existé dans la vie réelle. C'était un mannequin en bois. Ton père était DICKENS, le grand romancier anglais. Il est mort avant ta naissance. Sans lui tu ne serais pas."

TO A CORRESPONDENT.—We do not think you are wise to have asked a large circle of distinguished French sporting friends to bring their rods over with a view to salmon-fishing in the Serpentine. Trout, there may be; no doubt, there are, but we have some doubts about salmon. Your suggestion that if you can't get a rise you might perhaps "bang away" at the waterfowl, certainly has a more promising sound, but we would advise you to commence your sport early, for fear of hitting the bathers. You will require the permission of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE. This you will get through any Park-keeper.

MR. MANTALINI ON THE LINCOLN CASE.—"And both were right, and neither wrong, upon my life and soul, O demmit!"—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

THE FINAL TEST.

Bellona (to the "Times" and Mr. Stanhope). "I SUPPOSE, GENTLEMEN, YOU DON'T WANT TO WAIT FOR *Me* TO SETTLE THE QUESTION!"

TOMMY ATKINS, *loquitur*:—

Oh, where and *wot* am I? A spindle-shank'd stripling,
As blue-gilled old Tory ex-Colonels protest?
Or a 'ero, as pictured by young RUDYARD KIPLING,
Six foot in my socks, forty-inch round the chest?
I'm blowed if *I* know arter all the discussion.
But if I'm the cove as they're going to trust,
To give good account of yer Frenchy or Russian,
At least they'd best give me a gun as won't *bust*.

They've bin fighting this battle of barrels and breeches,—
Ah yus, from the days of our poor old Brown Bess,
And wot's the result as their 'speriments teaches?
They'd better jest settle it sharp-like, I guess.
If once of a rattlin' good rifle I'm owner,
A thing as won't jack-up or jam, I don't care.
But if they stand squabblin' till Missis BELLONER
Puts in *'er* appearance, there'll be a big scare.

Ah, she's the true "Expert"; wuth fifty Committees!
But then 'er decision means money—and blood. [one pities
Wot price Tommy Atkins, *then*? Every-
His fate, when he 's snuffed it, and pity 's no good.
Whether Stanhope is right, or the *Times*, I ain't sayin';
But here Marm Bellonee gives both a big hint,
As it 's rayther a touch-and-go game they are playin'.
And Tommy, he thinks she is right,—plain as print!

"SIC ITUR AD ASTRA!"

Look out for *Mr. Punch Among the Planets!* He is a Star of the first magnitude, and the above is the title of his Christmas Number. It will issue from, to use astrological language, the House of Bradbury-Agnew-&-Co., although the sidereal and celestial subjects of the forthcoming Christmas Number are suggestive of the old days of "Bradbury and Heavens."

THREE TASTES.

I.

My pipe, he tastes of turpentine—
He is a penny pipe—
A taste that every pipe of mine
Has when he is not ripe.
I bought him at a little shop
Where they sell fruit and cheese,
Tobacco, toys, and ginger-pop,
And said, "A *cheap* pipe, please."

It was a maiden sold him me,
And she was proud and cold;
She 'd briar pipes at two-and-three
For them that squandered gold;
She 'd one that had a leather case,
Item, a curly stem; [face,
And cheap pipes make her shrug her
She had such scorn of them.

II.

My pipe he tastes of cherry now;
Gone, like the foam of wine,
Gone, like the mist from mountain-brow,
Gone is that turpentine.
With the pure herb I feel it blend—
That charm of cherry-wood, [end,
And smoke him six times straight on
Because he is so good.

And yet my aunt gets up, and sniffs,
And therewith wags her head;
And warns me in between the whiffs
That I shall soon be dead;
And says excessive smoking must
Debase and bring me low,
She makes herself offensive, just
Because she loves me so.

III.

My pipe, he tastes of chocolate,
And he has grown so dear so dear,
That I get up at half-past eight
And smoke till night is here.
My aunt informs me that the smell
Is ranker than before—
I could not love her half so well
Loved I not baccy more.

The female mind! The female mind!
How beautiful it is!
And yet it has to sit behind
When it 's compared with this—
This taste that falls upon my pipe,
That calms when woman clacks,
In the sweet season when he 's ripe,
And just before he cracks.

THE MAGIC HORSE.

(A Parallel not to be pushed too far.)

["You are likewise to understand that Malambruno told me that, whenever fortune should direct me to the knight who was to be our deliverer, he would send him a steed—not like the vicious jades let out for hire, for it should be that very wooden horse upon which Peter of Provence carried off the fair Magalona. . . . Malambruno, by his art, has now got possession of him, and by this means posts about to every part of the world."

"Hoodwink thyself, *Sancho*," said *Don Quixote*, "and get up. . . . And supposing the success of the adventure should not be equal to our hopes, yet of the glory of so brave an attempt no malice can deprive us. . . . The whole company raised their voices at once, calling out, 'Speed you well, valorous Knight! heaven guide thee, undaunted Squire! Now you fly aloft!'"—*Adventures of Don Quixote.*]

Yes, "Speed you well, most valorous Knight!
Heaven guide you!"—and sound sense inspire you!
Small marvel that our land's black blight
Of want and misery should fire you,
Or any man whose heart will mourn
More for wrecked lives than broken crockery.
This picture is not shaped in scorn,
Nor meant in mockery.

La Mancha's Knight, though brave, was blind,
Squire *Sancho* just a trifle credulous,
But our dear Don was nobly kind,
And in the cause of suffering sedulous.
If, mounting Malambruno's steed,
He showed more sanguine than sagacious,
He was not moved by huckster greed,
Or pride edacious.

But "with what bridle is he led?
And with what halter is he guided?"
Asked *Sancho*, rubbing his clown's head.
So they who have the least derided
Your plan for floating "the submerged,"
Colossal, costly, wide extending,
Feel some few questions may be urged,
Without offending.

Benevolence the crupper mounts,
His arms, like *Sancho's*, from behind fold;
But it would seem, from all accounts,
He, like *Don Quixote's* Squire, rides blindfold;
It may be to most glorious ends,
It may be to disastrous spillings.
Sense fain would know before it spends
Its hard-earned shillings.

If all were genuine that is Big,
If all were sound that 's well intended,
Quixote's wild jaunt and *Sancho's* jig
Would very differently have ended.
Zeal boldly mounts the Magic Horse,
Charity on behind holds tightly,
Who will not wish them skill and force
To guide it rightly?

But Human Life 's a complex maze,
And Nature 's laws are most despotic.
Vice is not killed by kindly craze,
Nor suffering quelled by zeal Quixotic.
Big questions the Big Scheme beset.
Bid Pity *think*, and do not ask it
Too blindly all its eggs to get
In one huge basket.

Philanthropy, which facts will school,
Is not a theme for mocking merriment.
As Morley says, he is the fool
Who never ventures bold experiment.
Against the ills our State that shake,
The spectre Vice, Want the pale ogress,
Punch hopes the Magic Horse may make
Practical progress.

RIGHT-DOING ON THE RIALTO;

OR, THE MODERN SHYLOCK.

(*A Short Shakspearian Sequel.*)

Enter the MODERN SHYLOCK *and* BARINGO BROTHERS.

Shylock. Five Millions sterling for three months? And this
You say, they will advance, if you can show
Sufficient guarantee?
Baringo. Indeed 'tis so.
Shy. Well, well! But how comes it about that you
Whose honoured name has so long held the sway
Of all safe dealing, that men only asked,
"If a BARINGO backed it," to take up
Unquestioning the newest stock,—should thus
With sudden flash flare up and set in blaze
The whole commercial world?
Bar. Oh! press me not,
Nor question me too closely! "*Argentines!*"
That fatal word sums up the evil spell
That in these latter luckless days has fallen
Upon our swaying House.
Shy. I see your case!
A cry for gold finds you all unprepared,
Your capital locked up beyond the seas.
You cannot realise.
Bar. Alas! too true!
That is the situation!
Shy. Badly done!
Ah! it has been a sorry piece of work,
Your "management."
Bar. I bow my head to that!

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, MARK, BUT I CAN'T HIT A BIRD TO-DAY!"

"LET'S SEE YOUR GUN, SIR. AH!—WELL, I'D TRY WHAT YOU COULD DO *WITH SOME CARTRIDGES IN IT*, IF I WAS YOU, SIR!"

But you will lend your aid? You'll pull us through?
Shy. Listen, BARINGO. Many a time and oft
In this English land men have rated me
About my moneys and my usuries.
But that is long ago; the times have changed,
And feeling in more righteous channel set,
Now turns itself in flood to sweep away
The wrongs of vanished years. Nay, more than this.
But yesterday one of my ancient race,
Filled, with his Christian colleagues' heartiest will,
The civic throne; and at this very hour
A protest from all classes in the land
From low and high, from peasant and from peer,
Goes forth to plead with the despotic power
That 'neath brute persecution's iron heel
Would trample out my brethren's life. So, there,
Which way I look I meet a greeting hand.
So, not repeating here the vengeful plot
Of the old *Shylock* of the play; without
My pound of flesh or pound of anything,— [hood
But solely for the bond of brotherhood
That should link loyal workers in one field,
Count on my help in this your stress—for I
Will be your guarantee!
Bar. You will! Oh, thanks
For such blest help!
Shy. Such help is only right,—
So say no more!
Bar (aside). Thank Heaven! *That Ends our plight!*

[*Dances wild fandango of delight as Curtain descends.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

HERE are some regular sea-breezy Nautical stories for our youthful Islanders. *From Middy to Admiral of the Fleet*, by Dr. MACAULAY, which is a good long step; but this is the life of Commodore ANSON. *Up North in a Whaler*, by EDWARD A. RAND; a pleasant little trip for the Summer holidays—not inviting now—but try it later. Messrs. HUTCHINSON & Co. also publish "*The Low-Back'd Car*," by SAMUEL LOVER—an old Song in a fresh setting of charming Illustrations, by W. MAGRATH. "We don't kill a pig every day!" But just for once and away get *My Prague Pig*, by S. BARING GOULD. W. CLARK RUSSELL's *Master Rockafellar's Voyage*, recommended.

To the ambitious young entertainer, *Magic at Home*, translated by Professor HOFFMAN, will be a source of delight, and if some of the experiments should lead to slight temporary inconvenience, it will only help to pass a more cheerful evening than usual.

For drawing-room plays apply to GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, who publishes a set, one of which, *Acting Charades and Proverbs*, by ANNE BOWMAN, will be found very useful. A Bowman hits the mark.

Those who know their London *au bout des ongles*, can tell you of many quaint spots of beauty, which may be seen when it is not quite enveloped in a cheerful fog, though several of the more ancient landmarks are fast vanishing; yet in *Picturesque London*, by PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A., will be found a happy collection of all the most taking parts, both in odd corners, and interesting structures. Charming illustrations by HUME, NISBET, and HERBERT RAILTON.

Christmas special numbers are not exactly up to date; they are turned out so early that by the time they ought to be seasonable, they are almost ancient history. *The Ladies' Pictorial* is filled with short stories by popular authors, which are well illustrated.

The Mirror of Justice.

The earlier part of *My Life*, by SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., is very interesting, as must almost always be the story of the early career of such an ancient mariner as is this well-known animal-painter. There must be a halo of romance about recollections which no one living can or cares to contradict. When these biographical reminiscences come within the memory of middle-aged men, then this said memory doth run somewhat to the contrary of that of the veteran painter who put the cart before the horse, so to speak, in his artistic career, seeing that he commenced with carriages and ended with cows. As far as *Mr. Punch* is concerned, the Baron has already denied that DOUGLAS JERROLD was ever the Editor of *Mr. P.'s* paper; and Mr. COOPER'S account of the *Punch* dinners must be taken with the contents of a well-filled salt-cellar, as Mr. SIDNEY COOPER was never present at any one of them. Inaccurately he attributes a repartee of THACKERAY'S to DOUGLAS JERROLD; and the well-known retort of JERROLD to ALBERT SMITH he gives so incorrectly, that in this instance the Attic salt has lost its savour. There is too much soft-soapiness in his reminiscences of personal interviews with Royalty to please robust readers. Judging from the latter portion of the second volume, wherein, as I should take it, there is considerable "padding," it would seem that "the aged P." has already secured an excellent position among "the immortals." Hitherto it was generally supposed that of the arts Music alone would survive *in sæcula sæculorum;* but perhaps, after all, Painting has a chance, and especially animal painting, even though the animals may be allegorical. With its pardonable defects of memory, and its occasional touch of Royal Windsor Livery complaint, the reminiscences of SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., are pleasant and, of the first volume especially be it said, interesting reading.

The Auld Scotch Songs, arranged by SINCLAIR DUNN. Well DUNN, sing clair!

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

HOW IT'S DONE.

(A Handbook to Honesty.)

No. VI.—"AN ALARMING SACRIFICE"—SOMEWHERE!

SCENE I.—*A Suburban Drawing-room, old-fashionedly furnished; brightly-bound books scattered about a solid, sombre-covered table; oil portraits of elderly, stiffly attitudinising couple on the walls; a general atmosphere of simple, pietistic propriety. Present,* EDWIN *and* ANGELINA, *a modest, but deeply-enamoured pair, shortly about to be married.*

Edwin (*after the regulation ceremonial*). My dearest ANGELINA, I have something here which I think will greatly simplify the business of house-furnishing, that has so deeply occupied us lately.

ANGELINA (*flushing tenderly*). Oh, EDWIN, *have* you? How nice, dear! And what is it?

Edwin (*eagerly*). Quite providential, I call it. You know, dearest, I've saved three hundred pounds for the express purpose; and here is an advertisement, according to which, for about that sum, we can secure a complete fit-out for our little villa, which, I think, will exactly suit us. Quite an exceptional chance, as the advertiser says. A gentleman, lately arrived in this country from India, is unexpectedly compelled to return immediately. Consequently he is obliged to dispose *at once* of his lately-purchased house of furniture, *at a great sacrifice*. It is as good as new, in fact, has hardly been used at all; is elegant and substantial, and can be seen any day at Vamp Villa, Barnsbury, upon presentation of visiting-card. Suppose, dearest ANGY, we run over to-morrow afternoon, and have a look at it? Such a chance—in the very nick of time, too—may never occur again!

Angelina. Oh, EDWIN, *how* fortunate! Should it suit us, what a lot of trouble it will save!

Edwin. And money, too, darling, for the prices seem to be *very* low. I'm *so* glad you agree, dear.

Angelina (*with effusion*). Of *course* I do, EDWIN. And (*with tender glance at one of the oil pictures*) how delighted dear Mamma will be! [*Osculation, appointment, and exit.*

SCENE II.—*Mysterious-looking Villa at Barnsbury, permeated by strong smell of French-polish and fusty straw. Large "House to Let" boards and posters prominently disposed. Present.* EDWIN *and* ANGELINA, *and a blandly loquacious person, in black broadcloth, with a big foolscap-paper Inventory, and a blunt-pointed pencil.*

Loquacious Person (*fluently*). Why you see, Madam, Mr. PAWNEE LIVERLESS 'ad to leave for Bombay early yesterday mornin', and was therefore obliged to leave the sale of his furniture in our hands. But he is an old client of ours, Mr. LIVERLESS is, and he has given us *carte blanche* as regards the disposition of his effects. Only they *must* be sold at once. A retired Colonel at Notting Hill, who seemed *very* sweet on the bargain, promised me a decided answer by twelve o'clock to-day. It has not come, and I am free to negotiate with the next comer for the furniture as it stands, provided an immediate settlement can be arrived at. *Wait* I cannot, but in any other pertikler I shall be only *too* 'appy to meet your views.

Edwin. I see the furniture is quite new?

L. P. (*with cheery candour*). Well, no Sir, not quite. Oh, I'll not deceive you! It has been in use a few months, and, as you see, is none the worse for *that*. Better, if anything, being fully tested as to seasoning. I need 'ardly tell *you*, Sir, that new furniture nowadays is a ticklish thing to invest in. *Such* tricks, my dear Sir, *such* nefarious dodges and artful fakements! (*Sighs.*) But—(*taking up a chair and banging it vigorously but adroitly on the floor*)—*this* is stuff you can depend on, and 'll be better three years hence than it is to-day. This saddle-bag *sweet*, Madam, is simply luxurious, good enough for any dooced dinin'-room; the carpets throughout are as elegantly hesthetick in design, as they are substantial in fabric, whilst the—ahem! sleeping apartments, are perfect pickters of combined solidity and chaste elegance. *I* always say, that as a real gentleman is known by his linen, so the 'ome of a party of true taste may be tested by the bed-rooms. You 'll excuse me, Madam—(*smirks*)—but such are *my* sentiments, *not* as a salesman, but as a family man.

[*L. P. takes* EDWIN *and* ANGELINA *the round of the house, expatiating glowingly but discreetly as he goes, and ultimately effects sale of the "furniture as it stands" for a liberally proffered "ten-pun note off the advertised sum tottle."*

SCENE III.—*Interior of Greengage Villa.* ANGELINA (*now* MRS. CANOODLE) *discovered in tears over the wreck of a "Saddlebag" Sofa, very shaky as to legs, and shabby as to "pile."*

Angelina (*sobbing*). And to think that *dear* EDWIN should have spent his long savings on such wretched stuff as *this!* Oh, that talkative but treacherous tout at Vamp Villa! Why, 'tis only six months since we were married—(*boo-hoo!*)—and there 's scarcely a thing in the house that 's not either shaky, or shabby, or both!

[*Breaks down.*

Edwin (*entering with a flushed face, and clenched fists*). ANGY, my darling, *don't* waste your tears over that vile combination of unseasoned timber and devil's-dust. Rather pluck up a spirit and pitch into *me*, who was fool enough to be tricked by a plausible advertisement, a scheming vendor of shoddy furniture, a hired villa, a verbose villain, and the thrice-told tale of a mythical "Indian gentleman," an imaginary "emergency," and a purely suppositious "sacrifice." [*Left lamenting.*

"A DANIEL!"

YEARS ago, when BRITON RIVIÈRE painted his picture of "*Daniel in the Lions' Den*," which foppishly-speaking men would speak of as "*Denial in the Lions' Dan*," public curiosity was aroused by the fact that DANIEL was facing the lions with his back to the spectators. Of course, in this instance, the public mind is not exercised by the problem which was put to the Showman by an inquiring small boy, in the memorable formula of inquiry, "Please, Sir, which is DANIEL, and which is the Lions?" as never, for one moment, could there have existed, in the densest brain, the smallest doubt as to the identity of the Hebrew Seer. Should the question now be put by an intending purchaser, Mr. WILLIAM AGNEW has only to give an adaptation of the historic reply, and say, "Whichever you like, my little dear; *if* you pay your money, you may take your choice."

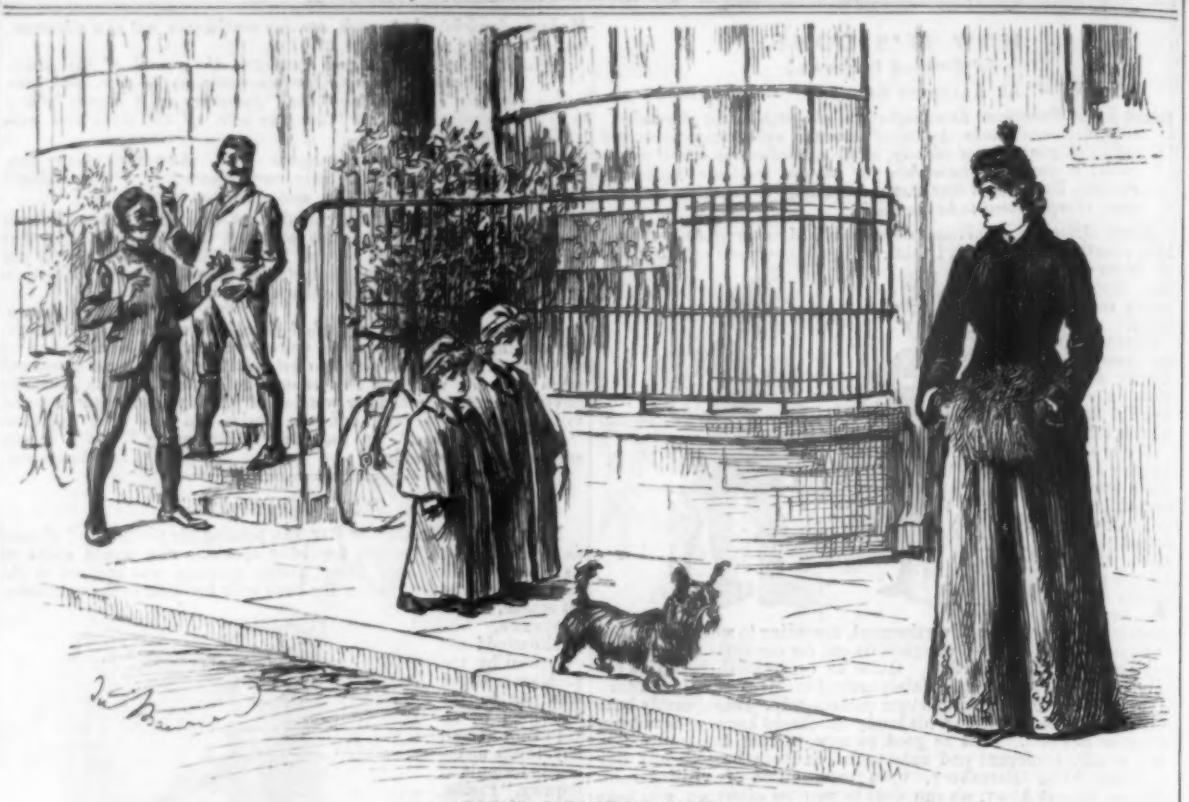
G.O.M. DANIEL in the Irish Lions' Den.

Now in this grand picture there is no sort of doubt, "no possible doubt whatever," as to which is DANIEL and which are the Lions; but there must arise in the spectator's mind the question, *Who was the painter's model for this figure of* DANIEL? To this there can be but one answer, "the G.O.M." This is the painter's model for DANIEL. Here he stands looking up towards the opening and seeing daylight. His hands are tied by the bonds of a majority against him. As for the Lions they may be Irish Lions, who may be thinking of another grand old DAN, The Liberator, but who, once upon a time, in the good old Kilmainham Gaol days, would have fallen upon this G.O.M. and torn him in pieces; not so now. It is a grand picture.

"WHO 'S YOUR HATTER?" OR, SIDE-LIGHTS ON ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.—Years ago, the great Ritual Case was that of Mr. BENNETT, of St. Barnabas, Pimlico. Now the most recent is the Archbishop's decision in the Lincoln Case. The two may be quoted henceforth as "'The Lincoln and Bennett Cases,' which cover a variety of heads."

"HERE WE GO UP, UP, UP!"—*Mr. Punch* with Time visits the Heavenly Bodies. Special Stars engaged for Christmas Entertainment. Look out for *Mr. Punch's* Christmas Number, entitled *Punch Among the Planets*. For once *Toby* will be Sirius.

SHORTLY TO APPEAR.—Companion Volume to *Oceana*. New Work, by C. S. P-RN-LL, entitled, *O'Sheana*.



BANK HOLIDAY WIT.

Mamma. "COME ALONG, DARLINGS!" *'Arry.* "ALL RIGHT, MISS! JUST WAIT TILL WE'VE 'AD A DRINK!"

THE PARLIAMENTARY "ANCIENT MARINER."

(Fragments from the Latest Rendering of the Old Rime.)

An Ancient Mariner meeteth Three Guests bidden to St. Stephen's and detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy scant grey locks and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"St. Stephen's doors are open wide,
My duty lies within;
M.P.'s are met, the programme 's set,
May'st hear the Irish din."

He holds him with his sinewy hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, Ancient One!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

St. Stephen's Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the Grand Old Seafaring Man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
St. Stephen's Guest stands still,
And listens, like Midlothian's mob.
The Mariner hath his will.

St. Stephen's Guest stands like a stone.
He cannot chuse but hear;
And thus outspeaks that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

Our ship was cheered, the harbour cleared
Merrily did we drop
Below the Kirk, Tory ill-will
Our vessel might not stop.

The Mariner tells how his new-launched Craft, after some adverse gales, sailed northward, with a good wind, and fair weather.

The sun arose, that erst had left
Our Home-Rule argosy,
And he shone bright, our course was right,
The "flowing tide" ran free.

Higher and higher every day
Our sun shone bright and clear—
St. Stephen's Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud "Hear! Hear!"

St. Stephen's Guest heareth that business is toward within; but the monologuising Mariner continueth his tale.

The SPEAKER hath paced into the House,
Toward his lofty place;
Gleaming like gold before him goes
The merry, massive Mace.

St. Stephen's Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he could not chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The garrulous Mariner.

[But behold the tale that was told unto St. Stephen's Guest by the Ancient Mariner is now known unto all men, from repeated and prolix narrations; the tale to wit of the Mariner's startling adventure in unsailed seas on board his suddenly launched *Home Rule* Argo; how that the Ancient Mariner shot the Oof Bird (that made the (financial) mare to go, and the (party) breeze to blow); how that his shipmates cried out against the Ancient Mariner for killing the bird of good luck, which lay the golden eggs, but how, when the fog cleared off, they justified the same, and thus made themselves accomplices in the act; how "the spell began to break;" how "the Mariner hath been cast into a trance, and the angelic power" (of speech) "causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than" (ordinary) human "life could endure"; how in the Mariner's opinion the *Home Rule* Argo yet "stoppeth the way," and until it hath free course must impede the fair navigation of the (political) ocean; and how, finally, he, the Ancient Mariner, is constrained to "pop up" and repeat this tale of change and chance unto the appointed persons.]

* * * * *

Forthwith this tongue of mine was stirred
To quenchless fluency, [tale,
Which forced me to begin my
As now I tell it thee.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
This ecstasy returns; [through
And till my thrice-told tale is
The heart within me burns.

I pass, like *Puck*, from land to land,
I have strange power of speech;

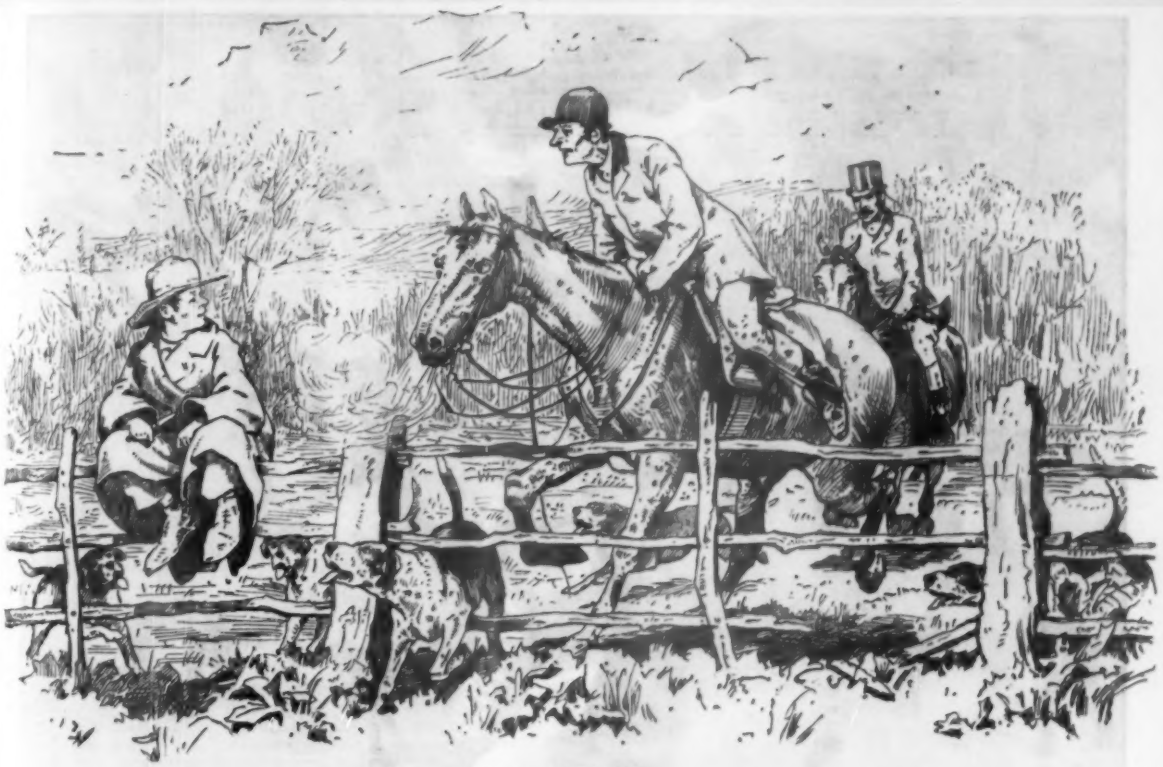
That moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me,
To him my tale I teach.

* * * *

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
They 're at it hotly there:
Will they be silenced by the tale
Told by the Mariner?
Bim! Boom! There goes Big Ben's deep bell!
The SPEAKER 's in the Chair!

THE PARLIAMENTARY "ANCIENT MARINER."

"IT IS AN ANCIENT MARINER,
AND HE STOPPETH ONE OF THREE.
'BY THY SCANT GREY LOCKS AND GLITTERING EYE,
NOW WHEREFORE STOPP'ST THOU ME?'"



A CHECK.

Huntsman. "Seen the Fox, my Boy?" *Boy.* "No, I ain't!"
Huntsman. "Then, what are you Hollarin' for?" *Boy (who has been scaring Rooks).* "'Cos I'm Paid for it!"

THE DEATH PENALTY; OR, WHO'S TO BLAME?

ACT I.

Scene—*House of Commons, rather sparsely attended, it being the occasion of a statement on the needs of the Army to be made by the* Secretary for War.

Secretary for War (*continuing his speech*). And so, Mr. Speaker, I trust that I have justified the demand I have made for so many millions for building Barracks, and conclusively proved that the Authorities responsible for our military efficiency are thoroughly alive to the necessity not only of safeguarding the lives, but of increasing the comfort, of our gallant defenders. (*Cheers.*)

ACT II.

Scene—*Celebrated London Barracks. Fire just broken out in top storey of Married Soldiers' Quarters, crowded with women and children. Soldiers rushing for ladders. Some children handed up through a trap-door, which is supposed to lead to roof. No exit on to roof available, and children being slowly smothered. Screams. Great excitement.*

Non-Commissioned Officer. Ha! Fire in the "Rookery!" And it'll burn like paper, being old and rotten! Now, where's the fellow who ought to have the key of the hydrant? (*Exit in search of him.*)

Labourer employed at Barracks (*entering hastily*). Hullo! A fire! Where's that key of mine for the hydrants? Can't attend to *that*, however, as there's my wife and family to be saved! (*Rushes out, and hydrants cannot be unlocked for ten minutes. When they are, they are found to be without water!*)

Colonel Commanding the Battalion (*just arrived on scene*). No water! Well, of course there isn't! Hasn't the War Office ordered it to be turned off at night, spite of my protests? Tell the Fire-Brigade men to get water wherever they can!

[*Water eventually got in roads several hundred yards from burning building.*

Non-Com. Officer (*directing two soldiers, who have gallantly rescued a couple of children that have been burning and suffocating under roof*). Yes, take 'em off to the hospital! Poor little creatures—not much hope for *them*, I'm afraid! (*To Colonel.*) A bad business, Sir!

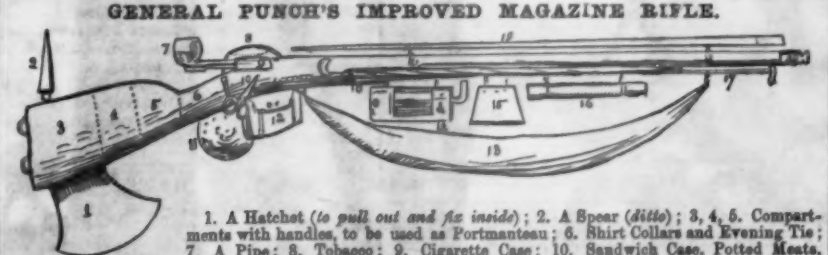
Colonel. Would have been worse if the men hadn't behaved so well, and turned themselves into amateur firemen. No thanks to the War Office that there aren't twenty-two deaths, instead of two. Why, only six months ago, I warned 'em that the place was "unfit for human habitation," and a regular death-trap in case of fire, with only one narrow wooden staircase to the whole block. I wrote that, "if a fire occurred at night, there must be many deaths." Yet nothing has been done.

Non-Com. Officer. Shocking! There's a talk that the place had been condemned by the War Office.

Colonel. Condemned, but not pulled down! I wonder who'll be condemned at the Inquest. Shouldn't be surprised if it were the War-Office Authorities themselves!

[*And so they have been—and quite right too.*

GENERAL PUNCH'S IMPROVED MAGAZINE RIFLE.



1. A Hatchet (*to pull out and fix inside*); 2. A Spear (*ditto*); 3, 4, 5. Compartments with handles, to be used as Portmanteau; 6. Shirt Collars and Evening Tie; 7. A Pipe; 8. Tobacco; 9. Cigarette Case; 10. Sandwich Case, Potted Meats, Biscuits, &c.; 11. A Self Air-Loading Bullet Mechanism; 12. Gladstone Bag; 13. Portable Bath and Hammock; 14. Cooking Stove; 15. Cooking Utensils; 16. A Telescope; 17. A Walking Stick; 18. An Umbrella; 19. A Billiard Cue; 20. A Scent Bottle.

THE PARLIAMENTARY MEET IN A NOVEMBER FOG.

THE MODERN HERO;

Or, How to Discourage Crime.

Henry Larrikin, who was recently convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of a nursemaid and infant on Shooter's Hill, is now confined in —— Gaol, and is reported to be in excellent spirits. He passes his time in illuminating texts, which he presents to the Governor and Warders, and some of which have been disposed of for enormous sums. A petition has been circulated, and extensively signed, praying for a remission of his sentence, on the ground of provocation, it having since transpired that the infant put out its tongue in passing. Several Jurymen have said, that had this fact been brought before them at the trial, they would have returned a very different verdict. Much sympathy is expressed with Larrikin, who is quite a young man. He expresses himself as sanguine of a reprieve.

Central News Telegram.—Later Intelligence.

Monday.—Larrikin was informed this afternoon, by the Governor of the Gaol, that the Home Secretary saw no grounds for interfering with the course of the Law, and that the sentence would consequently be carried out on Friday next. Two of the Warders, with whom Larrikin is a great favourite, on account of the affability and singular modesty of his demeanour, were deeply affected, but the prisoner himself bore the news with extraordinary fortitude and composure. His sole comment upon the intelligence was, that it was "just his blooming luck." By special favour of the Authorities he is allowed to see the comments of the Press upon his case, in which he takes the keenest interest. A statement that he had on one occasion been introduced to the nursemaid, through whom his career has been so tragically cut short, has caused him the deepest irritation. He wishes it to be distinctly understood that both she and her infant charge were absolute strangers to him.

Later Telegram.

Wednesday Morning.—Larrikin continues wonderfully calm. He is writing his Memoirs, which he has already disposed of to a Newspaper Syndicate for a handsome considerstion. Those who have been privileged to see the manuscript report that it reveals traces of unsuspected literary talent, and is marked in places by a genial and genuine humour. Larrikin's great regret is that he will be unable to have an opportunity of perusing the press-notices and reviews of this his first essay in authorship, for which he expects a wide popularity.

From a Special Correspondent.

Thursday.—To-day Larrikin received a visit from an old friend, who was visibly moved during the interview, in spite of the prisoner's efforts to console him. "There 's nothing to snivel about, old man," he said repeatedly, with a tranquil smile. He then inquired if it was true that there were portraits of him in several of the papers, and was anxious to know if they were like him. He has executed his will, leaving the copyright of his manuscript, his sole assets, to his father, who has been in a comparatively humble position of life, but who will now be raised to a condition of affluence. The father has been interviewed, and stated to a reporter that he has been much gratified by the expressions of sympathy which have been showered upon his son from all sides. This morning a local florist sent Larrikin a beautiful wreath, in which the prisoner's initials and those of his victims were tastefully intertwined in violets. Larrikin was much touched, and his eyes filled with tears, which, however, he succeeded in repressing by a strong effort. His self-control and courage are the admiration of the officials, by whom he will be greatly missed. All day he has been busy packing up the furniture with which, by special permission, his little cell has been provided by his many admirers, and the interior has already lost much of its late dainty and cosy appearance. Larrikin has been whistling a good deal,—though, as the day wore on, the tunes he executed became of a less lively character. Towards evening, however, he recovered his ordinary high spirits, and even danced a "collar-flap" for the entertainment of his Warders. A telegram has just been handed to him from an anonymous sender, who is understood to be a person of some eminence in bird-stuffing circles, which contained these words—"You are to be hung on my Aunt's silver-wedding day. Keep your pecker up." On reading this message, Larrikin came more near to breaking down than he has done hitherto. He has selected the clothes he is to wear on his last semi-public appearance; they consist of a plain black Angora three-button lounge coat, a purple velvet waistcoat, soft doeskin trousers, a lay-down striped collar and dickey, and a light-blue necktie with a glass pin. He has presented his only other jewellery—an oroide ring, set with Bristol diamonds—to the Warder who has been most attentive and devoted to him during his stay in gaol. He is said to have stated that he freely forgave the infant whose insulting conduct provoked his outburst, as he did the nursemaid for not restraining her charge's vivacity. This intimation, at his express desire, will be conveyed to the parents of the deceased, and will doubtless afford them the highest consolation.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

(*What Our Architect has to put up with.*)

Fair Client. "I want it to be nice and baronial, Queen Anne and Elizabethan, and all that; kind of quaint and Nuremberg, you know—regular Old English, with French Windows opening to the Lawn, and Venetian Blinds, and sort of Swiss Balconies, and a Loggia. But I 'm sure *you* know what I mean!"

Thursday Night, Later.—Larrikin is sleeping peacefully. His features—refined by the mental anxiety, and the almost monastic seclusion to which he has been lately subjected—are extremely pleasing, and even handsome, set-off as they are by the clean collar which he has put on in anticipation of his approaching doom. Before sinking into childlike slumber, he listened with evident pleasure to a banjo which was being played outside a public-house in the vicinity of the gaol. The banjoist is now being interviewed, and believes that the air he must have been performing at the time was "*The Lost Chord.*" The scaffold on which the unfortunate Larrikin is to expiate his imprudent act is now being erected, but the workmen's hammers have been considerately covered with felt to avoid disturbing the slumberer.

Friday Morning, 9 A.M.—All is now over. The prisoner rose early and made a hearty breakfast, and plainly enjoyed the cigar which he smoked afterwards with his friend the Governor, who seemed to regard the entrance of the executioner as an untimely interruption to the conversation. "You'll have to wait a bit for the rest of that story, Governor," was Larrikin's light-hearted comment. The unhappy man then—— (*Details follow which we prefer to leave to the reader's imagination—he will find them all in the very next special description of such a scene*). Larrikin was most anxious that it should be widely known that, in his own words, "he was true to himself and the public, and game to the last."

Several reporters were present in the prison-yard, and also a number of persons of distinction, who were only admitted as a great favour. It is said that the prison Authorities were compelled to disappoint thousands who had applied for permission to view the last sad scene.

Larrikin's melancholy end will doubtless operate as a warning and an example to many romantic youths, who are only too easily led away by the morbid desire for notoriety, which is so prevalent nowadays, and which is so difficult either to account for, or discourage.—(*Special Descriptive Report.*)

IN OUR GARDEN.

Monday, November 24.

HARMED to have a visit from OLD MORALITY to-day. Most kind of him to find time to run down, seeing all he has on hand. But he's a really good fellow, of the kind who in all circumstances find time to do a friendly thing. Always from the first taken a friendly interest in our little experiment. He is, indeed, indirectly personally responsible for its undertaking. If I hadn't come across him playing leap-frog before dinner with AKERS-DOUGLAS and JACKSON, as mentioned some weeks ago, SARK and I would never have tried this way of passing a Recess.

Hadn't heard OLD MORALITY was going to look in. Expect he wasn't sure he could get away from Cabinet Council, and so didn't write. When I came upon him he was standing absorbed in contemplation of ARPACHSHAD. ARPACHSHAD, himself, so engrossed in problem occupying his mind, that he did not notice our visitor. Had started yesterday cutting grass on lawn with machine. Getting on pretty well with it till, this morning, wind rose, blowing half a gale from Westward. ARPACHSHAD discovered that, starting with machine from the Westward, he, with wind blowing astern, got on capitally; but coming back, with wind ahead, there was decided addition to labour of propelling machine. When OLD MORALITY arrived, ARPACHSHAD had halted midway across the lawn, and was looking Westward with air of profound and troubled cogitation.

"I know what he's thinking of," said OLD MORALITY, whose Parliamentary experience has made him an adept at thought-reading; "he's wondering if it's possible to mow the lawn all from the Westward, so that he would have the wind behind him throughout the operation."

No doubt OLD MORALITY had fathomed depth of ARPACHSHAD's meditations. Pretty to see his manœuvring: Went down full-sail with assistance of favouring gale; tried to tack back, bearing away to the North; when he'd got a little way, slewed round to the West, going off before the wind to edge of lawn. Finally borne in upon him that the position was inexorable. He couldn't go with the wind all the time; must retrace his steps; by tacking was really covering more ground than need be; was, in fact, doing more work than he had intended. Shocked at this discovery proceeded to follow ordinary course. Presently catching sight of solitary leaf careering down walk, fetched broom, and tenderly tickled the gravel in pursuit of the leaf.

"There is," SARK sharply observed, "nothing ARPACHSHAD enjoys more than dusting the walk with a broom. It is a process that combines the maximum of appearance of hard work with the minimum of exertion."

OLD MORALITY pretty lively in anticipation of Session, which opens to-morrow. Always inclined to take sanguine view of situation. Doesn't vary now. "Oh, you leave it to us, TOBY, dear boy," he said, when I expressed hope that he would not risk his precious life and health by overdoing it. "We've got a splendid programme, and mean to pull through every Bill. Didn't do much last year, it is true: but don't you see the advantage of that? If we'd passed all our Bills last Session, must have arranged a new programme this year, involving considerable labour. As it is we turn a handle, and there are all the old things once more; homely and friendly; as the poet says, 'All, all, are come, the old familiar faces.' There's the Irish Local Government Bill, the Tithes Bill, Employers' Liability, and a troop of others. All been brought in before; everybody knows about them; if we don't pass them this Session they must come up again next."

"Ha!" said SARK; "so there is to be a next Session."

"Certainly," said OLD MORALITY—"and we would have another, if we could. In fact, I'm not quite sure whether it may not be managed. We are always suspending Standing Orders, of one kind or another. It is a Standing Order of the Constitution that no Parliament shall sit longer than seven years. Very good—in an ordinary way, excellent; though, perhaps, a little too liberal in its arrangements when Mr. G. is in power. But as you, TOBY, may, in earlier years, diligently striving after improvement in caligraphy, have had occasion to note, Circumstances alter Cases. Here we are, a contented Government, with a Parliamentary majority always to be relied upon. Why disturb an ordered state of affairs, and plunge the country into the turmoil and expense of a General Election? Why not bring in a short Bill to suspend the Septennial Act, and let the present Parliament go on sitting indefinitely? Why should the Long Parliament remain a monopoly of the Seventeenth Century? I do not mind telling you (this, of course, in confidence) that we have talked the matter over in the Cabinet. It was the MARKISS who first started it; and, though one or two objections have been raised, the idea is rather growing upon us, and I should not wonder if it came to something. You will find no mention of it in the Queen's Speech—but that is neither there nor here."

"I have noticed," said SARK, "that of late it has happened that Bills mentioned in the Queen's Speech come to nothing, whilst the Session is largely taken up with discussion of Bills which find no place in that catalogue. Last year, for example, JOKIN's Compensation Bill wasn't mentioned in the Queen's Speech; and yet it filled a large part in the programme of the Session."

"Ah," said OLD MORALITY, changing the subject, "I see ARPACHSHAD has nearly come up with that leaf. He'll be going to his dinner now, I suppose, and I think I must be off. Shall see you at the House to-morrow. Sorry for you to break up the associations of your rural life; but that only temporary."

Saw OLD MORALITY off at the station. Came back to pack up our spade and hoe, and leave some general instructions with ARPACHSHAD. He seems much touched at the approaching separation. Quite unable to continue the lawn-mowing. Followed us about with his jack-knife open, clipping here and there a dead stem, so as to keep up an appearance of incessant labour.

"Ours is only a change of occupation, ARPACHSHAD," said SARK. "We cease to labour here, but we carry on our work in another field. We go to town, leaving, as the Poet GRAY might have said, the garden to solitude and you."

"Excuse *me*, Gents," said ARPACHSHAD, a look of anxiety crossing his mobile face, "but you can't leave it to me altogether. I could manage well enough when you were here, helpin' and workin'. But, when you're gone, I'll have to have at least one extry man." SARK pleased at this testimony to value of our assistance; but it really means that ARPACHSHAD intends to do less than ever, running us into the expense of a second gardener.

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OLD PAR.

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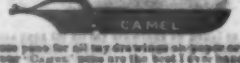

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The Manly Maiden is not, as a rule, the natural product of a genuine country life. The daughter of rich parents, who have spent a great part of their lives in a centre of commercial activity, she is introduced to a new home in the country at about the age of fourteen. Seeing that all those who live in the neighbourhood are in one way or another associated with outdoor sports, and that the favour in which the men are held and their fame vary directly as their power to ride or to shoot straight, she becomes possessed by the notion that she too must, if she is to please at all, be proficient in the sports of men. Merely to ride to hounds is, of course, not sufficiently distinctive. Many women do that, without losing at all the ordinary characteristics of women. She must ride bare-backed, she must understand a horse's ailments and his points, she must trudge (in the constant society of men) over fallows and through turnips in pursuit of partridges, she must be able to talk learnedly of guns, of powders, and of shot, she must possess a gun of her own, and think she knows how to use it, she must own a retriever, and herself make him submissive by the frequent application of a silver-headed dog-whip.

These attainments are her ideals of earthly bliss, and she sets out to realise them with a terrible perseverance. Her father, of course, knows but little of sport. He is, however, afflicted with the ordinary desire to shine as a sportsman, and as a host of sportsmen. He stocks his coverts with game, and invites large shooting parties to stay with him. He himself takes to a gun as a hen might take to the water; although, as his daughter contemptuously expresses it, he is calculated to miss a hippopotamus at ten yards, he seems to imagine, if one may be permitted to judge from the wild frequency of his shots, that it is the easiest thing in the world to hit a pheasant or a partridge flying at ten times that distance. From such a father the Manly Maiden easily secures permission, first of all, to walk with the men while they are shooting, and subsequently to carry a gun herself.

And now the difficulties of the situation begin to make themselves felt, not, indeed, by her, for she remains sublimely unconscious to the end, but by the men who are compelled to associate with her upon her ventures. No man will ever hesitate to rebuke another for carrying his gun in such a way as to threaten danger; but, when a lady allows him to inspect the inside of her loaded gun-barrels, or shoots down the line at an evasive rabbit, he must suffer in silence, and can only seek compensation for restraining his tongue by incontinently removing his body to a safe place, where he can neither shoot nor be shot. At luncheon, however, he may be gratified by hearing the Manly Maiden rally him on the poor result of his morning's sport. She will then favour him, at length, with her opinions as to how a driven partridge or a rocketing pheasant should be shot, flavouring her discourse with copious extracts from the Badminton books on shooting, and adding here and there imaginative reminiscences of her own exploits in dealing death. In the hunting-field she will lose her groom, and babble sport to the Master, with whom she further ingratiates herself by rating and lashing one of his favourite hounds, or by heading the fox whenever he attempts to break away. She then crosses him at an awkward fence, and considers herself aggrieved by the strong language which breaks irresistibly from the fallen sportsman's lips. Later on she astonishes an elderly follower of the hounds by asking him for a draught from his flask, and completes his amazement by complaining of the thoughtless manner in which he has diluted his brandy.

In the evening she will narrate her adventures at length, amidst a chorus of admiring comments from her fond parents, and their parasites, and will follow up her triumphs of the day by pursuing the men into the smoking-room, where she permits one of them to offer her a cigarette, and imagines that she delights him by accepting it. On such an occasion she will inform one of her friends that, on the whole, she has but a poor opinion of Diana of the Ephesians, seeing that she only hunted with women, and never allowed men to approach her. From this it may be inferred that her stock of classical allusions is not quite so accurate and complete as that of a genuine sportswoman should be. Next morning she may be seen schooling her horses in the park. She has a touching faith in the use both of spur and of whip whenever the occasion seems least to demand them, and she despises the man who rides without rowels, and reverences one who attempts impossible jumps without discrimination. During the summer she spends a considerable part of her time in "getting fit" for the labours of the autumn and winter. Sometimes she even plays cricket, and has been known to address the ball that bowled her in highly uncomplimentary terms.

So the years pass on. She never learns that it is possible for a woman on certain occasions to be in the way of men, nor does her accuracy or her care with a gun increase. If she marries at all, she will marry some feeble creature who has no feeling for sport, and over whom she can lord it to her heart's content. But it is more probable that she will remain unwedded, and will develop eventually from a would-be harding-riding maiden, into a genuinely hard-featured old maid.

A MUSICAL POLE STAR.

THE Irish Polar Star Musical, yclept our Paddy REWSKI, gave his last "recital" at St. James's Hall, Thursday, November 27. Bedad, then, 'tis Misther Paddy REWSKI himself that is the broth of a boy entirely at the piano-forte, but, Begorra, he's better at the *piano* than the *forte*. He gave us a nice mixture of HANDEL, BEETHOVEN, CHOPIN, LISZT, and then a neat little compo of his own, consisting of a charming theme, with mighty ingenious and beautiful variations, all his own, divil a less. Great success for Paddy REWSKI. The Irish Pole, or Pole-ished Irishman, has thoroughly mastered his art, but if he has learnt how to master tune he has not yet perfected himself in *keeping strict time*, as he took his seat at the piano just one quarter of an hour late. Paddy REWSKI, me bhoy, when next you give us a recital, remember that punctuality is the soul of business. *Au revoir*, Paddy REWSKI!

Yours entirely, JIM KRO MESKI.

ADVICE GRATIS.—Go and see *London Assurance*, with "CHARLES our friend" in it, at the Criterion. It has, probably, never yet been put on the stage as it is *hic et nunc*. Well worth seeing as a *curio*. But what tin-pot nonsense is the Tally-ho speech of *Lady Grace Harkaway*. And yet it has always "gone," and *London Assurance* itself, like the sly Reynard of the speech, has invariably shown good sport, and given a good run for the money.

MAD WAGGERY.—*The Chequers* is not the name of a wayside inn, but of one of those modern inventions calculated to help to fill Colney Hatch. A Puzzle it is, and it can be done—at least so say FELTHAM & Co. Anyhow, they don't sell the solution, they only provide the mystery.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS NUMBER (*which is sure not to be forgotten*).—Number One.

A CAUTION TO SNAKES.

"There is, however, another opinion prevalent among the less educated which gives to the Rattle-snake the vindictive spirit of the North American Indian, and asserts that it adds a new joint to its rattle whenever it has slain a human being, thus bearing in its tail the fearful trophies of its prowess, just as the Indians wear the scalps of slain foes."—*Wood's Natural History.*

MANNERS OF THE BAR.

A SKETCH IN THE LAW COURTS, SHOWING THE PATIENT AND RESPECTFUL ATTENTION OF THE COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF DURING THE SPEECH OF COUNSEL FOR DEFENDANT.

"INGINS is Snakes!" And from its lair
This snake seems stirring. Who cries
"Scare!"?
Well, they who hear the rattle
Close at their heels, its spring will dread,
And wary watch and cautious tread,
And arm as though for battle.

Even to drive the keen-fanged snake
From its old home in swamp or brake
Irks sensitive humanity;
But they who know the untamed thing,
Have felt its fang, have seen its spring,
Hold mercy mere insanity.

Untamed, untameable, it hides,
Anguis in herbâ, coils and glides,
And strikes when least expected,
And who shall blame its watchful foe
Who stands prepared to strike a blow,
When the swift death 's detected?

In the dark jungle dim and damp
It lurks, and Civilisation's tramp
Disturbs its sanctuary.
Hard on the snake? Perchance, perchance!
But Civilisation, to advance,
Must ruthless be, as wary.

"Vindictive spirit" of the wild,
'Twixt you and Progress' pale-faced child
Fated vendetta rages,
And Pity's self stands powerless
To help you counter with success
The onset of the ages.

Long driven, lingeringly you lurk;
Steel and starvation ply their work
Of slow extermination.
Armed once again Columbia stands,
And who'd arrest avenging hands,
Must challenge—Civilisation.

THE Archbishop of CANTERBURY'S learned judgment in the Lincoln Case was very much after the style in which His Grace parts his hair. It was a first-rate example of the *Via Media*.

A PAGE FROM A POSSIBLE DIARY.

(*Written in the Wild West.*)

Monday.—Well, here I am. Guess I have got together a pretty tidy Army, that should beat BARNUM into small potatoes. The Arabs from Earl's Court will soon go along straight enough. They seem to miss the Louvre Theatre over yonder, where they were on the free list. Rather a pity I can't start a Show here, but I calculate the country is too disturbed.

Tuesday.—Nothing much doing. Sent along to SMALL BITE, and he has promised to come round along with a few of the Ghost-Dancers to let me see what I think of them. Fancy the *ballet* has been done before. That clever cuss GUS, must have used it at Covent Garden when he put up *Robert the Devil*. It seems like the Nun Ballet—uncommonly.

Wednesday.—SMALL BITE is here. He's friendly enough, but his terms are too high. Fancy they must have been trying to annex him for the Aquarium. The Ghost-Dance is a fraud. Nothing in it. Might fake it up a bit with national flags and red fire. But it's decidedly disappointing. Altogether small pumpkins.

Thursday.—Settlers want to know when I am going to begin. They are always in such a darned hurry. They ought to know I am the hero of a hundred fights (see my Autobiography—a few copies of which may still be had at the almost nominal price of half-a-dollar) and should rely on me accordingly. Am to visit the Indian Camp to-morrow.

Friday.—Terms agreed. SMALL BITE and fifty braves engage themselves for six months certain, sharing terms, travelling exes, and one clear benefit. I find front of the curtain and advertising, they provide entertainment, which is to include Ghost-Dance (with banners and red fire) religious rites, war-dance, and scalping expedition with incidentals (SMALL BITE says he knows "some useful knockabout niggers") and procession in and out of towns. Think I can boom it.

Saturday.—My connection with war ended. Calculate I start to-morrow with the Show across the herring-pond, to wake up the Crowned Heads of Europe!

TO THE BIG BACILLICIDE.

O DOCTOR KOCH, if you can slay
Those horrid germs that kill us,
You 'll be *the* hero of the day,
Great foe of the Bacillus!
What champion may we match with you
In all the world of fable?
St. George, who the Great Dragon slew,
The Knights of ARTHUR'S Table,
E'en gallant giant-slaying JACK,
The British nursery's darling;
Or JENNER, against whom the pack
Of faddists now are snarling,
Must second fiddle play to him
Who stayed the plague of phthisis,
And plumbed a mystery more dim
And deep than that of Isis.
For what are Dragons, Laidly Worms,
And such-like mythic scourges,
Compared with microscopic germs
'Gainst which the war he urges?
Hygeia, goddess, saint, or nymph,
We trust there 's no big blunder,
And hope your votary's magic lymph
May prove no nine days' wonder.
We dare not trust each pseudo-seer
Who 'd powder, purge, or pill us;
But pyramids to him we 'll rear
Who baffles the Bacillus.

STRANGE TRANSFORMATION.—From the *Times* Correspondent, U.S., we learned, last week, that somebody who had been "a Bull," was now "a Bear." What next will he be?—A donkey? Or did he begin with this, and will he end by being a goose?

PROSPECT FOR CHRISTMAS.—"TUCK," *i.e.*, RAPHAEL of that ilk. The "Correct (Christmas) Card."

"A PAIR OF SPECTACLES."

THE first spectacle classic and Shakspearian: t'other burlesquian, and PETTIT-cum-SIMS. The one at the Princess's, the other at the Gaiety. *Place au* "Divine WILLIAMS"! *Antony and Cleopatra* is magnificently put on the stage. The costumes are probably O. K.—"all correct"—seeing that Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD pledges his

honourable name for the fact. We might have done with a few less, perhaps, but, as in the celebrated case of the war-song of the Jingoes, if we've got the men, and the money too, then there was every reason why the redoubtable LEWIS (whose name, as brotherly Masons will call to mind, means "Strength") should have put a whole army of Romans on the stage, if it so pleased him.

For its *mise-en-scène* alone the revival should attract all London. But there is more than this—there is the clever and careful impersonation of *Enobarbus* by His Gracious Heaviness, Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING; then there is a lighter-comedy touch in the courteous and gentlemanly rendering of *Octavius Cæsar* by Mr. F. KEMBLE COOPER—one of the best things in the piece, but from the inheritor of two such good old theatrical names, much is expected. And then there is the *Mark Antony* of Mr. CHARLES COGHLAN, a rantin', roarin' boy, this *Antony*, whom no one, I believe, could ever have made really effective; and finally, Her Graceful Majesty, Mrs. LANGTRY, Queen of Egyptian Witchery. Now honestly I do not consider *Cleopatra* a good part, nor is the play a good play for the matter of that. I believe it never has been a success, but if, apart from the really great attraction of gorgeous spectacular effects, there is any one scene above another which might well draw all London, it is the death of *Cleopatra*, which to my mind is—after the fall of WOLSEY, and a long way after, too,—one of the most pathetic pictures ever presented on the stage. So lonely in her grandeur, so grand, and yet so pitiable in her loneliness is this poor Queen of Beauty, this Empress-Butterfly, who can conquer conquerors, and for whose sake not only her noble lovers, but her poor humble serving-maids, are willing to die.

The Last Scene of Antony and Cleopatra.

Her last scene is beyond all compare her best, and to those who are inclined to be disappointed with the play after the First Act is over I say, "Wait for the end," and don't leave until the Curtain has descended on that gracious figure of the Queen of Egypt, attired in her regal robes, crowned with her diadem, holding her sceptre, but dead in her chair of state. *Ça donne à penser.*

The Run of Cleopatra.

The Gaiety.—In calling their burlesque *Carmen up to Data*, possibly the two dear clever boys who wrote it intended some crypto-jocosity of which the hidden meaning is known only to the initiated in these sublime mysteries. Why "*Data*"? On the other hand, "Why not?"

However attractive or not as a heading in a bill of the play, the Gaiety *Carmen* is, on the whole, a merry, bright, and light burlesque-ish piece, though, except in the costume and make-up of Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS as *Captain Zuniga*, there is nothing extraordinarily "burlesque" in the appearance of any of the characters, as the appearance of Mr. HORACE MILLS as *Remendado* belongs more to Christmas pantomime than to the sly suggestiveness of real burlesque.

Scene from the Cigarette History of *Carmen*.

As Miss ST. JOHN simply looks, acts, and sings as a genuine *Carmen*, I can only suppose that her voice is not strong enough for the real Opera; otherwise I doubt whether any better operatic impersonator of the real character could be found. She is not the least bit burlesque, and though the songs she has to sing are nothing like so telling as those she has had given her in former pieces, yet, through her rendering, most are encored, and all thoroughly appreciated.

Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS as *Zuniga* is very droll, reminding some of us, by his make-up and jerky style, of MILHER as the comic *Valentine* in *Le Petit Faust*. Mr. LONNEN is also uncommonly good as the spoony soldier, and in the telling song of "*The Bogie Man;*" and in the still more telling dance with which he finishes it and makes his exit, he makes *the* hit of the evening,—in fact the hit by which the piece will be remembered, and to which it owes the greater part of its success.

In for a good Run on the "Bogie" System.

In the authors' latest adaptation of the very ancient "business" of "the statues"—consisting of a verse, and then an attitude, I was disappointed, as I had been led to believe that here we should see what Mr. LONNEN could do in the Robsonian or burlesque-tragedy style. The brilliancy of the costumes, of the scenery, the grace of the four dancers, and the excellence of band and chorus, under the direction of that ancient mariner MEYER LUTZ, are such as are rarely met with elsewhere.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES may now attend to the building of his new theatre, as *Carmen up to Data* will not give him any trouble for some time to come.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONLY a Penny! And well worth every halfpenny of it. I am alluding to the Christmas Number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, in which appears *A Daughter of the People*, by JOHN LATEY, Junior, who is Junior than ever in December. Capital Christmas Number, and will attract an extraordinary number of Christmas readers.

The Rosebud Annual, published by JAMES CLARK & Co., is quite a bright posy for our very little ones.

Turning from novels, it is a relief to come across so inviting a little volume as the *Pocket Atlas, and Gazetteer of Canada*, which will be found of the greatest possible value to eccentric Londoners who purpose visiting the Dominion during the coming Winter.

"*Persicos odi*," but you won't agree with HORACE if you follow this "*puer apparatus*" of G. NORWAY, who, in *Hussein's Hostage*, gives us the exciting adventures of a Persian boy.

'Twixt School and College, by GORDON STABLES, has nothing to do with horsey experiences, as suggested by the author's name, but is the uneventful home-life of a poor Scotch laddie, who triumphs by dint of pluck.

Nutbrown Roger and I, by J. H. YOXALL, a romance of the highway, quite in the correct style of disguises and blunderbusses always so necessary for a tale of this kind.

Disenchantment is the—not altogether—enticing title of "an everyday story," by F. MABEL ROBINSON, author of *The Plan of Campaign*. It is rather a long tale to tell, for it takes 432 pages in the unravelling. It ends with a beautiful avowal that "the heart is no more unchanging than the mind, and that love's not immortal, but an illusion." As the utterer of this truism is a young married woman, it would seem that the foundation is laid for a sequel to *Disenchantment* that might be appropriately called *Divorce*.

The Secret of the Old House, by EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, who evidently can't keep a secret to himself, will be so no longer when the children have satisfied their curiosity by reading the book.

My faithful "Co." declares that he has been recently hard at work novel-reading. He has been revelling in an atmosphere of romance. He has been moved almost to tears by *Lady Hazleton's Confession*, by Mrs. KENT SPENDER, which, he says, includes, amongst many moving passages, some glimpses of Parliamentary life. *Friend Olivia*, in one bulky volume, takes the reader back to the days of CROMWELL, when people said "hath," instead of "has," and "pray resolve me truly," instead of "don't tell me;" and "Mr. JOHN MILTON" played upon the organ. It has a fine old crusty Puritan flavour about it, which, however, does not prevent the hero and heroine, in the last page, reading a letter together, "with smiles, and little laughs, and sweet asides, and sweeter kisses." Altogether, a book to read when a library does *not* contain WALTER SCOTT, ALEXANDRE DUMAS *père*, G. P. R. JAMES, or HARRISON AINSWORTH. *Two Masters* deals with passages in the life of a young lady who is described as "a Boarding-school Miss" in Volume I., and "a young she-fiend" in Volume III. However, it is only right to say, that the last compliment is paid to her by a gentlemanly murderer, who takes poison and a cigarette, with a view to escaping a justly-deserved death on the gallows. From this it may be seen, that the novel is at times slightly sensational. Fearing that his Christmas might be saddened by this last ghastly incident, were not the impression created by it partially removed by less highly-seasoned fare, my faithful "Co." has also read *Mary Hamilton, a Tale for Girls*, *My Schoolfellows*, and *Bonnie Boy's Soap Bubble*. He considers the first admirably adapted to the comprehension of the readers to whom it is addressed, only the girls, he says, should be *very* young girls. *My Schoolfellows* he intends reading again when he has reached his second childhood, when he fancies he will be better pleased with the humours of "*Guzzling Gus*" and "*Ned Never Mind*." In conclusion, he admits that he is a little doubtful about the merits or demerits of *Bonnie Boy's Soap Bubble*. He explains, that while he was reading it he "fell a thinking," and that when he woke up, the volume was lying on the floor. Since then, he adds, he really has not had the leisure to pick it up.

The Snake's Pass, by BRAM STOKER, M.A. (SAMPSON LOW), is a simple love-story, a pure idyl of Ireland, which does not seem, after all, to be so distressful a country to live in. Whiskey punch flows like milk through the land; the loveliest girls abound, and seem instinctively to be drawn towards the right man. Also there are jooled crowns to be found by earnest seekers, with at least one large packing-case crammed with rare coins. The love-scenes are frequent and tempting. BRAM has an eye to scenery, and can describe it. He knows the Irish peasant, and reproduces his talk with a fidelity which almost suggests that he, too, is descended from one of the early kings, whereas, as everyone knows, he lives in London and adds grace and dignity to "the front" of the Lyceum on First Nights and others. He is perfectly overwhelming in his erudition in respect of the science of drainage, which, if all stories be true, he might find opportunity of turning to account in the every-day (or, rather, every-night) world of the theatre. In his novel he utilises it in the preliminaries of shifting a mighty bog, the last stages whereof are described in a chapter that, for sustained interest, recalls CHARLES READE's account of the breaking of the Sheffield Reservoir. The novel-reader will do well not to pass by *The Snake's Pass*.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

RED VERSUS BLACK.

(*Two Views of the same place, by Gentlemen "who Write to the Papers."*)

Opinion No. 1.—Monte Carlo! One of the most disgraceful places in Europe—a blot upon our civilisation. The gambling is productive of the greatest possible misery. It is an institution that should be held up to the execration of mankind. All the riffraff of the globe are attracted to this hideous spot. The place is like an upas-tree, under which everything noble and good languishes and dies! The form of Government is absolutely immoral. It is a scandal that rates, and taxes, and public improvements should be paid for out of the private purse of the Director. He could not afford it had he not made a fortune out of his ill-gotten gains! Anyone who has watched at the tables knows that the chances are absolutely unfair—that the Direction must win. Not that this matters much. It is the general immorality of the place that is so alarming. The place should be closed at once; and persons who have lost anything, say, during the last year, should have their money promptly returned to them. And I say this without any bias, although I *did* back Red, and Black came up ten times running!

P.S.—Just won a trifle. Not so sure that my pessimist view may not be modified.

Opinion No. 2.—Monte Carlo! Without exception, the loveliest spot in Europe. The so-called gambling is the cause of numberless blessings. It is an institution that should be held up to the admiration of mankind. All the aristocracy of the civilised world flock to it to indulge in a recreation to which only the greatly prejudiced can possibly take exception. The Government is benevolent to the last degree. In what other country are rates, taxes, and improvements paid for you? If the Director were not the best of men, how could this be done? The play itself is absolutely fair. And, with a system, and a sufficiency of capital, anyone is able to realise a large fortune in less than no time. Not that this absolute certainty should be taken into consideration. It is the general morality of the place that is so encouraging. The place should never close. And it would be a graceful thing if those who have laid in a store for their old age were to return a trifle, to be expended on some charity. And I say this without any bias, although I have backed Black ten times successfully.

P.S.—Just lost all I had. Not so sure that my optimist view is not open to rectification!

BULL AND BULLION.

(*On Gold, after Goldsmith.*)

WHEN British Commerce stoops to folly,
And finds too late that Bonds betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
And the big rush for bullion stay?

To save herself from shameful ruin
(Ask Monsieur LAUR!) her only chance
Lies—full revenge for Waterloo!—in
Big borrowings from generous France.

Mr. Punch Among the Planets is the title of *Mr. Punch's* Christmas Number, *vice* Almanack superseded. Ask *for* this, and "see that you get it"!

VOX STELLARUM.—The New Comet, November 19, Boston, U.S., suddenly appeared, and was heard to exclaim, "But, soft! I am observed!"

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—A DIOCESAN CONFERENCE.

"LOOK 'ERE, BILL! BLEST IF THESE BEAN'T A LOT O' PARSONS ON STRIKE!"

"SEPARATISTS."

(*Fragments of a Modern "Marmion."*)

"But DOUGLAS round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
* * * * *
'The hand of DOUGLAS is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as MARMION clasp.'"
* * * * *

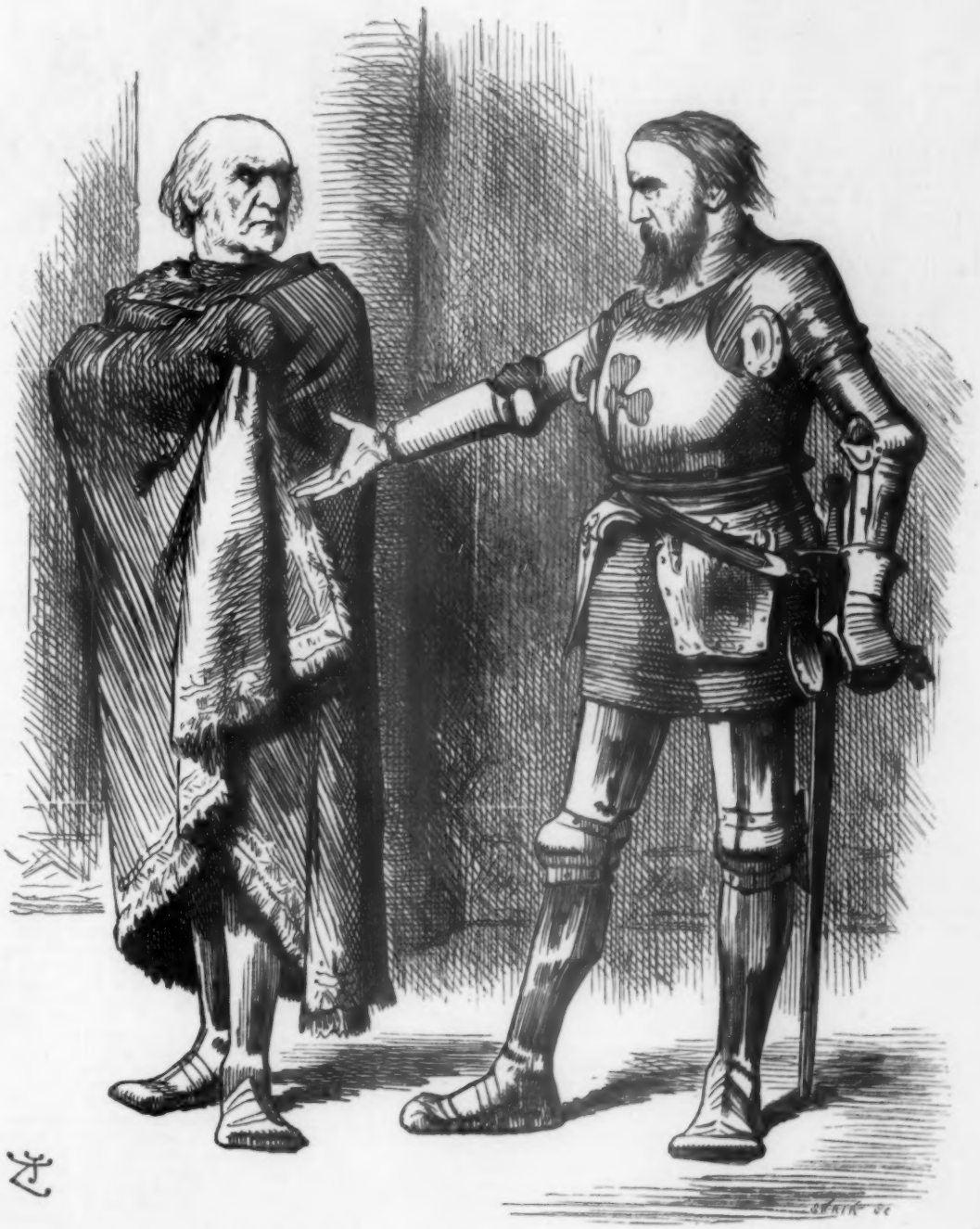
"THE hand of such as MARMION!" Ay!
Great Singer of the knightly lay,
Thy tale of Flodden field
Is darkened by unknightly stain.
That slackened arm and burdened brain
Of him found low among the slain,
Constrained at last to yield
To a mere "base marander's lance;"
He, firm of front and cold of glance,
The dark, the dauntless MARMION.—
The days of chivalry are gone,
Dispraisers of the present say,
Yet men arm still for party fray
As fierce as foray old;
And mail is donned, and steel is drawn,
And champions challenging at dawn
Ere night lie still and cold.
Two champions here 'midst loud applause,
Have led the lists in a joint cause
On many a tourney morn,
Have fought to vanward in the field
Full many an hour, and, sternly steeled,
One banner forward borne.
And now—ah, well, as DOUGLAS old
On MARMION looked sternly cold,
So looks this Chieftain grey
On his old comrade, though the fight
Is forward now, and many a knight
Is arming for the fray.

As "the demeanour changed and cold
Of DOUGLAS fretted MARMION bold,"
Has this old greyhaired Chieftain's chill
Fretted that man of icy will?
Who knows—or cares to know?
At least he "has to learn ere long
That constant mind, and hate of wrong"
Than steely pride are yet more strong;
That shame can strike a blow
At comradeship more fatal far
Than any chance of fateful war
When faction howled with Cerberus throat,
When falsehood struck a felon stroke,
When forgery did its worst
To pull its hated quarry down,
To dim, disarm, degrade, discrown.
Against the array accurst
That ancient chief made gallant head,
Dismayed not, nor disquieted
At rancour's rude assault.
He shared opprobrium undeserved,
But not for that had courage swerved,
Or loyalty made default.
But now? The hand that reared hath razed;
And as old ANGUS stood amazed
At WILTON'S shameful tale,
So fealty here must bend the brow,
And faith, though sorely tried, till now
Surviving, faint and fail;
As DOUGLAS round him drew his cloak,
So, saddened by unknightly stroke,
The ancient chief must draw;
Nor in mere pharisaic scorn,
But in the name of faith foresworn
And honour's broken law.

"'Tis pity of him, too!" 'Twas so,
The half-relenting ANGUS, low
Spake in his snowy beard.

"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:
I warrant him a warrior tried."
A foeman to be feared,
A leader to be trusted, seemed
This dark, cold chief, and few had dreamed
Of such strange severance.
And any not ignoble eye
In sorrow more than mockery
Aside will gladly glance.
'Tis pity of it! Right or wrong,
The Cause needs champions true as strong,
And blameless as they're bold.
"A sinful heart makes feeble hand,"
Cried MARMION, his "failing brand"
Cursing with lips grown cold.
Let vulgar venom triumph here,
And hate, itself from shame not clear,
Make haste to hurl the stone;
A nobler foe will stand aside,
And more in sorrow than in pride,
Not hot to harry or deride,
Like DOUGLAS in his halls abide,
But keep his hand—his own!

FROM A THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENT.—Sir,—I know a lot about London and N. B., but never till now did I know of the existence of 'ARRY in Scotland. The character is now represented, as I am informed, on the stage, by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, who, in a play called *Back*, impersonates the MAC ARRY. Odd, this! for the MCCOCKNIE. P.S.—One lives and learns. [*** If MCCOCKNIE is to learn much, he will have to become a MCMETHUSELAH. The piece to which he alludes is *Called Back*, by HUGH CONWAY and COMYNS CARR, and the part in it, excellently played by Mr. TREE, is *Macari*, an Italian.]



"SEPARATISTS."

Douglas . . . . Mr. Gl-dst-ne. *Marmion* . . . . Mr. P-rn-ll.

Douglas. "THE HAND OF DOUGLAS IS HIS OWN;
AND NEVER SHALL IN FRIENDLY GRASP
THE HAND OF SUCH AS MARMION CLASP!"—*Marmion*, Canto VI.

A LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY VERY MUCH AT SEA.

(*An incident of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's recent Tour in Ireland.*)

Mr. A. B. "WHY PAT, MY LAD, I SEE NOTHING TO COMPLAIN OF HERE. THESE POTATOES ARE REMARKABLY FINE!"

Pat. "BEDAD, SOR, BUT THEY'RE NOT PRATIES AT ALL, AT ALL. SHURE, IT'S THE TURNIPS YOUR HONOUR'S LOOKING AT!"

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.

"THE Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours?" said young PAR. "Nonsense! why all the water is frozen now, and so they can't paint!" "Precisely," replied I; "and that's why it is a nice exhibition!" This so startled Young PAR that he slipped and fell. I turned into the Gallery in Pall Mall, and left him sitting on the cold hard flags outside. Inside pleasant enough. BIRKET FOSTER'S "*Island of Rum*" very comforting—should like some hot. HERBERT MARSHALL—our own City MARSHALL—has gone further afield, to "*Old Chelsea.*" Should now be called the Field MARSHALL. MATTHEW HALE, in "*Gathering Blackberries,*" is a hail fellow well met! "*The Corso, Verona,*" by S. J. HODSON, shows that HODSON'S choice is a good one. HENRY MOORE'S sea-pieces—the more the merrier, say I. "*Warkworth—Sunlit Shower,*" by A. W. HUNT; a walk worth taking when the hunt is up. "*Holidays Past and Future,*" suggests wide subjects and open spaces. Why, then, is it painted by SMALLFIELD? "*Wreck of the Halswell.*" is a terrible catastrophe. Can't be "All's Well." Possibly the painter, G. H. ANDREWS, means "all swell"—that seems a great deal more likely. ALBERT GOODWIN shows himself to be a good winner in the "*Ponte Vecchio, Florence.*" DU MAURIER delights us with some clever Society sketches in pen and pencil. The veteran, Sir JOHN GILBERT, is as young, as dashing, as vigorous as ever. H. G. GLINDONI has two pictures full of humour and character. STACY MARKS' "*Cockatoo*" looks as if it had just flown in from the Zoo. "*An Sgarnach,*" by C. B. PHILLIP. Title difficult to understand. Landscape easy to comprehend. A close study of Nature, admirably painted. A wholesome Phillippic against namby-pamby prettiness. "*On the Thames,*" by G. A. FRIPP, honestly painted, and no frippery about it. Miss CLARA MONTALBA has a large number of pictures of Venice—and Mr. RIDGE comes up and says he is the Keeper. What Keeper? He whispers, he is the Keeper of the Cold Out—What an oridginal remark!—and will I step into the Committee Room? I do, and remain there, and continue to be

Yours par-adoxically, OLD PAR.

ROBERT AT THE HOPERA.

I WAS habel the other day to do BROWN a good turn by getting him engaged at won of our big Otels, so he kindly offerd to stand a supper, and then take me to the Hopera at Common Garden. We went to see *Horfay*.

It seems that wunce upon a time, ever so many thowsand years ago, before there was not no Lord Mares, nor no Shirryffs, nor not ewen no Aldermen, a Gent of the name of *Horfay* lived in Grease. He was the werry grandest Fiddler of his time, a regler JOEY KIM. Well, he married a werry bewtiful wife, of the name of *Yourridisee*, and they was both werry appy, till one day, as she was a having a run in a field, a norrid serpent bit her in her heel; so she died. Well, while poor *Mr. Horfay* is a telling us all about his trubbel, in comes a werry bewtiful young lady with a pair of most bewtiful wings on, and she werry kindly gives him a new sort of magic Fiddle, called, as I was told, A Liar! to go to—go down to *you kno where*, to git his wife back! Off he goes, and the neks sean shows us the werry plaice, all filled with savidges, and demons, and snakes, and things; and presently, when *Mr. Horfay* is seen a cumming down, all the demons and savidges runs at him to stop him; but he holds up the Liar, and begins for to sing, and most bewtifully too, tho' I didn't kno the tune; they all makes way for him, and he gos bang into lots of big flames, and so I werry naterally thort as how it was all over. But not a bit of it, for in the werry next sean we sees him with his Liar in a most lovly garden, all full of most lovly flowers and trees, and numbers of bewtiful ladies, a dancing and enjoying theirselves like fun, until his Liar leads him rite up to his wife, and then he raps harf his scarf round her, and off they gos together, both on 'em dowtless a longing for a reel nupshal kiss, but poor *Mr. Horfay* not a daring for to look at her, becoz if he does before he gets her home, she will be ded again direckly! Was there hever such a tanterlising case ever known! When she sings to him to give her one loving look, he sings to her to say he mustn't, until at larst she sets down on a nice cumferel-looking sofy, as appens for to be in the werry middel of the street, and says, werry artfully, as she carn't go not one step farther, when in course he turns round, and rushes up to her to have one fond embrace, and, thank goodness, they has it, and then she falls back dead!

Well, now, I knos as I'm ony a mere Hed Waiter, and, therefore, not xpected to have any werry fine feelings, like my betters has, but I do declare that, when I saw this sad, sad end to all that grand amount of reel true Love, the tears run down my cheeks like rain, and I was a getting up to go away, when presently in came the lovly angel again, whose name I was told was Love, and told him that such love as his could conker Death itself; and she brort the pore wife to life again, and all hended, as all things shood end, jovial, and cumferal, and happy. What a wunderful thing is Music! It didn't seem at all strange to me that not one single word was spoke all the heavening, but ewery word sung, and in a forren tung, too, that I didn't hunderstand, the bewtiful story kep my atention fixt the hole time, and I warked home in the poring rain, werry thankful, and jest a leetle prowd, that in one thing, at least, I was not xacly like BROWN, who slept carm and content thro the hole of the larst hact.

ROBERT.

The Fate of Salvation Army Generals.

"Each General is, by a deed of appointment, executed and placed in safe custody with certain formalities, &c."—*Gen. Booth's Letter to the Times, Nov.* 27.

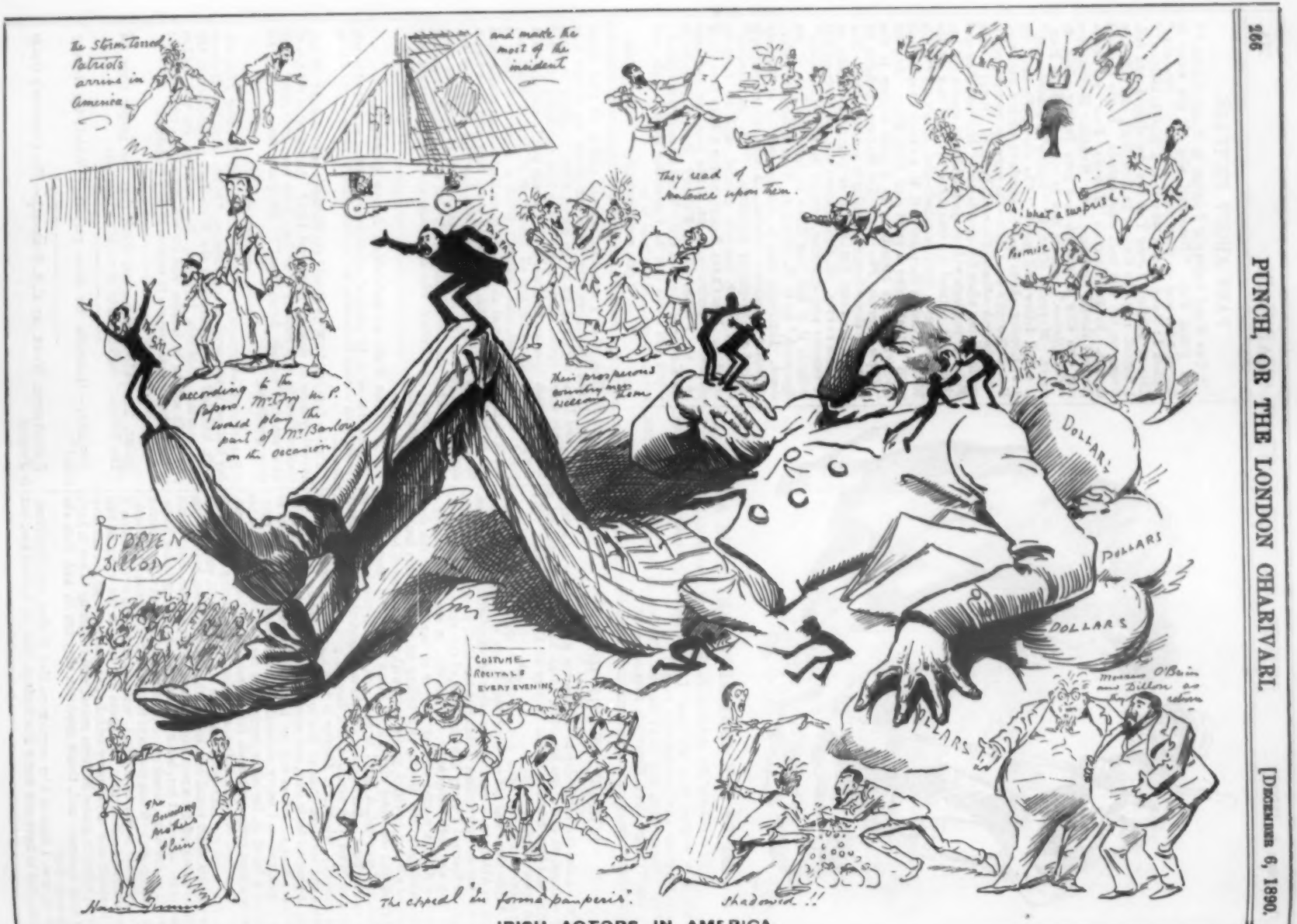
THIS is dreadful! Why should the Generals be executed? What have they done to deserve this cruel fate? And what is the use of placing them in safe custody *after* they have been executed? And what are the "certain formalities"? We pause for a reply to all these questions.

SEASONABLE.—CHRISTMAS IS COMING.—In the *Morning Post*, one day last week, appeared an announcement to the effect that Madame NOËL had left one residence in the West End for another in the same quarter. Odd this, just now. But go where she will, *Le bon père* NOËL will be in London and the country on the 25th instant; so the best way is to prepare to receive Father Christmas.

SO-HO, THERE!—Some persons think that the proper place for "The Pelican" ought still to be——the wilderness.

NOVELTY.—Quartette for three players—"Whist! the Dumby Man!"

EDUCATIONAL WORK (BY C. S. P-RN-LL).—*The Crammer's Guide to Politics.*



IRISH ACTORS IN AMERICA.

A DRESS DRAMA.

(BY A PERPLEXED PLAYWRIGHT.)

I'VE got myself into a horrible mess,
Of that there can be no manner of doubt,
And my forehead is aching, because I've been making
A desperate effort to get myself out,
And I'm given away, so it seemeth to me,
Like a threepenny vase with a pound of tea.

I promised an actress to write her a play,
With herself, of course, in the leading part,
With abundance of bathos paraded as pathos,
And a gallery death of a broken heart—
It's a capital plan, I find, to try
To arrange a part where the audience cry.

So I quickly think of a beautiful plot,
The interest ne'er for an instant flags;
The sorrowful ending is almost heart-rending,
As the heroine comes on in tatters and rags.
It is better than aught I have thought of before,
And will certainly run for a twelvemonth or more.

Yet, alas! for my prospect of glory and gain,
She has strangled my play at its moment of birth,
For now she has written to say she is smitten
With the newest designs and creations of WORTH,
And to quote her own words—"As a matter of fact,
I've a couple of costumes for every act."

Then there follows a list of the things she has bought,
Though I'm puzzled indeed as to what it may mean.
She is painfully pat in her jargon of satin,
Alpaca, nun's veiling, tulle, silk, grenadine,
And she asks me to say if I honestly think
She should die in pearl-grey, golden-brown, or shrimp-pink?

So here I am left in this pitiful plight.
With nothing but dresses, what *am* I to do?
For I haven't a notion what kind of emotion
Is suited to coral or proper for blue;
And if, when she faints, but they think she is dead,
Old-gold or sea-green would be better than red.

Will crushed strawberry do for an afternoon call?
For the evening would salmon or olive be right?
May a charming young fellow embrace her in yellow?
Must she sorrow in black? Must I wed her in white?
Till, dazed and bewildered, my eyesight grows dim,
And my head, throbbing wildly, commences to swim.

'Twere folly and madness to try any more,
I know what I'll do—in a letter to-day
I will just tell her plainly how utterly vainly
I've striven and struggled to finish her play;
And then—happy thought!—I will mildly suggest
That she'll find for her purpose BUCHANAN the best.

I shall now write a play without dresses at all,
A plan, which I'm sure will be perfectly new.
Yet opposed to convention, why merely the mention
Of a thing so immodest will startle a few;
And, although it's a pity, I shrewdly suspect
The Lord Chamberlain might deem it right to object.

Better still! from the French I will boldly convey
What will be (in two senses) the talk of the town.
You insist on a moral? Well, pray do not quarrel
With the one that I now for your guidance lay down,
That of excellent maxims this isn't the worst—
Let the play, not the dresses, be settled the first!

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—What a happily appropriate name for the Chief Magistrate of so fashionable a watering-place as Brighton is Mr. SOPER! Whether he is soft SOPER, or Hard SOPER, or Scented SOPER, it matters not; it is only a pity that after his year of office, if the Brightonian Bathers can spare him, he should not be transferred to Windsor. Old Windsor SOPER—what a splendid title for the Mayor of the Royal town! No doubt he will show himself active and energetic during his Mayoralty, and that at Brighton henceforth a totally opposite meaning from the ordinary one will be given to the description of a speech as "a SOPER-ific." At least, it is 'oped so, for the sake of SOPER.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

"AND ARE *YOU* GOING TO GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR MY BIRTHDAY, AUNTY MAUD?" "OF COURSE, DARLING."

"THEN *DON'T* LET IT BE *SOMETHING USEFUL!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday Night, November 25.—New Session opened to-day. Remarkable gathering of Members in the Lords to hear Queen's Speech read. Unusual excitement, though heroically restrained in presence of LORD CHANCELLOR, supported on Woolsack by four figures in red cloaks and cocked hats, borrowed for occasion from Madame Tussaud's. HALSBURY lost his temper once when Commission being read. Tussaud's man, sent down to work the figures—make them take off their cocked hats and nod upon cue being given by Reading Clerk—was on duty for first time; much interested in arrival of Commons at the Bar; instead of lying low behind Woolsack and minding his business, kept poking his head round to peer forth on scene. At last, LORD CHANCELLOR in hoarse whisper threatened to send him to Clock Tower if he didn't behave properly.

After this all went well; figures bringing their right elbow up with a jerk, took off their hats at precisely right moment, and replaced them without a hitch. They were labelled "Lord LATHOM," "Earl of COVENTRY," "Lord BROWNLOW," and "Lord KNUTSFORD." LORD CHANCELLOR sat in the middle. The ladies on floor of House watched them with much interest.

"Such *dear* old things," said one, when the figure labelled "Earl of COVENTRY" cleverly pretended to sneeze. "I wish they'd do it all over again; but I suppose the springs have run down."

In the Commons, everyone on the look out for PARNELL. What would he do? Where would he sit? What would he say? Or, would he come at all? Nobody knew. Some suspected last guess most probable. Towards Three o'Clock whisper went round that he was here. SARK had seen him crossing Lobby, with green spectacles and umbrella, and his hair died crimson. Was now in room with Irish Party, arranging about Leadership. Understood before House met that he was to retire from Leadership till fumes from Divorce Court had passed away. Then alliance between Home Rulers and Liberals would go on as before, and all would be well. Ministerialists downcast at this prospect; Liberals chirpy; a great difficulty avoided. Soon be in smooth water again.

Waiting in House for business to commence. SPEAKER away for cause that saddens everyone; COURTNEY to take the Chair at Four o'Clock; meeting of Irish Members still going forward. When business concluded, PARNELL would quietly walk out; they would take their places, and things would go on as if no one had

ever heard of Eltham, of alarums and excursions, of exits by fire-escapes, and entrances by back doors.

Thinking of these things, I was standing by Sergeant-at-Arms' chair; heard a scuffling noise behind; looked round, and lo! there was PARNELL entering House by Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, descending by swarming down the end pillar, which supports Gallery from floor of House.

Up a Tree.

"Good gracious!" I cried. "What are you doing?"

"I'm catching the last post," said PARNELL, smiling blandly, as, reaching the floor, he unclasped arms and legs from the pillar and quietly walked over to his ordinary place as if this were the usual way of an Hon. Member approaching his seat.

Direful news rapidly spread. PARNELL not going to retire from Leadership! On contrary, meant to stay, ignoring little events brought to light in the Divorce Court. Ministerialists jubilant; Liberals depressed; the whole situation changed; prospects of Liberal supremacy, so certain yesterday, suddenly blighted; talk of Mr. G. retiring from the fray; spoke on Address just now, but no fight left in him; the Opposition wrung out like a damp cloth; even GEORGE CAMPBELL dumb, and DR. CLARK indefinitely postponed Amendment long threatened. By ten o'clock the whole thing had flickered out. Address, which of late has taken three weeks to pass, agreed to in three hours.

Mr. G. went off as soon as OLD MORALITY had finished his modest speech. Walked with him across the Park to Carlton Terrace. Haven't seen him to speak to since Midlothian. What a change! Then elate, confident, energetic, tingling with life to his finger-ends; to-night shrunken, limp, despondent, almost heart-broken.

"Don't you think, Sir," I said, "that, after to-day's experience, Home Rule has a new terror? You remember how, seven or eight years ago, the Irish Members used to stand up in the House and personally vilify you. Then, when you came round to their side, the very same men beslabbered you with fulsome adulation. Now, when there is another parting of the ways, when you pit yourself, your authority, and your character, against their chosen Leader, they rudely turn their backs on you, and tell you to mind your own business. How'll it be, do you think, when you've finally served their purpose, and made possible the accomplishment of their aim? When you have made them Masters in Dublin, will they care any more for the views and prejudices of you and your Liberal Party than they have done to-day?"

"TOBY, dear boy," said Mr. G., "you're a young dog yet. When you come to my age, you'll have learned that there is no gratitude in politics. But we won't talk of it any more. I'm a little tired to-night."

So we walked in silence up the steps, by the Duke of YORK's Column.

Business done.—Address agreed to. Mr. P. flouts Mr. G.

Thursday.—House up at twenty minutes to Six, having got through rattling lot of business. Prince ARTHUR been sailing up and down floor, bringing in Land Bills and Railway Bills. HICKS-BEACH depressed with legacy of Tithes Bill.

"Cheer up, BEACH," says CRANBORNE, tugging at his moustache *à la* GRANDOLPH; "you may depend upon me. Keep your eye on your young friend, and he will pull you through."

"Thank you," said BEACH, with something more than his customary effusive manner.

JACKSON toying round the table, packing and unpacking papers, looking at his watch and the clock, vaguely whistling, and absently rubbing his hands.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "You seem out of sorts."

"Matter!" he cried. "Why, twenty minutes to Six is the matter, and here's all the work done and the House up. It's absolutely demoralising; portends something uncanny. On Tuesday we got through the Address in a single short sitting; yesterday, after meeting at noon, had to adjourn for three hours and a half; filled up remainder of time with bringing in Bills; To-day we have an Irish Land Bill brought in and read a First Time, after a Debate confined to SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, and WILFRID LAWSON. Nothing like it seen for sixteen years. If this kind of thing goes on, you know, we'll get all the work of the Session done in three months, and perhaps done better than when it took nine. It's the suddenness that knocks me over, TOBY. They ought to be more considerate, and begin more gently."

Mr. P-rn-ll turns his Back on Public Opinion.

Great commotion in Irish circles. Scene slightly shifted. It seems that Irish Members in re-electing PARNELL on Tuesday, thought he would relieve them of difficulty by forthwith resigning. Mr. P. doesn't take that view; thinks it would be rude, after having been unanimously elected, to appear to undervalue such remarkable, spontaneous act of confidence; doesn't care a rap for public opinion.

"*J'y suis, et j'y reste*," he says, smiling sweetly round the table, where his friends forlornly sit.

"Begorra!" says Mr. O'KEEF, indignantly, "it's bad enough to have him ruining us and the counthry, without using blasphaymious language."

Business done.—Everything on the paper.

"Bless-you-my-child!"

Friday Night. — LOUIS JENNINGS made capital speech to-night on Motion challenging commutation of certain perpetual pensions. Seems, among other little jobs, we, the tax-payers of Great Britain, with Income-tax at sixpence in the pound, have been paying pension of £2,000 a year to descendant of the late ELLEN GWYNNE. Select Committee appointed by present Government to consider whole matter, recommended that no pension should be commuted at rate so high as twenty-seven years' purchase. JOKIM, generous with other people's money, flies in face of recommendation, and comfortably rounds off one or two of these little jobs with gratuity of twenty-seven years' purchase. Cheerful to hear this sort of thing denounced in breezy fashion from Conservative Benches. JENNINGS, amid loud cheers, hits straight out from the shoulder. WALTER FOSTER quite delighted. "Bless you, my child," he says, "you ought to belong to the Radical Party." *Business done.*—Agreed that, up to Christmas, Government shall have all the time.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—"Here we are again!" as they come tumbling in, fresh from the hands of the publishers, HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER. More artistic than ever!

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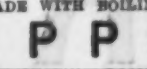

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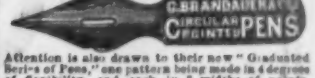

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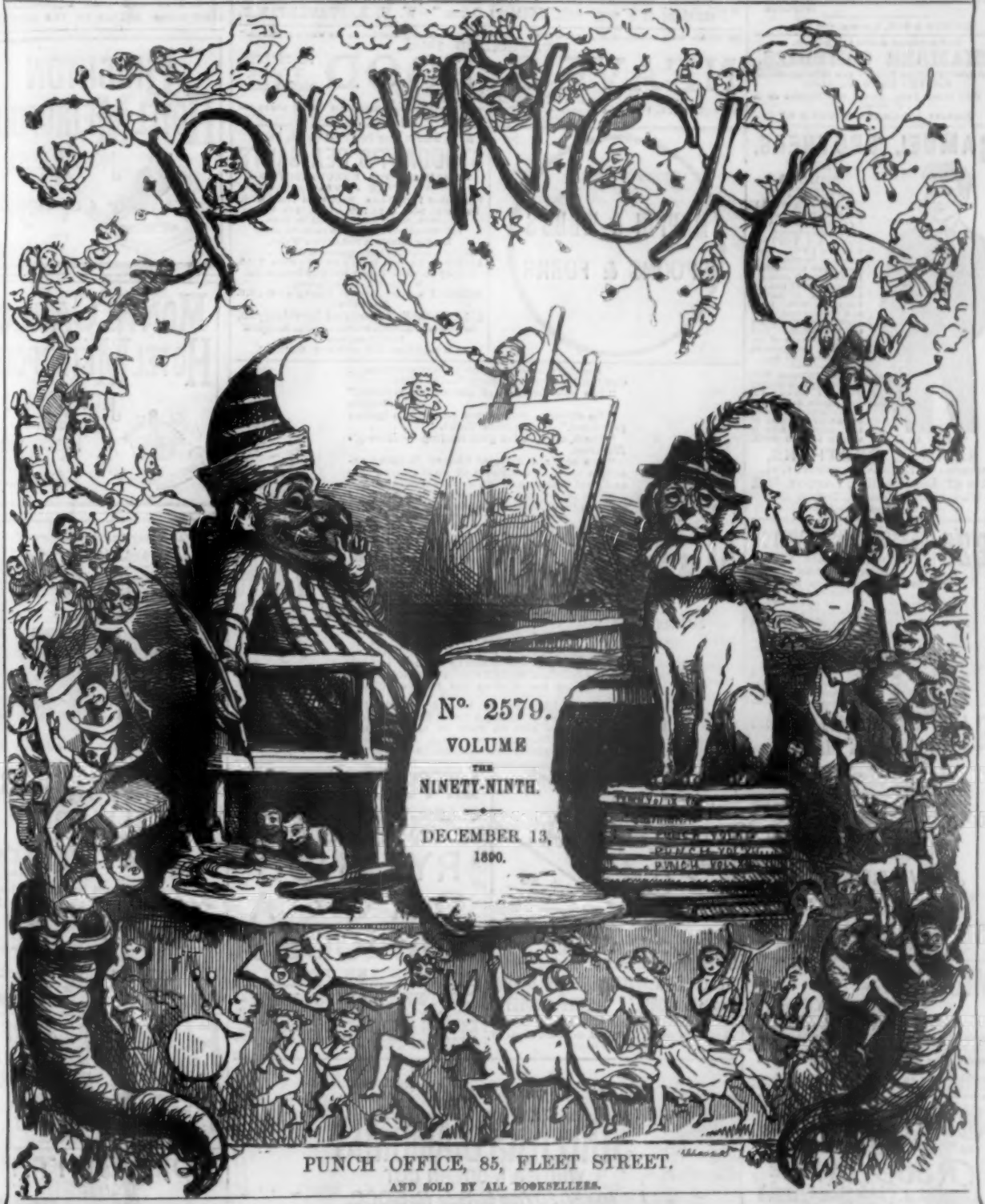

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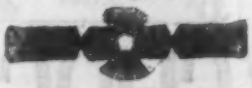

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[Of this story the Author writes to us as follows:—"I can honestly recommend it, as calculated to lower the exaggerated cheerfulness which is apt to prevail at Christmas time. I consider it, therefore, to be eminently suited for a Christmas Annual. Families are advised to read it in detachments of four or five at a time. Married men who owe their wives' mothers a grudge should lock them into a bare room, with a guttering candle and this story. Death will be certain, and not painless. I've got one or two rods in pickle for the publishers. You wait and see.—W. D."]

CHAPTER I.

GEORGE GINSLING was alone in his College-rooms at Cambridge. His friends had just left him. They were quite the tip-top set in Christ's College, and the ashes of the cigarettes they had been smoking lay about the rich Axminster carpet. They had been talking about many things, as is the wont of young men, and one of them had particularly bothered GEORGE by asking him why he had refused a seat in the University Trial Eights after rowing No. 5 in his College boat. GEORGE had no answer ready, and had replied angrily. Now, he thought of many answers. This made him nervous. He paced quickly up and down the deserted room, sipping his seventh tumbler of brandy, as he walked. It was his invariable custom to drink seven tumblers of neat brandy every night to steady himself, and his College career had, in consequence, been quite unexceptionable up to the present moment. He used playfully to remind his Dean of PORSON'S drunken epigram, and the good man always accepted this as an excuse for any false quantities in GEORGE'S Greek Iambics. But to-night, as I have said, GEORGE was nervous with a strange nervousness, and he, therefore, went to bed, having previously blown out his candle and placed his Waterbury watch under his pillow, on the top of which sat a Devil wearing a thick jersey worked with large green spots on a yellow ground.

CHAPTER II.

Now this Devil was a Water-Devil of the most pronounced type. His head-quarters were on the Thames at Barking, where there is a sewage outfall, and he had lately established a branch-office on the Cam, where he did a considerable business.

Occasionally, he would run down to Cambridge himself, to consult with his manager, and on these occasions he would indulge his playful humour by going out at night and sitting on the pillows of Undergraduates.

This was one of his nights out, and he had chosen GEORGE GINSLING'S pillow as his seat.

* * * * * *

GEORGE woke up with a start. What was this feeling in his throat? Had he swallowed his blanket, or his cocoa-nut matting? No, they were still in their respective places. He tore out his tongue and his tonsils, and examined them. They were on fire. This puzzled him. He replaced them. As he did so, a shower of red-hot coppers fell from his mouth on to his feet. The agony was awful. He howled, and danced about the room. Then he dashed at the whiskey, but the bottle ducked as he approached, and he failed to tackle it. Poor GEORGE, you see, was a rowing-man, not a football-player. Then he knew what he wanted. In his keeping-room were six *carafes*, full of Cambridge water, and a dozen bottles of Hunyádi Janos. He rushed in, and hurled himself upon the bottles with all his weight. The crash was dreadful. The foreign bottles, being poor, frail things, broke at once. He lapped up the liquid like a thirsty dog. The *carafes* survived. He crammed them with their awful contents, one after another, down his throat. Then he returned to his bed-room, seized his jug, and emptied it at one gulp. His bath was full. He lifted it in one hand, and drained it as dry as a University sermon. The thirst compelled him—drove him—made him—urged him—lashed him—forced him—shoved him—goaded him —— to drink, drink, drink water, water, water! At last he was appeased. He had cried bitterly, and drunk up all his tears. He fell back on his bed, and slept for twenty-four hours, and the Devil went out and gave his gyp, STARLING, a complete set of instructions for use in case of flood.

CHAPTER III.

STARLING was a pale, greasy man. He was a devil of a gyp. He went into GEORGE'S bed-room and shook his master by the shoulder. GEORGE woke up.

"Bring me the College pump," he said. "I must have it. No, stay," he continued, as STARLING prepared to execute his orders, "a hair of the dog—bring it, quick, quick!"

STARLING gave him three. He always carried them about with him in case of accidents. GEORGE devoured them eagerly, recklessly. Then with a deep sigh of relief, he went stark staring mad, and bit STARLING in the fleshy part of the thigh, after which he fell fast asleep again. On awaking, he took his name off the College books, gave STARLING a cheque for £5000, broke off his engagement, but forgot to post the letter, and consulted a Doctor.

"What you want," said the Doctor, "is to be shut up for a year in the tap-room of a public-house. No water, only spirits. That must cure you."

So GEORGE ordered STARLING to hire a public-house in a populous district. When this was done, he went and lived there. But you scarcely need to be told that STARLING had not carried out his orders. How could he be expected to do that? Only fifty-six pages of my book had been written, and even publishers—the most abandoned people on the face of the earth—know that that amount won't make a Christmas Annual. So STARLING hired a Temperance Hotel. As I have said, he was a devil of a gyp.

CHAPTER IV.

THE fact was this. One of GEORGE'S great-great uncles had held a commission in the Blue Ribbon Army. GEORGE remembered this too late. The offer of a seat in the University Trial Eights must have suggested the blue ribbon which the University Crew wear on their straw hats. Thus the diabolical forces of heredity were roused to fever-heat, and the great-great uncle, with his blue ribbon, whose photograph hung in GEORGE'S home over the parlour mantelpiece, became a living force in GEORGE'S brain.

GEORGE GINSLING went and lived in a suburban neighbourhood. It was useless. He married a sweet girl with various spiteful relations. In vain. He changed his name to PUMPERY, and conducted a local newspaper. Profitless striving. STARLING was always at hand, always ready with the patent filter, and as punctual in his appearances as the washing-bill or the East wind. I repeat, he was a devil of a gyp.

CHAPTER V.

THEY found GEORGE GINSLING feet uppermost in six inches of water in the Daffodil Road reservoir. It was a large reservoir, and had been quite full before GEORGE began upon it. This was his record drink, and it killed him. His last words were, "If I had stuck to whiskey, this would never have happened."

THE END.

"IT IS THE BOGIE MAN!"—BLACKIE'S *Modern Cyclopedia*. Nothing to do with the Christy Minstrel Entertainment, but a very useful work of reference, issued from the ancient house of publishers which is now quite BLACKIE with age. We have looked through the "B's" for "Bogie," but "The Bogie Man" is "Not there, not there, my child!" but he is to be found in that other BLACKIE'S collection at the St. James's Hall, which Bogie Man is said to be the original of that ilk. *Unde derivatur* "Bogie"? Perhaps the next edition of BLACKIE'S *still-more-Modern-than-ever Cyclopedia will explain.*

PARS ABOUT PICTURES *(by Old Par)*.—At the Fine Art Society's Gallery I gazed upon the pictures of "Many-sided Nature" with great content, and came to the conclusion that MR. ALBERT GOODWIN was a many-sided artist. "Now," said I, quoting SHAKSPEARE—*—Old Par's Improved Edition*—"is the GOODWIN of our great content made glorious." O. P., who knows every inch of Abingdon, who has gazed upon Hastings from High Wickham, who is intimate with every brick in Dorchester, who loves every reed and ripple on the Thames, and has a considerable knowledge of the Rigi and Venice, can bear witness to the truth of the painter. There are over seventy pictures—every one worth looking at.

"BUSINESS!"

Sweater (to Mr. Punch). "NO USE YOUR INTERFERING. BUSINESS IS BUSINESS!"
Mr. P. "YES, AND UNCOMMONLY BAD BUSINESS, TOO, FOR *THEM*. COULDN'T THE LARGE FIRMS TAKE A TRIFLE LESS PROFIT, AND PUT A LITTLE PLEASURE INTO THE BUSINESS OF THESE POOR STARVING WORKERS!"

["Business!" cries the Sweater, when remonstrated with for paying the poor Match-box makers twopence-farthing or twopence-halfpenny a gross, whilst his own profits reach 22½ to 25 per cent.—*Daily News.*]

Punch to the Sweating Shylock.

En? "Business is business"? Sheer cant, Sir!
Pure gammon?
Of all the inhuman, sham
Maxims of Mammon,
This one is the worst,
For under its cover lurks
cruelty callous,
With murderous meanness
that merits the gallows,
And avarice accurst.

Oh, well, I'm aware, Sir,
how ruthless rapacity
Loves to take shelter, with
cunning mendacity
'Neath an old saw;

But well says the scribe that such "business" is crime, Sir,
And such would be but for gaps half the time, Sir,
'Twixt justice and law.

Bah! Many a man who's sheer rogue in reality,
Hides the harsh knave in the mask of "legality,"
When 'tis too gross,
Robbery's rash, but austere orthodoxies
Countenance such things as modern match-boxes
Nine-farthings a gross!

From seven till ten, and sometimes to eleven,
For "six bob" a week. Ah! such life *must* be heaven;
Whilst as for your "profit,"
That's bound to approach five-and-twenty per cent.,
That Sweaters shall thrive, let their tools be content
With starvation in Tophet.

To starve's bad enough, but to starve and to work
(Mrs. LABOUCHERE hints), the most patient may irk;
And the lady is right—
Business? On brutes who dare mouth such base trash,
Mr. Punch, who loves justice and sense, lays his lash,
With the greatest delight.

He knows the excuses advanced for the Sweater,
But bad is the best, and, until you find better,
'Tis useless to cant
Of freedom of contract, supply and demand,
And all the cold sophistries ever on hand
Sound sense to supplant.

A phrase takes the place of an argument often,
And stomachs go empty, and brains slowly soften,
And sense sick with dizziness,
All in the name of the bosh men embody
In one clap-trap phrase that dupes many a noddy,
That—business is business!

Business? Yes, precious bad business for them, Sir,
Whose joyless enslavement *you* take with such phlegm, Sir,
Suppose, to enhance
Their small share of ease, such as you, were content, Sir,
To lower a trifle your precious "per cent.," Sir,
And give *them* a chance!

SOFT SAWDER.

"BUT I DON'T CALL THIS A FASHIONABLE 'AT!"
"IT WILL SOON *BECOME* SO, MADAM, IF *YOU* WEAR IT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Camp and Studio*, Mr. IRVING MONTAGU, some time on the artistic staff of *The Illustrated London News*, gives his experiences of the Russo-Turkish Campaign. He concisely sums up the qualifications of a War Correspondent by saying that he should "have an iron constitution, a laconic, incisive style, and sufficient tact to establish a safe and rapid connecting link between the forefront of battle and his own head-quarters in Fleet Street or elsewhere." As Mr. IRVING MONTAGU seems to have lived up to his ideal, it is a little astonishing to find the last chapters of his book devoted to *Back in Bohemia*, wherein he discourses of going to the Derby, a Hammersmith *Desdemona*, and of the *Postlethwaites* and *Maudles*, "whose peculiarities have been recorded by the facile pen of DU MAURIER." But as the author seems pleased with the reader, it would be indeed sad were the reader to find fault with the author. However, this may be said in his favour—he tells (at least) one good story. On his return from Plevna to Bohemia, a dinner was given in his honour at the Holborn Restaurant. Every detail was perfect—the only omission was forgetfulness on the part of the Committee to invite *the guest of the evening!* At the last moment the mistake was discovered, and a telegram was hurriedly despatched to Mr. MONTAGU, telling him that he was "wanted." On his arrival he was refused admittance to the dinner by the waiters, because he was not furnished with a ticket! Ultimately he was ushered into the Banqueting Hall, when everything necessarily ended happily.

A Christmas Masque.

One might imagine that Birthday Books have had their day, but apparently they still flourish, for HAZELL, WATSON, & VINEY publish yet another, under the title of *Names we Love, and Places we Know*. The first does not apply to our friends, but to the quotations selected, and places are shown by photos.

Of many *Beneficent and Useful Lives*, you will hear "in CHAMBERS,"—the reader sitting as judge on the various cases brought before him by Mr. ROBERT COCHRANE.

Unlucky will not be the little girl who reads the book with this name, by CAROLINE AUSTIN.

Everybody's Business, by ISMAY THORN, nobody likes interference, but in this case it proved the friend in need.

Chivalry, by LÉON GAUTIER, translated by HENRY FRITH, is a chronicle of knighthood, its rules, and its deeds. To the scientific student, *Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century*, by ROBERT ROUTLEDGE, B.S., F.C.S., will be interesting, and help him to discover a lot he does not know. Those who have not already read it, *A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys*, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, will have a real treat in the myths related; *Tanglewood Tales* are included, and these are delightful for all. *Rosebud*, by Mrs. ADAMS ACTON, a tale for girls, who will love this bright little flower, bringing happiness all around.

Holly Leaves, the Special Number of *The Sporting and Dramatic*, is quite a seasonable decoration for the drawing-room table during the Christmas holidays.

My faithful "Co." has been reading *Jack's Secret*, by Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON, which, he says, has greatly pleased him. It has an interesting story, and is full of clever sketches of character. *Jack*, himself, is rather a weak personage, and scarcely deserves the good fortune which ultimately falls to his lot. After flirting with a born coquette, who treats him with a cruelty which is not altogether unmerited, he settles down with a thoroughly lovable little wife, and a seat in the House of Lords. From this it will be gathered that all ends happily. *Jack's Secret* will be let out by MUDIE'S, and will be kept, for a considerable time—by the subscribers.

Girls will be ,the richer this year by *Fifty-two more Stories for Girls*, and boys will be delighted with *Fifty-two more Stories for Boys*, by many of the best authors; both these books are edited by ALFRED MILES, and published by HUTCHISON & Co. *Lion Jack*, by P. T. BARNUM, is an account of JACK'S perilous adventures in capturing wild animals. If they weren't, of course, all true, *Lyin' Jack* would have been a better title.

Syd Belton, unlike most story-book boys, would not go to sea,

but he was made to go, by the author, Mr. MANVILLE FENN. Once launched, he proved himself a British salt of the first water. *Dumps and I*, by Mrs. PARR, is a particularly pretty book for girls, and quite on a par with her other works. METHUEN & Co. publish these.

Pictures and Stories from English History, and *Royal Portrait Gallery*, are two Royal Prize Books for the historical-minded child; they are published by T. NELSON AND SONS, as likewise "*Frits*" *of Prussia, Germany's Second Emperor*, by LUCY TAYLOR. *Dictionary of Idiomatic English Phrases*, by JAMES MAIN DIXON, M.A., F.R.S.E., which may prove a useful guide to benighted foreigners in assisting them to solve the usual British vagaries of speech; like the commencement of the Dictionary, it is quite an "A 1" book.

"Dear Diary!" as one of Mr. F. C. PHILLIPS's heroines used to address her little book, but DE LA RUE's are not "dear Diaries," nor particularly cheap ones. This publisher is quite the Artful Dodger in devising diaries in all shapes and sizes, from the big pocket-book to the more insidious waistcoat-pocket booklet,—"small by degrees, but beautifully less."

"Here's to you, TOM SMITH!"—it's BROWN in the song, but no matter,—"Here's to you," sings the Baron, "with all my heart!" Your comic gutta-percha-faced Crackers are a novelty; in fact, you've solved a difficulty by introducing into our old Christmas Crackers several new features.

This year the Baron gives the prize for pictorial amusement to LOTHAR MEGGENDORFER (Gods! what a name!), who, assisted by his publishers, GRENVEL & Co., has produced an irresistibly funny book of movable figures, entitled *Comic Actors*. What these coloured actors do is so moving, that the spectators will be in fits of chuckling. Recommended, says THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

ARGUMENT.—EDWIN has taken ANGELINA, his *fiancée*, to an entertainment by a *Mesmerist*, and, wishing to set his doubts at rest, has gone upon the platform, and placed himself entirely at the Mesmerist's disposition. On rejoining ANGELINA, she has insisted upon being taken home immediately, and has cried all the way back in the hansom—much to EDWIN's perplexity. They are alone together, in a Morning-room; ANGELINA is still sobbing in an arm-chair, and EDWIN is rubbing his ear as he stands on the hearthrug.

Edwin. I say, ANGELINA, don't go on like this, or we shall have somebody coming in! I wouldn't have gone up if I'd known it would upset you like this; but I only wanted to make quite sure that the whole thing was humbug, and—(*complacently*)—I rather think I settled that.

Ang. (*in choked accents*). You settled that?—but *how*? . . . . Oh, go away—I can't bear to think of it all! [*Fresh outburst.*

Ed. You're a little nervous, darling, that's all—and you see, I'm all right. I felt a little drowsy once, but I knew perfectly well what I was about all the time.

Ang. (*with a bound*). You know?—then you *were* pretending—and you call that a good joke! *Oh!*

Ed. Hardly pretending. I just sat still, with my eyes shut, and the fellow stroked my face a bit. I waited to see if anything would come of it—and nothing did, that's all. At least, I'm not aware that I did anything peculiar. In fact, I'm *certain* I didn't. (*Uneasily.*) Eh, ANGELINA?

Ang. (*indistinctly, owing to her face being buried in cushions*). If you d-d-d-on't really know, you'd bub-bub-better-not ask—but I believe you do—quite well!

Ed. Look here, ANGIE, if I behaved at all out of the common, it's just as well that I should know it. I don't recollect it, that's all. Do pull yourself together, and tell me all about it.

Ang. (*sitting up*). Very well—if you will have it, you must. But you can't really have forgotten how you stood before the footlights, making the most horrible faces, as if you were in front of a looking-glass. All those other creatures were doing it, too; but, oh, EDWIN, yours were far the ugliest—they haunt me still. . . . . I mustn't think of them—I won't! [*Buries her face again.*

Ed. (*reddening painfully*). No, I say—*did* I? not really—without humbug, ANGELINA!

Ang. You know best if it was without humbug! And, after that, he gave you a glass of cuc-cod-liver oil, and—and pup-pup-paraffin, and you dud-drank it up, and asked for more, and said it was the bub-bub-best Scotch whiskey you ever tasted. You oughtn't even to *know* about Scotch whiskey!

Ed. I can't know much if I did *that*. Odd I shouldn't remember it, though. Was that all?

Ang. Oh, no. After that you sang—a dreadful song—and pretended to accompany yourself on a broom. EDWIN, you know you did; you can't deny it!

Ed. I—I didn't know I *could* sing; and—did you say on a broom? It's bad enough for me already, ANGELINA, without *howling!* Well, I sang—and what then?

Ang. Then he put out a cane with a silver top close to your face, and you squinted at it, and followed it about everywhere with your nose; you *must* have known how utterly idiotic you looked!

Ed. (*dropping into a chair*). Not at the time. . . . Well, go on, ANGELINA; let 's have it all. What next?

Ang. Next? Oh, next he told you were the Champion Acrobat of the World, and you began to strike foolish attitudes, and turn great clumsy somersaults all over the stage, and you always came down on the flat of your back!

Ed. I *thought* I felt a trifle stiff. Somersaults, eh? Anything else? (*With forced calm.*)

Ang. I did think I should have *died* of shame when you danced?

Ed. Oh, I *danced*, did I? Hum—er—was I *alone?*

Ang. There were four other wretches dancing too, and you imitated a ballet. You were dressed up in an artificial wreath and a gug-gug-gauze skirt.

Ed. (*collapsing*). No?? I *wasn't!* . . . Heavens! What a bounder I must have looked! But I say, ANGIE, it was all *right*, I suppose? I mean to say I wasn't exactly vulgar, or that sort of thing, eh?

Ang. Not vulgar? Oh, EDWIN? I can only say I was truly thankful *Mamma* wasn't there!

Ed. (*wincing*). Now, don't, ANGELINA it's quite awful enough as it is. What beats me is how on earth I came to *do* it all.

Ang. You see, EDWIN, I wouldn't have minded so much if I had had the least idea you were like *that*.

Ed. Like that! Good Heavens, ANGIE, am I in the habit of making hideous grimaces before a looking-glass? Do you suppose I am given to over-indulgence in cod-liver oil and whatever the other beastliness was? Am I acrobatic in my calmer moments? Did you ever know me sing—with or without a broom? I'm a shy man by nature (*pathetically*), more shy than you *think*, perhaps,—and in my normal condition, I should be the last person to prance about in a gauze skirt for the amusement of a couple of hundred idiots? I don't believe I did, either!

Ang. (*impressed by his evident sincerity*). But you said you knew what you were about all the time!

Ed. I thought so, then. Now—well, hang it, I suppose there 's more in this infernal Mesmerism than I fancied. There, it 's no use talking about it—it 's done. You—you won't mind shaking hands before I go, will you? Just for the last time?

Ang. (*alarmed*). Why—where are you going?

Ed. (*desperate*). Anywhere—go out and start on a *ranche*, or something, or join the Colonial Police force. Anything 's better than staying on here after the stupendous ass I've made of myself!

Ang. But—but, EDWIN, I daresay nobody *noticed* it much.

Ed. According to you, I must have been a pretty conspicuous object.

Ang. Yes—only, you see, I—I daresay they'd only think you were a confederate or something—no, I don't mean that—but, after all, indeed you didn't make such *very* awful faces. I—I *liked* some of them!

Ed. (*incredulously*). But you said they haunted you—and then the oil, and the somersaults, and the ballet-dancing. No, it 's no use, ANGELINA, I can see you 'll never get over this. It 's better to part and have done with it!

Ang. (*gradually retracting*). Oh, but listen. I—I didn't mean quite all I said just now. I mixed things up. It was really whiskey he gave you, only he *said* it was paraffin, and so you wouldn't drink it, and you *did* sing, but it was only about some place where an old horse died, and it was somebody else who had the broom! And you didn't dance nearly so much as the others, and—and whatever you did, you were never in the least ridiculous. (*Earnestly.*) You weren't, *really*, EDWIN!

Ed. (*relieved*). Well, I thought you must have been exaggerating a little. Why, look here, for all you know, you may have been mistaking somebody else for me all the time—don't you see?

Ang. I—I am almost sure I did, now. Yes, why, of course—how stupid I have been! It was someone very like you—not you at all!

Ed. (*resentfully*). Well, I must say, ANGELINA, that to give a fellow a fright like this, all for nothing——

Ang. Yes—yes, it was all for nothing, it was so silly of me. Forgive me, EDWIN, please!

Ed. (*still aggrieved*). I know for a fact that I didn't so much as leave my chair, and to say I *danced*, ANGELINA!

Ang. (*eagerly*). But I *don't*. I remember now, you sat perfectly still the whole time, he—he said he could do nothing with you, don't you recollect? (*Aside.*) Oh, what stories I 'm telling!

Ed. (*with recovered dignity*). Of course I recollect—perfectly. Well, ANGELINA, I 'm not *annoyed*, of course, darling; but another time, you should really try to observe more closely what *is* done and who *does* it—before making all this fuss about nothing.

Ang. But you won't go and be mesmerised again, EDWIN—not after this?

Ed. Well, you see, as I always said, it hasn't the slightest effect on me. But from what I observed, I am perfectly satisfied that the whole thing is a fraud. All those other fellows were obviously accomplices, or they 'd never have gone through such absurd antics—would they now?

Ang. (*meekly*). No, dear, of course not. But don't let 's talk any more about it. There are so many things it 's no use trying to explain.

HOW IT'S DONE.

(*A Hand-book to Honesty.*)

No. VII.—SELLING A HORSE.

SCENE I.—*A Horse-Sale. Inexperienced Person, in search of a cheap but sound animal for business purposes, looking on in a nervous and undecided manner, half tempted to bid for the horse at present under the hammer. To him approaches a grave and closely-shaven personage, in black garments, of clerical cut, a dirty-white tie, and a crush felt hat.*

Clerical Gent. They are running that flea-bitten grey up pretty well, are they not, Sir?

Inexperienced Person. Ahem! ye—es, I suppose they are. I—

er—was half thinking of bidding myself, but it 's going a bit beyond me, I fear.

C. G. Ah, plant, Sir—to speak the language of these horsey vulgarians—a regular plant! You are better out of it, believe me.

I. P. In—deed! You don't say so?

C. G. (*sighing*). Only too true, Sir. Why—(*in a gush of confidence*)—look at my own case. Being obliged to leave the country, and give up my carriage, I put my horse into this sale, at a *very* low reserve of twenty pounds. (*Entre nous*, it 's worth at least double that.) Between the Auctioneer, and a couple of rascally horse-dealers—who I found out, by pure accident, wanted my animal particularly *for a match pair*—the sale of my horse is what *they* call "bunnicked up." *Then* they come to me, and offer me money. I spot their game, and am so indignant that I 'll have nothing to do with them, at *any* price. Wouldn't sell dear old *Bogey*, whom my wife and children are so fond of, to such brutal blackguards, on *any* consideration. No, Sir, the horse has done me good service—a sounder nag never walked on four hoofs; and I 'd rather sell it to a good, kind master, for twenty pounds, aye, or even eighteen, than let these rascals have it, though they *have* run up as high as thirty q——, ahem! guineas.

I. P. Have they indeed, now? And what have you done with the horse?

C. G. Put it into livery close by, Sir. And, unless I can find a good master for it, by Jove, I 'll take it back again, and *give it away to a friend.* Perhaps, Sir, you 'd like to have a look at the animal. The stables are only in the next street, and—as a friend, and with no eye to business—I should be pleased to show poor *Bogey* to anyone so sympathetic as yourself.

[*I. P., after some further chat of a friendly nature, agrees to go and "run his eye over him."*

SCENE II.—*Greengrocer's yard at side of a seedy house in a shabby street, slimy and straw-bestrewn. Yard is paved with lumpy, irregular cobbles, and some sooty and shaky-looking sheds stand at the bottom thereof. Enter together,* Clerical Gent *and* Inexperienced Person.

C. G. (*smiling apologetically*). Not exactly palatial premises for an animal used to *my* stables at Wickham-in-the-Wold! But I know these people, Sir; they are kind as Christians, and as honest as the day. Hoy! TOM! TOM!! TOM!!! Are you there, TOM? [*From the shed emerges a very small boy with very short hair, and a very long livery, several sizes too large for him, the tail of the brass-buttoned coat and the bottoms of the baggy trousers alike sweeping the cobbles as he shambles forward.*] (*C. G. genially.*) Ah, there you are, TOM, my lad. Bring out dear old *Bogey*, and show it to my friend here. [*Boy leads out a rusty roan Rosinante, high in bone, and low in flesh, with prominent hocks, and splay hoofs, which stumble gingerly over the cobbles.*] (*Patting the horse affectionately.*) Ah, poor old *Bogey*, he doesn't like these lumpy stones, does he? Not used to them, Sir. My stable-yard at Wickham-in-the-Wold, is as smoothly paved as—as the Alhambra, Sir. I always *consider* my animals, Sir. A merciful man is merciful to his beast, as the good book says. But *isn't* he a Beauty?

I. P. Well—ahem!—ye—es; he looks a kind, gentle, steady sort of a creature. But—ahem!—what 's the matter with his knees?

C. G. Oh, nothing, Sir, nothing at all. Only a habit he has got *along of kind treatment.* Like us when we "stand at ease," you know, a bit baggy, that 's all. You should see him after a twenty miles spin along our Wickham roads, when my wife and I are doing a round of visits among the neighbouring gentry. Ah, *Bogey, Bogey*, old boy—*kissing his nose*—I don't know what Mrs. G. and the girls will say when they hear I 've parted with you—if I do, *if* I do.

Enter two horsey-looking Men as though in search of something.

First Horsey Man. Ah, here you are. Well, look 'ere, are you going to take Thirty Pounds for that horse o' yourn? Yes or No!

C. G. (*turning upon them with dignity*). *No*, Sir; most emphatically *No!* I 've told you before I will not sell him to you at *any* price. Have the goodness to leave us—*at once.* I 'm engaged with my friend here.

[*Horsey Men turn away despondently. Enter hurriedly, a shabby-looking* Groom.

Groom. Oh, look here, Mister—er—er—wot 's yer name? His Lordship wants to know whether you 'll take his offer of Thirty-five Pounds—*or* Guineas—for that roan. He wouldn't offer as much, only it happens jest to match——

C. G. (*with great decisiveness*). Inform his Lordship, with my compliments, that I regret to be entirely unable to entertain his proposition.

Groom. Oh, *very* well. But I wish you 'd jest step out and tell his Lordship so yerself. He 's jest round the corner at the 'otel entrance, a flicking of his boots, as irritated as a blue-bottle caught in a cowcumber frame.

C. G. Oh, *certainly*, with pleasure. (*To* I. P.) If you 'll excuse me, Sir, just one moment, I 'll step out and speak to his Lordship.

[*Exit, followed by* Groom.

Horsey Person (*making a rush at* I. P. *as soon as* C. G. *has disappeared, speaking in a breathless hurry*). Now lookye here, guv'nor—sharp 's the word! He 'll be back in arf a jiff. *You buy that 'oss!* He won't sell it to *us*, bust 'im; but you 've got 'im in a string, you 'ave. He 'll sell it to *you* for eighteen quid—p'raps sixteen. *Buy* it, Sir, buy it! We 'll be outside, by the pub at the corner, my pal and me, and—(*producing notes*)—we 'll take it off you agen for *thirty pounds*, and glad o' the chance. We want it pertikler, we do, and you can 'elp us, and put ten quid in your own pocket too as easy as be blowed. Ah! here he is! Mum 's the word! Round the corner by the pub! [*Exeunt hurriedly.*

Clerical Gent (*blandly*). Ah! *that 's* settled. His Lordship was angry, but I was firm. Take *Bogey* back to the stable, TOM—*unless*, of course—(*looking significantly at* Inexperienced Person).

Inexperienced Person (*hesitating*). Well, I 'm not sure but what the animal would suit me, and—ahem!—if you care to trust it to me——

Clerical Gent. (*joyously*). Trust it to *you*, Sir? Why, with pleasure, with every confidence. Dear old *Bogey!* He 'll be happy with such a master—ah, and do him service too. I tell you, Sir, that horse, to a quiet, considerate sort o' gent like yourself, who wants to *work* his animal, not to wear it out, is worth forty pound, every penny of it—and cheap at the price!

I. P. Thanks! And—ah—what *is* the figure?

C. G. Why—ah—eighteen—no, dash it!—sixteen *to you*, and say no more about it.

[Inexperienced Person *closes with the offer, hands notes to* Clerical Gent (*who, under pressure of business, hurries off*), *takes* Bogey *from the grinning groom-lad, leads him—with difficulty—out into the street, searches vainly for the two horsey Men, who, like "his Lordship," have utterly and finally disappeared, and finds himself left alone in a bye-thoroughfare with a "horse," which he cannot get along anyhow, and which he is presently glad to part with to a knacker for thirty shillings.*

TRIUMPHS OF THE FUNNY MAN.

Hired Waiter (handing the liqueurs). "PLEASE, SIR, DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH—I SHALL SPILL 'EM ALL!"

WRITE AND WRONG.

As so many private letters are sold at public sales nowadays, it has become necessary to consider the purport of every epistle regarded, so to speak, from a *post-mortem* point of view. If a public man expresses a confidential opinion in the fulness of his heart to an intimate friend, or proposes an act of charity to a cherished relative, he may rest assured that, sooner or later, both communications will be published to an unsympathetic and autograph-hunting world. Under these circumstances it may be well to answer the simplest communications in the most guarded manner possible. For instance, a reply to a tender of hospitality might run as follows:—

Private and Confidential. Not negotiable.

MR. DASH BLANK has much pleasure in accepting MR. BLANK DASH'S invitation to dinner on the 8th inst.

N.B.—This letter is the property of the Writer. Not for publication. All rights reserved.

Or, if the writer feels that his letter, if it gets into the hands of the executors, will be sold, he must adopt another plan. It will be then his object to so mix up abuse of the possible vendors with ordinary matter, that they (the possible vendors) may shrink, after the death of the recipient, from making their own condemnation public. The following may serve as a model for a communication of this character. The words printed in italics in the body of the letter are the antidotal abuse introduced to prevent a posthumous sale by possible executors.

Private and Confidential. Not to be published. Signature a forgery.

DEAR OLD MAN,—I nearly completed my book. *Your nephew*, TOM LESLEIGH, *is an ass.* My wife is slowly recovering from influenza. *Your Aunt*, JANE JENKINS, *wears a wig.* TOMMY, you will be glad to learn, has come out first of twenty in his new class at school. *Your Uncle*, BENJAMIN GRAHAM, *is a twaddling old bore.* I am thinking of spending the Midsummer holidays with the boys and their mother at Broadstairs. *Your Cousin*, JACK JUGGERLY, *is a sweep that doesn't belong to a single respectable Club.* Trusting that you will burn this letter, to prevent its sale after we are gone,

I remain, yours affectionately, BOBBY.

N.B.—The foregoing letter is the property of the Author, and, as it is only intended for private circulation, must not be printed. Solicitor's address, — Ely Place.

But perhaps the best plan will be, not to write at all. The telegraph, at the end of the century, costs but a halfpenny a word, and we seem to be within measurable distance of the universal adoption of the telephone. Under these circumstances, it is easy to take heed of the warning contained in that classical puzzle of our childhood, *Litera scripta manet.*

A QUESTION OF TASTE.

Mr. Punch. Well, Madam, what can I do for you?

Female (of Uncertain Age, gushingly). A very great favour, my dear Sir: it is a matter of sanitation.

Mr. P. (coldly). I am at your service, Madam, but I would remind you that I have no time to listen to frivolous complaints.

Fem. I would ask you—do you think that a building open to the public should be crowded with double as many persons as it can conveniently hold?

Mr. P. Depends upon circumstances, Madam. It might possibly be excusable in a Church, assuming that the means of egress were sufficient. Of what building do you wish to complain?

Fem. Of the Old Bailey—you know, the Central Criminal Court.

Mr. P. Have you to object to the accommodation afforded you in the Dock?

Fem. I was not in the Dock!

Mr. P. (dryly). That is the only place (when not in the Witness-Box) suitable for women at the Old Bailey. I cannot imagine that they would go to that unhappy spot of their own free will.

Fem. (astonished). Not to see a Murder trial? Then you are evidently unaccustomed to ladies' society.

Mr. P. (severely). I do not meet *ladies* at the Old Bailey.

Fem. (bridling up). Indeed! But that is nothing to do with the matter of the overcrowding. Fancy, with our boasted civilisation—I was *half* stifled!

Mr. P. It is a pity, with our boasted civilisation, that you were not stifled—*quite!* (*Severely.*) You can go!

[*The Female retires, with an expression worthy of her proper place—the Chamber of Horrors!*

IN DIFFICULTIES!

DISTRESSED HIBERNIA. "IF YOUR TANDEM LEADER TURNS VICIOUS, AND KICKS OVER THE TRACES,—WHERE ARE YOU?"

TAKING IT COOLLY.

Old Gent (out for a quiet ride with the Devon and Somerset). "CONFOUND THESE HARD-RIDING YOUNG RASCALS, THEY 'LL BE SMASHING MY HAT ONE OF THESE DAYS!"

NONOGENARIAN NONSENSE.

(Compiled à la Mode.)

I HAVE so often been urged by my friends to write my autobiography, that at length I have taken up my pen to comply with their wishes. My memory, although I may occasionally become slightly mixed, is still excellent, and having been born in the first year of the present century I consequently can remember both the Plague and Fire of London. The latter is memorable to me as having been the cause of my introduction to Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, an architect of some note, and an intimate friend of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and the late Mr. TURNER, R.A. Sir CHRISTOPHER had but one failing—he was never sober. To the day of his death he was under the impression that St Paul's was St. Peter's!

One of my earliest recollections is the great physician HARVEY, who, indeed, knew me from my birth. Although an exceedingly able man, he was a confirmed glutton. He would at the most ceremonious of dinner-parties push his way through the guests (treating ladies and gentlemen with the like discourtesy) and plumping himself down in front of the turtle soup, would help himself to the entire contents of the tureen, plus the green fat! During the last years of his life he abandoned medicine to give his attention to cookery, and (so I have been told) ultimately invented a fish sauce!

I knew HOWARD, the so-called philanthropist, very well. He was particularly fond of dress, although extremely economical in his washing bill. It was his delight to visit the various prisons and obtain a hideous pleasure in watching the tortures of the poor wretches therein incarcerated. He was fined and imprisoned for ill-treating a cat, if my memory does not play me false. I have been told that he once stole a pocket-handkerchief, but at this distance of time cannot remember where I heard the story.

It is one of my proudest recollections that, in early youth, I had the honour of being presented to her late most gracious Majesty, Queen ANNE, of glorious memory. The drawing-room was held at Buckingham Palace, which in those days was situated on the site now occupied by Marlborough House. I accompanied my mother, who wore, I remember, yellow brocade, and a wreath of red roses, without feathers. Round the throne were grouped—the Duke of MARLBOROUGH (who kept in the background because he had just been defeated at Fontenoy), Lord PALMERSTON, nick-named "Cupid" by Mistress NELL GWYNNE (a well-known Court beauty), Mr. GARRICK, and Signor GRIMALDI, two Actors of repute, and Cardinal WISEMAN, the Papal Nuncio. Her Majesty was most gracious to me, and introduced me to one of her predecessors, Queen ELIZABETH, a reputed daughter of King HENRY THE EIGHTH. Both Ladies laughed heartily at my curls, which in those days were more plentiful than they are now. I was rather alarmed at their lurching forward as I passed them, but was reassured when the Earl of ROCHESTER (the Lord Chamberlain) whispered in my ear that the Royal relatives had been lunching. As I left the presence, I noticed that both their Majesties were fast asleep.

I have just mentioned Lord ROCHESTER, whose acquaintance I had the honour to possess. He was extremely austere, and very much disliked by the fair sex. On one occasion it was my privilege to clean his shoes. He had but one failing—he habitually cheated at cards. I will now tell a few stories of the like character about Bishop WILBERFORCE, THACKERAY, Mrs. FRY, PEABODY, WALTER SCOTT, and Father MATTHEW.

[No you don't, my venerable twaddler!—ED.]

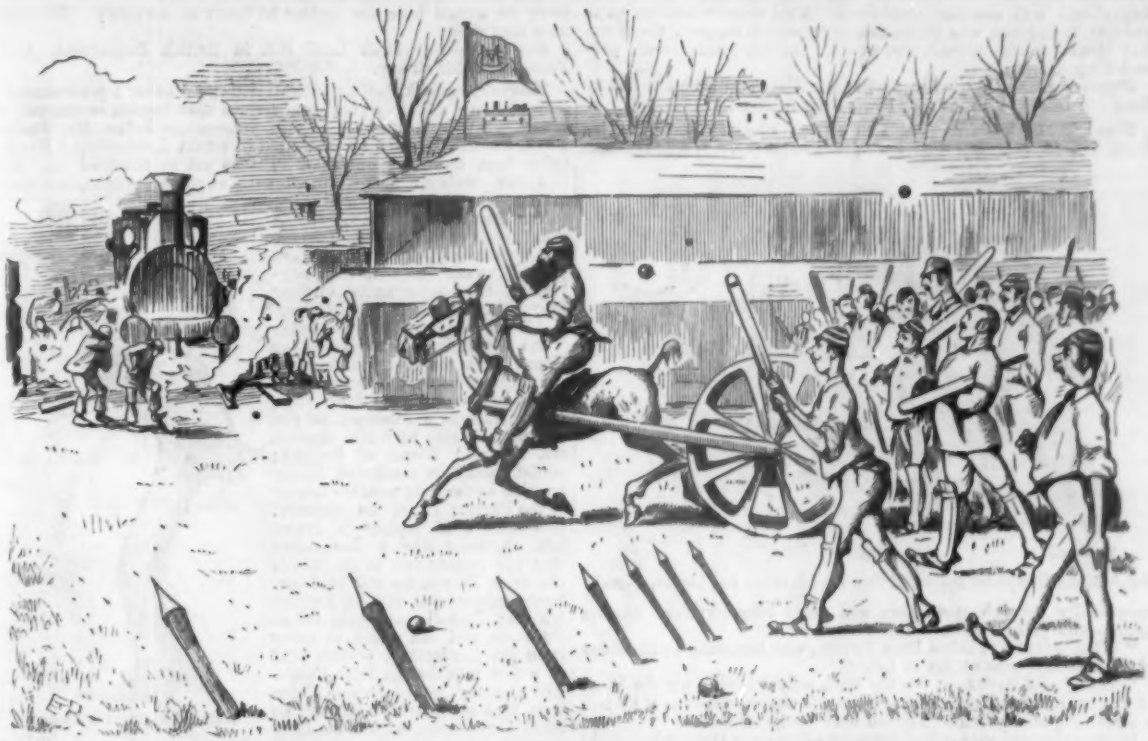
THE LARGE CIGAR.

You lie on the oaken mantle-shelf,
A cigar of high degree,
An old cigar, a large cigar,
A cigar that was given to me.
The house-flies bite
you day by day—
Bite you, and kick,
and sigh—
And I do not know
what the insects
say,
But they creep away
and die.

My friends they take
you gently up,
And lay you gently
down;
They never saw a weed so big,
Or quite so deadly brown.
They, as a rule, smoke anything
They pick up free of charge; [sing
But they leave you to rest while the bulbuls
Through the night, my own, my large!

The dust lies thick on your bloated form,
And the year draws to its close,
And the baccy-jar's been emptied—by
My laundress, I suppose.
Smokeless and hopeless, with reeling brain,
I turn to the oaken shelf,
And take you down, while my hot tears rain,
And smoke you, you brute, myself.

PARNELL'S PARLIAMENTARY PUPPETS. THE STRINGS IN A TANGLE!



LORD'S IN DANGER. THE M. C. C. GO OUT TO MEET THE ENEMY.

["Sir EDWARD WATKIN proposes to construct a Railway passing through Lord's Cricket Ground."]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 1.—Tithes Bill down for Second Reading. GRAND YOUNG GARDNER places Amendment on the paper, which secures for him opportunity of making a speech. Having availed himself of this, did not move his Amendment; opening thus made for STUART-RENDEL, who had another Amendment on the paper. Would he move it? Only excitement of Debate settled round this point. Under good old Tory Government new things in Parliamentary procedure constantly achieved. Supposing half-a-dozen Members got together, drew up a number of Amendments, then ballot for precedence, they might arrange Debate without interposition of SPEAKER. First man gets off his speech, omits to move Amendment: second would come on, and so on, on to the end of list. But STUART-RENDEL moved Amendment, and on this Debate turned.

Osborne Ap Morgan.

Not very lively affair, regarded as reflex of passionate protestation of angry little Wales. OSBORNE AP MORGAN made capital speech, but few remained to listen. Welshmen at outset meant to carry Debate over to next day; couldn't be done; and by half-past eleven, STUART-RENDEL's Amendment negatived by rattling majority.

Fact is, gallant little Wales was swamped by irruptive Ireland. To-day, first meeting of actual Home Rule Parliament held, and everybody watching its course. This historic meeting gathered in Committee-room No. 15; question purely one of Home Rule; decided, after some deliberation, that, in order to have proceedings in due dramatic form, there should be incorporated with the meeting an eviction scene. After prolonged Debate, concluded that, to do the thing thoroughly, they should select PARNELL as subject of eviction.

"No use," TIM HEALY said, "in half-doing the thing. The eyes of the Universe are fixed upon us. Let us give them a show for their money."

PARNELL, at first, demurred; took exception on the ground that, as he had no fixed place of residence, he was not convenient subject for eviction; objection over-ruled; then PARNELL insisted that, if he yielded on this point, he must preside over proceedings. TIM and the rest urged that it was not usual, when a man's conduct is under consideration upon a grave charge, that he should take the Chair. Drawing upon the resources of personal observation, Dr. TANNER remarked that he did not remember any case in which the holder of a tenure, suffering process of eviction, bossed the concern, acting simultaneously, as it were, as the subject of the eviction process, and the resident Magistrate.

Whilst conversation going on, PARNELL had unobserved taken the Chair, and now ruled Dr. TANNER out of order.

House sat at Twelve o'Clock; at One the Speaker (MR. PARNELL), interrupting SEXTON in passage of passionate eloquence, said he thought this would be convenient opportunity for going out to his chop. So he went off; Debate interrupted for an hour; resumed at One, and continued, with brief intervals for refreshment, up till close upon midnight. Proceedings conducted with closed doors, but along the corridor, from time to time, rolled echoes which seemed to indicate that the first meeting of the Home-Rule Parliament was not lacking in animation.

"I think they *are* a little 'eated, Sir," said the policeman on duty outside. "Man and boy I've been in charge of this beat for twenty years; usually a quiet spot; this sudden row rather trying for one getting up in years. Do you think, Sir, that, seeing it 's an eviction, the Police can under the Act claim Compensation for Disturbance?"

Promised to put question on subject to JOKIM.

Long dispute on point of order raised by NOLAN. TIM HEALY referring to difficulty of dislodging PARNELL, alluded to him as "Sitting Bull." Clamour from Parnellite section anxious for preservation of decency of debate. Speaker said, question most important. Irish Parliament in its infancy; above all things essential

they should well consider precedents. Must reserve decision as to whether the phrase was Parliamentary; would suggest, therefore, that House should adjourn five weeks. On this point Debate proceeded up to midnight.

Business done.—In British Parliament Tithes Bill read a Second Time; in Irish (which sat four hours longer), None.

Tuesday.—Cork Parliament still sitting upstairs in Committee Room No. 15, debating question of adjournment. We hear them occasionally through open doors and down long corridor. Once a tremendous yell shook building.

Caleb Balder(Glad)stone finding all that was left of the lost Leader, P-rn-ll.

"What's that?" I asked DICK POWER, who happened to be taking glass of sherry-wine at Bar in Lobby.

"That," said RICHARD, "is the Irish wolves crying for the blood of PARNELL," and DICK, tossing down his sherry-wine, as if he had a personal quarrel with it, hurried back to the shambles.

Quite a changed man! No longer the *débonnaire* DICK, whose light heart and high spirits made him a favourite everywhere. Politics have suddenly become a serious thing, and DICK POWER is saddened with them.

"I take bitters with my sherry-wine now," DICK mentioned just now in sort of apologetic way at having been discovered, as it were, feasting in the house of mourning. "At the present sad juncture, to drink sherry-wine with all its untamed richness might, I feel, smack of callousness. Therefore I tell the man to dash it with bitters, which, whilst it has a penitential sound, adds a not untoothsome flavour in anticipation of dinner."

Even with this small comfort ten years added to his age; grey hairs gleam among his hyacinthine locks; his back is bent; his shoes are clogged with lead. A sad sight; makes one wish the pitiful business was over, and RICHARD himself again.

The Last Smile.

All the best of the Irish Members, whether Cavaliers or Cromwellians, are depressed in same way. Came upon SWIFT MACNEILL in retired recess in Library this afternoon; standing up with right hand in trouser-pocket, and left hand extended (his favourite oratorical attitude in happier times) smiling in really violent fashion.

"What are you playing at?" I asked him, noticing with curiosity that whilst his mouth was, so to speak, wreathed in smiles, a tear dewed the fringe of his closed eyelids.

"Ah, TOBY, is that you?" he said, "I didn't see you coming. The fact is I came over here by myself to have me last smile."

"Well, you're making the most of it," I said, wishing to encourage him.

"I generally do, and as this is me last, I'm not stinting measurement. They're sad times we've fallen on. Just when it seemed victory was within our grasp it is snatched away, and we are, as one may say, flung on the dunghill amid the wreck of our country's hopes and aspirations. This is not a time to make merry. Me country's ruined, and SWIFT MACNEILL smiles no more."

With that he shut up his jaws with a snap, and strode off. I'm sorry he should take the matter to heart so seriously. We shall miss that smile.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill in British Parliament. Cork Parliament still sitting.

Thursday.—Cork Parliament still sitting; PARNELL predominant; issues getting a little mixed; understood that Session summoned to decide whether, in view of certain proceedings before Mr. Justice BUTT, PARNELL should be permitted to retain Leadership. Everything been discussed but that. Things got so muddled up, that O'KEEFE, walking about, bowed with anxious thought, not quite certain whether it is TIM HEALY, SEXTON, or JUSTIN MCCARTHY, who was involved in recent Divorce suit. Certainly, it couldn't have been PARNELL, who to-day suggests that the opportunity is fitting for putting Mr. G. in a tight place.

Weighed down with Thought.

"You go to him," says PARNELL, "and demand certain pledges on Home Rule scheme. If he does not consent, he will be in a hole; threatened with loss of Irish Vote. You will be in a dilemma, as you cannot then side with him against me, the real friend of Ireland; whilst I shall be confirmed in my position as the only possible Leader of the Party. If, on the contrary, this unrivalled sophist is drawn into anything like a declaration that will satisfy you in the face of the Irish People, he will be hopelessly embarrassed with his English friends; I shall have paid off an old score, and can afford to retire from the Leadership, certain that in a few months the Irish People will clamour for the return of the man who showed that, if only he could serve them, he was ready to sacrifice his personal position and advantages. Don't, Gentlemen, let us, at a crisis like this, descend to topics of mere personality. In spite of what has passed at this table, I should like to shield my honourable friends, Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY, Mr. SEXTON, and that *beau idéal* of an Irish Member, Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, from references, of a kind peculiarly painful to them, to certain proceedings in a court of law with respect to which I will, before I sit down, say this, that, if all the facts were known, they would be held absolutely free from imputation of irregularity."

General cheering greeted this speech. Members shook hands all round, and nominated Committee to go off and make things hot for Mr. G. *Business done.*—In British House Prince ARTHUR expounded Scheme for Relief of Irish Distress.

Friday.—A dark shadow falls on House to-day. Mrs. PEEL died this morning, and our SPEAKER sits by a lonely hearth. OLD MORALITY, in his very best style, speaking with the simple language of a kind heart, voices the prevalent feeling. Mr. G., always at his best on these occasions, adds some words, though, as he finely says, any expression of sympathy is but inadequate medicine for so severe a hurt. Members reverently uncover whilst these brief speeches are made. That is a movement shown only when a Royal Message is read; and here is mention of a Message from the greatest and final King. Mrs. PEEL, though the wife of the First Commoner in the land, was not *une grande dame*. She was a kindly, homely lady, of unaffected manner, with keen sympathies for all that was bright and good. Every Member feels that something is lost to the House of Commons now that she lies still in her chamber at Speaker's Court.

THE DRAMA ON CRUTCHES.—A Mr. GREIN has suggested, according to some Friday notes in the *D. T.*, a scheme for subsidising a theatre and founding a Dramatic School. The latter, apparently, is not to aid the healthy but the decrepit drama, as it is intended "to afford succour to old or disabled actors and actresses." Why then call it a "Dramatic School?" Better style it, a "Dramatic-Second-Infancy-School."

DEATH IN THE FIELD.—If things go on as they have been going lately, the statisticians who compile the "Public Health" averages will have to include, as one important item in their "Death Rates," the ravages of that annual epidemic popularly known as—Football!

"JUSTICE FOR IRELAND!"—The contest on the Chairmanship of the Irish Parliamentary Party may be summed up:—JUSTIN M'CARTHY *vice* PARNELL Just out.

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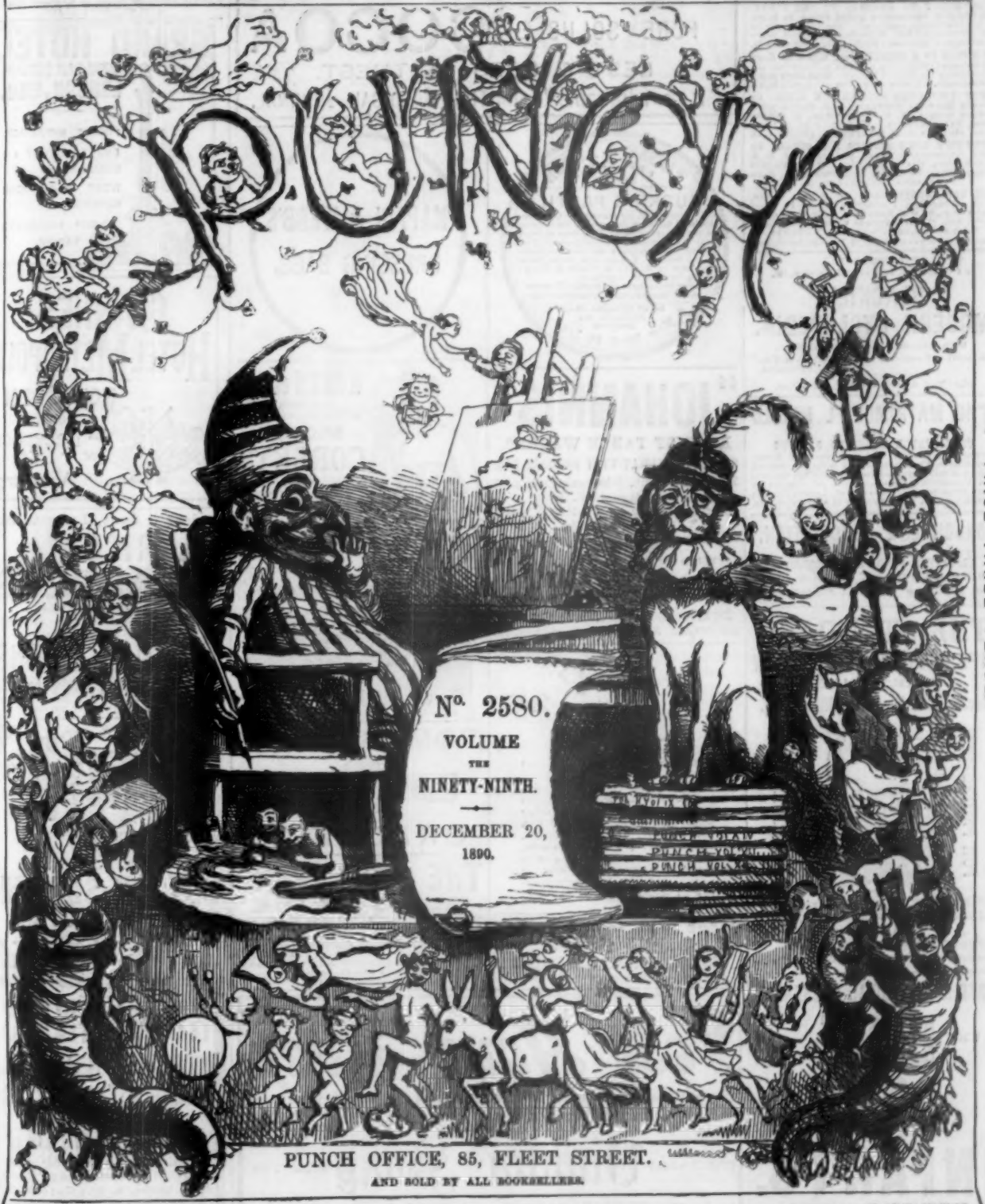

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VOCES POPULI.

THE RIDING-CLASS.

SCENE—*A Riding-school, on a raw chilly afternoon. The gas is lighted, but does not lend much cheerfulness to the interior, which is bare and bleak, and pervaded by a bluish haze. Members of the Class discovered standing about on the tan, waiting for their horses to be brought in. At the further end is an alcove, with a small balcony, in which* Mrs. BILBOW-KAY, *the Mother of one of the Equestrians, is seated with a young female Friend.*

Mrs. Bilbow-Kay. Oh, ROBERT used to ride very nicely indeed when he was a boy; but he has been out of practice lately, and so, as the Doctor ordered him horse-exercise, I thought it would be wiser for him to take a few lessons. Such an excellent change for any one with sedentary pursuits!

The Friend. But isn't riding a sedentary pursuit, too?

Mrs. B.-K. ROBERT says *he* doesn't find it so.

[*Enter the* Riding Master.

Riding Master (*saluting with cane*). Evenin', Gentlemen—your 'orses will be in directly; 'ope we shall see some *ridin'* this time. (*Clatter without; enter Stablemen with horses.*) Let me see—Mr. BILBOW-KAY, Sir, you'd better ride the *Shar*; he ain't been out all day, so he'll want some 'andlin'. (Mr. B.-K., *with a sickly smile, accepts a tall and lively horse.*) No, Mr. TONGS, that ain't *your* 'orse to-day—you've got beyond *'im*, Sir. We'll put you up on *Lady Loo*; she's a bit rough till you get on terms with her, but you'll be all right on her after a bit. Yes, Mr. JOGGLES, Sir, you take *Kangaroo*, please. Mr. BUMPAS, I've 'ad the *Artful Dodger* out for you; and mind he don't get rid of you so easy as he did Mr. GRIPPER last time. Got a nice 'orse for *you*, Mr. 'ARRY SNIGGERS, Sir—*Frar Diavolo*. You mustn't take no notice of his bucking a bit at starting—he'll soon leave it off.

Mr. Sniggers (*who conceals his qualms under a forced facetiousness*). Soon leave *me* off, you mean!

R. M. (*after distributing the remaining horses*). Now then—bring your 'orses up into line, and stand by, ready to mount at the word of command, reins taken up in the left 'and with the second and little fingers, and a lock of the 'orse's mane twisted round the first. Mount! That 'orse ain't a *bicycle*, Mr. SNIGGERS. [*Mr. S.* (*in an undertone.*) No—worse luck!] Number off! Walk! I shall give the word to trot directly, so now 's the time to improve your seats—that back a bit straighter, Mr. 'OOPER. No. 4, just fall out, and we'll let them stirrup-leathers down another 'ole or two for yer. (*No. 4, who has just been congratulating himself that his stirrups were conveniently high, has to see them let down to a distance where he can just touch them by stretching.*) Now you're all comfortable. ["Oh, *are* we?" *from Mr. S.*] Trot! Mr. TONGS, Sir, 'old that 'orse in—he's gettin' away with you already. Very bad, Mr. JOGGLES, Sir—keep those 'eels down! Lost your stirrup, Mr. JELLY? Never mind that—*feel* for it, Sir. I want you to be independent of the irons. I'm going to make you ride without 'em presently. (Mr. JELLY *shivers in his saddle.*) Captin' CROPPER, Sir; if that Volunteer ridgment as you're goin' to be the Major of sees you like you are now, on a field-day—they'll 'ave to fall out to *larf*, Sir! (Mr. CROPPER *devoutly wishes he had been less ingenuous as to his motive for practising his riding.*) Now, Mr. SNIGGERS, make that 'orse learn 'oo 's the master! [Mr. S. "He *knows*, the brute!]

Mrs. B.-K. He's very rude to all the Class, except dear ROBERT—but then ROBERT has such a nice easy seat.

The R. M. Mr. BILBOW-KAY, Sir, try and set a bit closer. Why, you ain't no more 'old on that saddle than a stamp with the gum licked off! Can-ter! *You're* all right, Mr. JOGGLES—it's on'y his play; set down on your saddle, Sir! . . . I didn't say on the ground!

Mrs. B.-K. (*anxiously to her Son, as he passes*). Bob, are you quite sure you're safe? (*To Friend.*) His horse is snorting so dreadfully!

R. M. 'Alt! Every Gentleman take his feet out of the stirrups, and cross them on the saddle in front of him. Not your *feet*, Mr. SNIGGERS, we ain't Turks 'ere!

Mr. S. (*sotto voce*). "There's *one* bloomin' Turk 'ere, anyway!"

R. M. Now then,—Walk! . . . Trot! Set back, Gentlemen, set back all—'old on by your knees, not the pommels. *I* see you, Mr. JELLY, kitchin' 'old o' the mane—I shall 'ave to give you a 'ogged 'orse next time you come. Quicken up a bit—this is a ride, not a funeral. Why, I could *roll* faster than you're trotting! Lor, you're like a row o' Guy Foxes on 'orseback, you are! Ah, I thought I'd see one o' you orf! Goa-ron, all o' you, you don't come 'ere to *play* at ridin'—I'll make you ride afore I've done with you! 'Ullo, Mr. JOGGLES, nearly gone that time, Sir! There, that'll do—or we'll 'ave all your saddles to let unfurnished. Wa—alk! Mr. BILBOW-KAY, when your 'orse changes his pace sudden, it don't look well for you to be found settin' 'alf way up his neck, and it gives him a bad opinion of yer, Sir. Uncross stirrups! Trot on! It ain't no mortal use your clucking to that mare, Mr. TONGS, Sir, because she don't understand the langwidge—touch her with your 'eel in the ribs. Mr. SNIGGERS, that 'orse is doin' jest what he likes with you. 'It 'im, Sir; he's no friends and few relations!

Mr. S. (*with spirit*). *I* ain't going to 'it 'im. If you want him 'it, get up and do it yourself!

R. M. When I say "Circle Right"—odd numbers 'll wheel round and fall in be'ind even ones. Circle *Right!* . . . Well, if ever I—I didn't tell yer to fall *off* be'ind. Ketch your 'orses and stick to 'em next time. Right In-*cline!* O' course, Mr. JOGGLES, if you prefer takin' that animal for a little ride all by himself, we'll let you out in the streets—otherwise p'raps you'll kindly follow yer leader. Captin CROPPER, Sir, if you let that curb out a bit more, *Reindeer* wouldn't be 'arf so narsty with yer . . . Ah, now you *'ave* done it. You want *your* reins painted different colours and labelled, Sir, you do. 'Alt, the rest of you . . . Now, seein' you're shook down in your saddles a bit—["*Shook* up *'s more like it!*" *from* Mr. S.]—we'll 'ave the 'urdles in and show you a bit o' Donnybrook! (*The Class endeavours to assume an air of delighted anticipation at this pleasing prospect.*) (*To* Assistant R.M., *who has entered and said something in an undertone.*) Eh, Captin 'EDSTALL here, and wants to try the grey cob over 'urdles? Ask him if he'll come in now—we're just going to do some jumping.

Assist. R. M. This lot don't look much like going over 'urdles—'cept in front o' the 'orse, but I'll tell the Captin.

[*The hurdles are brought in and propped up. Enter a well-turned-out Stranger, on a grey cob.*

Mr. Sniggers (*to him*). You ain't lost nothing by coming late, I can tell yer. We've bin having a gay old time in 'ere—made us ride without sterrups, he did!

Capt. Headstall. Haw, really? Didn't get grassed, did you?

Mr. S. Well, me and my 'orse separated by mutual consent. I ain't what you call a fancy 'orseman. We've got to go at that 'urdle in a minute. How do *you* like the ideer, eh? It's no good funking it—it's got to be *done!*

R. M. Now, Captin—not *you*, Captin CROPPER—Captin 'EDSTALL, *I* mean, will you show them the way over, please?

[Captain H. *rides at it; the cob jumps too short, and knocks the hurdle down—to his rider's intense disgust.*

Mr. S. I say, Guv'nor, that was a near thing. I wonder you weren't off.

Capt. H. I—ah—don't often come off.

Mr. S. You won't say that when you've been 'ere a few times. You see, they've put you on a quiet animal this journey. *I* shall try to get him myself next time. He be'aves like a gentleman, *he* does!

Capt. H. You won't mount him, if you take my advice—he has rather a delicate mouth.

Mr. S. Oh, I don't mind that—I should ride him on the curb, o' course. [*The Class ride at the hurdle, one by one.*

R. M. Now, Mr. SNIGGERS, give 'im more of 'is 'ed than that, Sir—or he'll take it . . . Oh, Lor, well, it's soft falling luckily! Mr. JOGGLES, Sir, keep him back till you're in a line with it . . . Better, Sir; you come down true on your saddle afterwards, anyway! . . . Mr. PARABOLE! . . . Ah, *would* you? *Told* you he was tricky, Sir! Try him at it again . . . Now—over! . . . Yes, and it *is* over, and no mistake!

Mrs. B.-K. Now it's ROBERT's turn. I'm afraid he's been overtiring himself, he looks so pale. BOB, you won't let him jump too high, *will* you?—— Oh, I daren't look. Tell me, my love,—is he *safe?*

Her Friend. Perfectly—they're just brushing him down.

AFTERWARDS.

Mrs. B.-K. (*to her Son*). Oh, BOB, you must never think of jumping again—it *is* such a dangerous amusement!

Robert (*who has been cursing the hour in which he informed his parent of the exact whereabouts of the school*). It's all right with a horse that knows *how* to jump. Mine didn't.

The Friend. I *thought* you seemed to jump a good deal higher than the horse did. They ought to be trained to keep close under you, oughtn't they? [ROBERT *wonders if she is as guileless as she looks.*

Capt. Cropper (*to the* R. M.) Oh, takes about eight months, with a lesson every day, to make a man efficient in the Cavalry, does it? But, look here—I suppose four more lessons will put *me* all right, eh? I've had *eight*, y'know.

R. M. Well, Sir, if you *ask* me, I dunno as another arf dozen 'll do you any 'arm—but, o'course, that's just as *you* feel about it.

[Captain CROPPER *endeavours to extract encouragement from this Delphic response.*

THE RUSSIAN WOLF AND THE HEBREW LAMB.

(After a well-known Picture.)

TIT-WILLOW.

(A New Version.)

["Last year I fed the tomtits with a cocoanut, suspended on a stick outside my window, and they came greedily. This year I forgot all about it, but, hearing a clamour in a fuchsia-bush outside my study window . . . I found myself besieged by an army of tomtits . . . Was it memory, or association of ideas, or both?"—*Rev. F. G. Montagus Powell, in the "Spectator."*]

On a bush in a garden a little Tomtit
Sang "Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing 'Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow'?"
"I've had nothing to eat for three days," he replied,
"Though in searching for berries I've gone far and wide,
And I feel a pain here in my little inside,
O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!"

Now his poor little cheeks had grown haggard and thin,
O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!
And his self was a shadow of what it had been,
O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!
"By the kind Mr. Powell last year was I fed
With a cocoanut stuck on a stick," so he said,
"And without this again I shall shortly be dead,
O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!"

So he gathered an army who twittered all day
"O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!"
But a cocoanut soon made them all cease to say
"O Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!"
And the truth of my story you must not assail,
For the dear old *Spectator* has published the tale.
Though those who will read it can scarcely well fail
To say "Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow!"

"The Passing of Arthur."—After *Ivanhoe*, Sir Arthur Sullivan's new Opera, has appeared at Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new theatre, the Knightly and Daily composer will rest his musical brain for a year, and will place his Savoy throne at the disposal of Prince Edward Solomon, direct descendant of the wisest monarch ever known, save for one amiable weakness. The successor to King Arthur has plenty of "Savoy Faire," and a good choice has been made. The Carte will now be drawn along merrily enough, and, no doubt, it will be a brilliant time when Sol, in all his glory, comes out and shines at the Savoy.

New Irish Political Party Name.—For the followers of Mr. Parnell, the best name in future would be "The *Faux-Par*-nellites."

TRUE FEMININE DELICACY OF FEELING.

Emily (who has called to take Lizzie to the great Murder Trial). "What deep black, dearest!"

Lizzie. "Yes. I thought it would be only decent, as the poor Wretch is sure to be found Guilty."

Emily. "Ah! Where I was Dining last night, it was even betting which way the Verdict would go, so I only put on *Half* Mourning!"

A PORTIA À LA RUSSE.

["I repeat that a great military Power, having at her disposal an army of two millions of well-disciplined and drilled soldiers, whom no European country dares to attack single-handed, can face calmly, and even good-humouredly, both the wild attacks of unscrupulous publicists, and mistaken protests of philanthropic meetings, though these be as imposing and brilliant as the Lord Mayor's Show itself."—*Madame Novikoff's Letter to the "Times," on "The Jews in Russia."*]

The quality of mercy is o'erstrained,
It droppeth twaddle-like from Lord Mayor's lips
Upon a Russian ear: strength is twice scornful,
Scornful of him it smites, and him who prates
Of mercy for the smitten: force becomes
The throned monarch better than chopped logic;
His argument's—two millions of armed men,
Which strike with awe and with timidity
Prating philanthropy that pecks at kings.
But Mercy is beneath the Sceptre's care,
It is a bugbear to the hearts of Czars.
Force is *the* attribute of the "God of Battles";
And earthly power does then show likest heaven's
When Justice mocks at Mercy. Therefore, Jew,
Though mercy be thy prayer, consider this,
That in the course of mercy few of us,
Muscovite Czars, or she-diplomatists,
Should hold our places as imperious Slavs
Against humanitarian Englishmen,
And Jews gregarious. *These* do pray for Mercy,
Whose ancient Books instruct us all to render
Eye for eye justice! Most impertinent!
Romanist Marquis, Presbyterian Duke,
And Anglican Archbishop, mustered up
With Tabernacular Tubthumper, gowned Taffy,
And broad-burred Boanerges from the North,
Mingled with Pantheist bards, Agnostic Peers,
And lawyers latitudinarian,—
A Lord Mayor's Show of *Paul Pry* pageantry,
All to play Mentor to the Muscovite!
Master of many millions! Oh, most monstrous!
Are we Turk dogs that they should do this thing?
In name of Mercy!!!
I have writ so much.
As Adler says, with "dainty keen-edged dagger,"
To mitigate humanity's indignation.
With airy epigram, and show old friends,
Gladstone, and Westminster, Maccoll and Stead,
That Olga Novikoff is still O.K.
A Portia—*à la Russe!* Have I not proved it?

DIAMONDS ARE TRUMPS!

[The ladies, who are learning Whist in New York, do not, says the *Daily News*, worry much about the rules, but rather use the old-fashioned game as an opportunity for exhibiting their diamond rings, &c.]

I played the other day at Whist,
My partner was a comely maiden,
Her eyes so blue, her pretty wrist
With bracelets and with bangles laden,
She wore about ten thousand pounds,
Each finger had its priceless jewel,
She was, in fact, ablaze—but zounds!
Her play, indeed, was "something cruel."

I called for trumps, and called in vain,
At intervals I dared to mention
How much her conduct caused me pain,
Yet paid she not the least attention.
I very nearly tore my hair,
I begged of her to play discreetly,
But no—the tricks I planned with care
Without exception failed completely.

Jewels, I have no doubt, are grand,
But even they are sometimes cloying.
I found at length her splendid hand
(Of shapely fingers) most annoying.
When next I'm playing, I confess
I'd like a girl (and may I get her!)
Who shows her hands a little less,
And plays her cards a little better.

A LAY OF LONDON.

OH, London is a pleasant place to live the whole year through,
I love it 'neath November's pall, or Summer's rarest blue,
When leafy planes to city courts still tell the tale of June,
Or when the homely fog brings out the lamplighter at noon.

I thought to go away this year, and yet in town I am.
I have not been to Hampstead Heath, much less to Amsterdam;
And now December 's here again I do not feel the loss,
Though all the summer I 've not been four miles from Charing Cross.

'Twas pleasant in the office when we 'd gather in a bunch,
A social, dreamy sort of day, with lots of time for lunch.
How commerce flagged September through, at 90, Pinching Lane,
Till bronzed and bluff the chief returned, and trade revived again.

Why talk of Andalusia's bulls, of Rocky-Mountain bears,
Of Tyrolean alpenstocks—though not of Alpen shares;
Of seaside haunts where fashion drives with coronetted panels,
Or briny nooks, when all you need is pipes, and books, and flannels.

Of orange-groves, and cloister'd courts, of fountains, and of pines,
Black shadows at whose edge the sun intolerably shines,
Of tumbled mountain heights, like waves on some Titanic sea,
Caught by an age of ice at once, and fix'd eternally.

Of quiet river-villages, which woods and waters frame,
Lull'd in the lap of loveliness to the music of their name;
Of fallow-fields, of sheltered farms, of moorland and of mere:
Let others roam—I stay at home, and find their beauties here.

Not when the sun on London town incongruously smiles,
On the news-boys, and the traffic, and the advertisers' wiles;
But when the solar orb has ceased to mark the flight of time,
And three yards off is nothingness—indefinite, sublime,—

Then in the City's teeming streets each soul can get its share,
Its concentrated essence of the high romance of air,
Whose cloudy symbols KEATS beheld, and yearn'd to jot them down,
But anybody nowadays can swallow them in town.

There are, who, fain to dry the tear, and soothe the choking throat,
Would burn those tokens of the hearth that fondly o'er us float;
They cannot trace amid the gloom each dainty spire and whorl,
But smoke, to the true poet's eye, is never out of curl.

The sardine in his oily den, his little house of tin,
Headless and hoodless there he lies, no move of tail or fin,
Yet full as beauteous, I ween, that press'd and prison'd fish,
As when in sunny seas he swam unbroken to the dish.

A unit in the vasty world of waters far away,
We could nor taste his toothsome form, nor watch his merry play,
But, prison'd thus, to fancy's eye, he brings his native seas,
The olive-groves of Southern France—perchance the Pyrenees.

The brown sails of the fishing-boats, the lithe sea-season'd crew,
The spray that shakes the sunlight off beneath the breezy blue,
The netted horde that shames the light with their refulgent sheen—
Such charm the gods who dwell on high have given the chill sardine.

So when we find long leagues of smoke compacted in the air,
'Tis not the philosophic part to murmur or to swear,
But patiently unravelling, the threads will soon appear,
In cottage hearths, and burning weeds, and misty woodland sere.

The day is fading, all the West with sunset's glow is bright,
And island clouds of crimson float in depths of emerald light,
Like circles on a rippled lake the tints spread up the sky,
Till, mingling with the purple shade, they touch night's shore, and die.

Down where the beech-trees, nearly bare, spread o'er the red-leaf'd hill,
Where yet late-lingerers patter down, altho' the wind is still,
The cottage smoke climbs thinly up, and shades the black-boled trees,
And hangs upon the misty air as blue as summer seas.

'Tis this, in other guise, that wraps the town in sombre pall,
While like two endless funerals the lines of traffic crawl,
And from the abysmal vagueness where flows the turbid stream
Like madden'd nightmares neighing, the steamers hoarsely scream.

The Arab yearns for deserts free, the mariner for grog,
The hielan' laddie treads the heath, the croppy trots the bog;
The Switzer boasts his avalanche, the Eskimo his dog,
But only London in the world, can show a London fog.

A WONDERFUL SHILLINGSWORTH.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Fresh from the country (which has been my perpetual residence for the last twenty years), I came to London, a few days ago, to visit an establishment which seemed to me to represent that delight of my childhood, the Polytechnic Institution, in the time of Professor PEPPER's Ghost, and glass-blowing by machinery. I need scarcely say that the Royal Aquarium was the attraction, where a shilling entrance fee I imagined would procure for me almost endless enjoyment.

I had seen the appetising programme—how the doors were opened at 10 A.M., to close a good thirteen hours later—after a round of novelties full of interest to a provincial sight-seer, to say nothing of a Londoner. I entered and found the Variety Entertainment was "on." I was about to walk into an enclosure, and seat myself in a first-rate position for witnessing the gambols of some talented wolves, when I was informed that I could not do this without extra payment. Unwilling to "bang" an extra sixpence (two had already been expended) I tried to find a gratuitous coign of vantage, but (I am sorry to add) unsuccessfully. But I was not to be disheartened. Could I not see "KENNEDY, King Laughter-Maker of the World," or "a Grand Billiard Match," or (more interesting still) "the Performing Fleas"? Yes, indeed I could, but only by expending a shilling on the Mesmerist, a like sum for the Billiard Match, and sixpence on the carefully-trained hoppers. Seeing that "the Wonderful and Beautiful Mystic MURIEL" was in the building, I attempted to interview her, but was stopped at the door by a demand for the fifth of half-a-crown. A like sum stood as a barrier between me and an entertainment that I was told was "described by Mr. RIDER HAGGARD in his well-known romance, called *She*." Passing by a small bower-like canvas erection, I was attracted by the declaration of its custodian that it was "the most wonderful sight in the world," a statement he made, he said, "without fear of contradiction." But "Eve's Garden" (as the small bower-like canvas erection was called) was inaccessible to those who did not expend the grudgingly-produced but necessary sixpence. Foiled in this direction, I fain would have visited the celebrated Beckwith Family performances, but was prevented by finding that a shilling was the only passport to admission, unless I happened to be a child, when the modified charge of sixpence would be deemed sufficient. There was, however, one entertainment almost free (only a penny was charged), an automatic sight-tester, which pleased me greatly. By putting a copper in the slot, pressing a pedal, and turning a handle, I learned that anyone could discover, literally at a glance, the condition of his eyes. Had I not made up my mind to disburse nothing further than the bare shilling I had already expended, I should certainly have ascertained if the time had arrived for my regretful assumption of a pinch-nose or a pair of spectacles.

I was now losing heart, when, to my great joy, I came upon "the White Kangaroo, the Laughing Jackasses, &c.," all of which were to be seen "free gratis and for nothing." It is right, however, that I should add that I found some difficulty in distinguishing "the White Kangaroo" from "the Laughing Jackasses," and both from "&c." I now made for Mlle. PAULA's Crocodiles, but here, again, alas! I was doomed to disappointment. As I approached the Reptile-House, in which the fair dame was disporting herself (no doubt) amongst "Indian Pythons and Boa Constrictors," I was warned off by the legend, "Admission, Sixpence." It was then I remembered that, after all, I was in an Aquarium, and, consequently, had no right to expect anything but fish. So I approached the tanks, and, to my great delight, found in one of them some floating bodies, that I am almost sure must have been herrings. Having thus gratified my curiosity for the strange and the curious, I returned, well satisfied, to the country, where I purpose remaining a further term of next twenty years. In the meanwhile, believe me, Dear *Mr. Punch*,

Yours sincerely, ONE EASILY PLEASED.

SOMETHING VERY BIG.—"The principal *rôle* (*Falstaff*), in VERDI's new comic Opera is 'amplified and enlarged,' writes a special Correspondent to *The Standard*, "from the *Falstaff* of the other plays (besides the *Merry Wives*) in which he takes a part." "Takes a part!" Good Heavens! *Falstaff* "amplified and enlarged" will be something more than a part. It will be that mathematical impossibility, "a part greater than the whole." Surely, with such a *rôle* in it, this can't be a light Opera.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Golden Bells, rung by DEAN AND SON,—quite appropriately ecclesiastical this,—and edited by Mrs. ELIZABETH DAY, will ring forth peals of delight in the nursery, it being the Christmas number of *The Little One's Own Paper*.

Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual, by WALTER BESANT, bears the cheerful and seasonable title of "*The Demoniac*."

Mr. HYNE's *Four Red Nightcaps* is somewhat in the style of *Three Men in a Boat*, only there are "Four men in a Yacht."

Most of the Magazines have their special numbers of these. *The English Illustrated*, *Harper's*, *The Century*, are got up with the most charming illustrations.

The Gentlewoman has her first Christmas Number, and,—so like her!—a coloured satin picture! *The Pictorial World* has two good pictures for framing.

The Baron liketh much the latest contribution to the Rosslyn Series, edited by Earl HODGSON, who is of the Peerage of Parnassus, as you won't find this Earl in *Brett's Peerage*. The Baron congratulates the Earl, and has also sent an order for a pound of laurels wherewith to decorate the brow of WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK. Among the many gems of his songs let me select "A Continuation"—there would have been "a pair of continuations," could he have rivalled himself; then "*Lalage*," and "*The Chansonnette*," which, with "*Rizzio to Marie Stuart*," ought to be set to music by a gifted composer. There are also some delightful verses to "*Old Court Trinity*," which will delight all Trinitarians of Cambridge—"*cum multis aliis*"—to quote the ancient Roman singer, so, as a short way with our Poet POLLOCK, the classic Baron, remembering how the ancients swore "By Pollux!" adapts the ejaculation, and says, "Buy POLLOCK's—book."

All Meredithians must possess *George Meredith, Some Characteristics, by Richard Le Gallienne*. The book is a complete and excellent guide to the novelist and the novels, a sort of Meredithian *Bradshaw*, with pictures of the traffic superintendent, and of the head office at Boxhill. Even Philistines may be won over by the blandishments of Mr. LE GALLIENNE, from whom I learn, by the way, that GEORGE MEREDITH is "the HARVEY of the Ego," and that he is not ADRIAN HARLEY. I hear, also, that "daily, from one quarter or another, some critical cuff and kick, to impress upon a numb public the latest example of its immemorial purblindness." And the Baron adds this cuffiet to the rest. Mr. JOHN LANE has added a Bibliography, which is a model of minute industry. So here's to the book of RICHARD and JOHN.

Among the Arts for obvious reasons not known to Ancient Greece is *The Art of Cooking by Gas*. In a little book under this title, published by CASSELL, Mrs. SUGG has undertaken to disclose its mysteries, and set forth its attractions. No one could be better qualified for the task, since Mrs. SUGG is the wife of WILLIAM SUGG of Charing Cross, who has thrown more light on Modern London than CAMDEN did on its ancient ways. Cooking by gas, Mrs. SUGG shows, is cleaner, cheaper, more convenient, and more artistic than the older style. So widely is the practice now established, that gas-cooking apparatus are made to suit all conditions of life, from the kitchen of the Grand Hotel to the "Little Connaught," which you can (if you like) carry about in your waistcoat-pocket; yet when properly extended it will roast fowls, and small joints, grill chops, steaks, and fish, boil eggs, and vegetables, and keep a large family in hot water. "To gentlemen residing in Chambers, or those reading for the Bar," Mrs. SUGG writes of another treasure, "this little kitchener with the two grillers will prove a great boon." If Sir HENRY JAMES had really been going to the Bench, he could not have done better than study this book, and set himself up with a "Little Connaught" or a "Double Griller." Since that is not the case, it may be asked, Would they be worth the LORD CHANCELLOR's attention? We unhesitatingly reply, "Why, Sugg'nly!"

"Are you asleep, BUCHANAN?" inquired ARCHER. This is the first sentence of a shilling novel, by BUTLER SHOTTOWE, with a very sensational picture on the cover. I "read no more that day," but closed the book, dreading lest, of the two figures on the thrilling frontispiece, one should be *the* BUCHANAN, and the other *the* only ARCHER in the world of Ibsenish proclivities.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

STRUCTURAL IMPROVEMENTS IN A THEATRE.—Mr. NORMAN FORBES opens the Globe. The seats are so constructed, that they can be taken outside the theatre. Also, any person who has purchased a numbered seat need not come to the theatre to occupy it. The seats are so made as to be equally comfortable for big and little persons—for the former, they can be let out.

A CRY FROM THE CINDER-PATH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I MUST appeal to you, the unimpeachable Cæsar, in athletics as in all other matters, to secure me some small meed of public sympathy and consideration. During the, happily, almost past year, I have been the victim of gross ill-treatment at the hands, nay, worse, the feet, of athletes of various kinds. I have been cut in public by some of the best performers; I have been mercilessly beaten, and persistently lowered, till it is a wonder to myself that I have any self-respect left. I am too good a sportsman at least, Sir, to complain of rough usage in a fair way, but while I must suffer for the ambition of every ped. and every wheel-man, my colleague and close relation, who is generally known as "The Standard," is put higher and higher, without really doing anything at all to deserve his elevation. I have had the people all shouting about me; I have been the subject of columns of statistical gush in the Sporting Press, and now I am constrained to appeal to a non-professional for bare justice in my crippled old age. Wishing you a happier New Year than the old one has been to me,

I am yours, in disgust,

A SMASHED RECORD.

LONDON METEORILLOGICAL ARRANGEMENTS.

(FOR THE WINTER.)

	Clerk of Weather Office.
Monday	Frost. N.E. wind. Light fall of Snow. N. wind. Change at night to S. Thaw. Slosh.
Tuesday	Fog. E. wind.
Wednesday	Thicker fog. N.E. wind. Frost.
Thursday	Thicker fog. E. wind.
Thursday Night.	Fog. Frost. N. wind.
Friday & Friday Night	Snow. N. wind. Sudden change to S.W. wind.
Saturday	Sun for two hours. Horrid slosh.
Sunday	Drizzle. Rain for one day.
Monday	Hard frost. N.E. wind. Traffic almost impossible.
Tuesday and following days	(*Da capo, with a few variations.*)

A MUSICAL NOTE.

VERY fine performance by Royal Choral Society, at my little place in Kensington, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 10th, of MACKENZIE's "*Rose of Sharon*." Everything *couleur de Rose*, except the atmosphere, which was *couleur de pea-soup*. Weather responsible for a certain number of empty stalls in my hall. Madame ALBANI in excellent voice—sang throughout gloriously. E. L., the Squire of Hall Barn, says that, when the eminent soprano sings at his place, he shall announce her as Madame HALLBARNI. HILDA WILSON first-rate in "*Lo! the King!*" LLOYD as good as ever; can't say more. The duets between him and ALBANI, perfection. WATKIN MILLS, an impressive *Solomon*, sang the difficult music of that character artistically. The Chorus superb in one of finest choruses, written by an English composer, "*Make a joyful Noise*"—a very joyful noise they made, and a considerable one. I consider the "*Rose of Sharon*" a masterpiece, and the greatest work of any Englishman—and, now I come to think of it, MACKENZIE's a Scotchman.

Yours truly,

ALBERT HALL.

PARS ABOUT PICTURES.—On to DOWDESWELL's—Pictures by the Newlyn School. Interesting show this—especially good in landscapes. Disappointed there is no picture of the town of Par, whence the O. P.'s ancestors came. However, let that pass. Ladies, first,—there is excellent work by Mrs. STANHOPE FORBES, Mrs. GOTCH, Miss HAYES, Miss FORD, and Miss BIRD; and, be it said with all politeness, equally excellent work by Messrs. STANHOPE FORBES, TITCOMBE, A. C. TAYLER, and others. A good many of the tin mines of Cornwall are said to be worked out, but I think not a few of our young artists have found a mine of tin in this picturesque country, which they are working both to their own advantage, and that of the Art-loving public. In the same gallery may be found a small collection of pastels by Mr. JAMES GUTHRIE. This artist seems to thoroughly understand the scope of pastel—and has walked his chalks about Scotland to considerable purpose.

OLD PAR.

"AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY."—Nothing in Nature and Art combined is so sad as the effect of a Street Minstrel playing something with flourishes on a clarinet under the windows of your study during a yellow London fog. "This way madness lies."

"BOXING-DAY" will, of course, be kept with great festivity at the Pelican Club. The contests will be of the friendliest character, and will be genially announced as "Kiss-in-the-Ring."

HIS FIRST BIRD.

"WELL, I DIDN'T MISS *THAT* ONE, AT ALL EVENTS!" "NO, SIR. THEY *WILL* FLY INTO IT, SOMETIMES!"

THE BABES IN THE WOOD;

OR, THE ST. STEPHEN'S TRAGEDY.

An old (Ingoldsbyish) Song, to a new (Irish) Tune.

WHEN M.P.'s were all honest and good,
(A long time ago, I 'm afraid, Ma 'am),
We heard of the Babes in the Wood,
Who were jockeyed, misled, and betrayed, Ma'am.
Well, history, so we are told,
Repeats itself—varying slightly—
Once again two poor Babes have been—*sold*,
Let us say, just to put it politely.
Rum tiddy-um, tiddy-um-tay!

Two innocent cherubs they were,
Master GLADDY, and young Miss MOORLEENA;
Such sweet little souls to ensnare,—
Why, no conduct could well have been meaner.
But all things went well for a time;
The parties they trusted made much of them;
Little they fancied that crime
Would ever attempt to get clutch of them.
Rum tiddy, &c.

All the same, Ma'am, before very long,
The Babes found themselves in the Wood. It
Was that which is known in Erse song
As the Wood of Shillelagh. Now could it
Be thought that two brave Oirish bhoys
Might be found so confoundedly cruel
As to rob two wee bairns of their toys,
And then give the poor darlings their "gruel"?
Rum tiddy, &c.

But somehow one of them fell out
With his whilom pet Babe, little GLADDY,
Looked on him with anger and doubt,
And conspired to destroy him, poor laddie!
It seems that the once-admired "kid"
Was a Turk, and a rogue, and a pickle,
Who wouldn't do what he was bid,
But was talkative, tricky, and fickle.
Rum tiddy, &c.

Clear case of the Wolf and the Lamb!
Said the Wolf, "I dislike, and distrust him.
His innocence is but a sham,
I mean having the bleed of him, bust him!"
(Such language sounds vulgar and coarse,
And to put it in poesy 's painful;
But KIPLING will tell you that force
Of taste must be sometimes disdainful.)
Rum tiddy, &c.

Little GLADDY, he turned up his eyes
To his guide 's now most truculent visage,
And feelings of doubt and surprise
Took hold on him, trying at *his* age.
Cried he, "Go away, Naughty Man!
MOORLEENA, this fellow 's a rogue, he
Will kill us, I 'm sure, if he can,
For his face looks as black as Old Bogey!"
Rum tiddy, &c.

Oh, then the First Robber looked mad,
And he ups, and says he to the Second,
"This impudent bit of a lad
No more a safe pal can be reckoned.
Get him out of our way, or the swag
Will not be worth much when allotted.
MOORLEENA 's small weasand *you* scrag,
Whilst *I* cut young BILLY 's carotid!"
Rum tiddy, &c.

"Ha! stop!" cried the milder of mood,
"Your conduct is savage and silly.
They will search for *these* Babes in *this* Wood,
And there 'll be a big row about BILLY.
Don't fancy you 'll finish this job
When you 've scragged 'em and stifled their sobbins'!
If these Babes we should murder and rob,
Their graves won't be left to the Robins!"
Rum tiddy, &c.

Of course after language like this
Those Robbers' relations grew "squiffy."
Each drew, cut and thrust, scored a miss,
And then they set-to in a jiffy.
The Babes, in no optimist mood,
Look on at the fight not unequal.
Will they safely get out of the Wood?
Well, that we shall see in the sequel!
Rum-tiddy-um, tiddy-um-tay!

AN Anglo-Indian journal, quoted by the *Daily News*, suggests that the Ameer of Afghanistan "might construct a telegraph line throughout his country." Good idea. Of course it is A-meer suggestion.

NO MORE APPEALS! NO CHANCE OF AN ERRONEOUS JUDGMENT!! NO WRONG SENTENCES!!!—The new Judge must be always WRIGHT. *Query*—Can he sit in Error?

NAUTICAL AND ACADEMICAL QUESTION, IMPORTANT FOR MARINE PAINTERS.—How much water must such an Artist draw before he is admitted into the Royal Academy Harbour?

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

THE HIBERNIAN BRER FOX; OR, UNCLE REMUS IN IRELAND.

"Now, 'bout dat time, honey," pursued Uncle REMUS, "Brer Fox he lay low pooty well all der time."

"Why was that?" asked the little boy.

"Dat," replied the old man, "was des w'at his frends wanted fer ter know. But Brer Fox, he ain't sayin' nuthin'. Den dey sorter dallo roun' waiting fo' Brer Fox. En dey keep on waitin', but no Brer Fox ain't come."

"What was Brer Fox doing all this time?" asked the little boy.

"Oh, well den!" exclaimed the old man, "chilluns can't speck ter know all 'bout eve'ything. And bless grashus, honey! some er der doin's er Brer Fox 'bout dis yer time ain't fit fer chilluns *ter* know. Brer Fox, I'm feared, wuz kinder simpertin' roun' atter udder people's prop'ty, and dat's des why he lay low, en ain't say nuthin'."

"However," pursued the old man, after a pause,—

"'De place wharbouts you spill de grease,
Right dar youer boun' ter slide.'

And bimeby Brer Fox he sorter slid up *ker-slump*, he did, on his own slide, an' his frens dey done 'fuse m'on m'on to live naberly wid him, see'n ez he 'd done broke der laws er naberly conduc' as der beastesses hold 'em. En Brer Rabbit—Ole Man Rabbit, as dey call him—he up en he sez, sezee, I ain't gwineter 'sociate long er no Brer Foxes no mo', he sez; 'taint 'spectubble, he sez. An' nex time Brer Rabbit met Brer Fox, Brer Rabbit 'fuse ter 'spon ter his howdy, and dis make Brer Fox feel mighty bad, seein' ez how dey useter make so many scurshuns togedder.

"Hol' on dar, Brer Rabbit!" sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"I ain't got time, Brer Fox," says Brer Rabbit," sezee, kinder mendin' his licks.

"I wanter have some confab wid you, Brer Rabbit, says Brer Fox, sezee.

"All right, Brer Fox, but you had better holler fum whar' you stan'," sez Brer Rabbit, "so's der res' may hear. I sorter members der las' time we confabbed togedder, sezee, when we war des as soshubble ez er basket er kittens, twel bimeby you kinder went down to der bottom kerblunkity-blunk, and den you sorter rounded on *me* 'bout der privit palaver, en I des don't like der way ez der sym'tums seem to segashuate," says Brer Rabbit, sezee.

BRER "FOX."

"Youer stuck up, dat's w'at you is, but you ain't gwineter boss *me*," says Brer Fox, sezee.

Brer Rabbit, he sorter chuckle in his stummuck, he did, but he ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"I'm gwineter larn you howter talk ter 'spectubble fokes if hit 's der las' ack," says Brer Fox, sezee. "Ef you don't take off dat hat, and tell me howdy, I'm gwineter to bus' you wide open, sezee, ef I busses myself at der same time," sezee.

Den Brer Rabbit he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonished, but he stan' on his dignitude, and he ain't sayin' nuthin!

Den Brer Fox get mighty mad. Der never wuz a madder beas' dan he wuz des den. He rip, en he r'ar, en he cuss, en he swar, he snort, en he cavort.

"What was he doing that for, Uncle REMUS?" the little boy inquired.

"Bress you' soul, he wuz tryin' fer tar fling Brer Rabbit off'n his dignitude," answered the old man.

"And did he succeed?" pursued the little lad.

"Dat's all de fur de tale goes—at present," replied the old man. "How de onfrennelness eventuated, I may tell you anudder time. But, as I tell you, Brer Rabbit wuz a monstus soon beas'; and, when Brer Fox look mighty biggity, atter cuttin' up mighty small, en loup roun' and make faces at all de beastesses, en sorter rustle roun' like he wuz gwinter bus' eberything, why den, honey, fokes is apt to look on him as kinder splummy-splummy, atter all, en his enfloons bimeby is boun' to be pow'ful lackin'."

THAT FOOT-BALL.

An Athletic Father's Lament.

WHAT was it made me cricket snub,
And force my seven sons to sub-
sidize a local "Rugby" Club?
That Foot-ball!

Yet, what first drew from me a sigh,
When TOM, my eldest, missed a "try,"
But got instead a broken thigh!
That Foot-ball!

What in my second, stalwart JACK,
Caused some inside machine to crack,
And kept him ten months on his back—?
That Foot-ball!

What brought my third, unhappy TED,
To fade and sink, and keep his bed,
And finally go off his head?—
That Foot-ball!

My fourth and fifth, poor JOHN and JIM,
What made the sight of one so dim?
What made the other lack a limb?
That Foot-ball!

Then FRANK, my sixth, who cannot touch
The ground unaided by a crutch,
Alas! of what had he too much?
That Foot-ball!

The seventh ends the mournful line,
Poor STEPHEN with his fractured spine.
A debt owe these good sons of mine,
That Foot-ball!

And as we pass the street-boys cry,
"Look at them cripples!" I but sigh,
"You're right, my friends. But would you fly
A lot like ours; oh, do not try
That Foot-ball!"

OUR ADVERTISERS.

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SCARIFICO is a non-emollient, detergent, case-hardening, and scouring soap polish.

SCARIFICO will instantly give the finest complexion the consistency of hardened wash-leather.

SCARIFICO, used recklessly and freely, will rapidly flay the reigning beauty.

SCARIFICO, if applied as a head-wash, entirely removes all the hair.

SCARIFICO should be tried on the young infant with caution.

SCARIFICO, though regarded as an adjunct to the toilette-table, will be found more useful in removing the rust from old fire-irons.

SCARIFICO, if used inadvertently in the ordinary course as toilette soap, will frequently remove the entire skin of the face on one application.

SCARIFICO will be found useful in the weekly bath of the rhinoceros.

SCARIFICO.—Dr. BLINKORN, M.R.S.V.P., writes:—"I have analysed a sample of 'Scarifico' sent me, and I find it a hap-hazard compound, in which suspended fats, brick-dust, fuller's earth, road-sweepings, and the bi-phosphates of soda are indiscriminately mixed. I cannot say whether it would be found a 'comfortable and cleansing preparation for the infant's skin,' as claimed by the proprietors, but should be more inclined to recommend it as an 'efficient mud-remover from cart-wheels and cleaning of ships' foul bottoms,' to its capabilities for which purposes they also direct the attention of their customers."

£16,000 URGENTLY wanted for a few hours in a friendly spirit. As every confidence will be placed in the lender, no inquiries will be made or expected. Moreover, this being a purely unprofessional, but strictly business transaction, as between gentleman and gentleman, no amount of interest will be objected to, and no agents will be treated with. N.B.—If lender is unable at a moment's notice to raise so large a sum, a few shillings in advance per postal order, if merely as a guarantee of good faith, can be forwarded on account, and will be acknowledged with thanks.

THE POETRY OF WINTER.—Rime. And it might be worse.

SHADOWS OF THE SESSION: OR THE LONG (FACED) PARLIAMENT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 8.—Prince ARTHUR came down to House this afternoon, with light heart, and unwrinkled brow. The first section of Session was drawing to a close; truly a wonderful time. OLD MORALITY, in arranging for its disposal, had, as usual, taken a sanguine view of his opportunities, and had crammed the space with work to be done. There were the Tithes Bill and the Land Purchase Bill, ineffectually struggled over last Session, and finally abandoned. There was the Railways Bill, successfully obstructed last Session, leading, on one occasion, to an All-night Sitting; and there was the Seed Potato Bill, innocent enough in appearance, but, like all Irish measures, capable of blossoming into portentous things. But everything had gone smoothly. Here was the 8th of December, not quite a fortnight after opening of Session, and appointed work nearly finished. To-night would read a Second Time second portion of Land Bill, and then, hey, for the Christmas holidays!

Surveying the Battle-field.

Prince ARTHUR, entering House with long, swinging stride, smiling sweetly around him, started at the prospect before him. Hitherto Benches in Irish quarter have been empty; accustomed occupants wrestling with each other in Committee Room No. 15. "For a fortnight," as SYDNEY HERBERT said, dropping into poetry as he surveyed the battle-field from the Bar, "all bloodless lay the untrodden snow." Now Prince ARTHUR, like "LINDEN, saw another sight." The Irish quarter closely packed. At the corner seat by the Gangway TIM HEALY, terribly truculent; a little further down the new Leader of the regenerate party, bent on making more History for Our Own Times.

Whilst PARNELL was yet the uncrowned king, he eschewed the habit of Guerilla Leaders (whether with or without a following) of appropriating a corner seat.

"For a very good reason," says WILLIAM MURPHY, once mildest-mannered man that ever built a tram or railway, now transformed into exceedingly plain-spoken politician. "If PARNELL had taken corner seat, his comings and goings—especially his goings—would have been more easily marked. Sitting midway down the Bench, amongst the ruck of Members, he was not noticeable except when he wanted to be noticed. Could slink in and out without attracting attention."

Not for that reason, but from sheer modesty, JUSTIN MCCARTHY has taken up almost identical position; Truculent TIM guards the corner seat, where he can snap and snarl with fuller freedom. Fell upon Prince ARTHUR to-night with fearsome ferocity. The Prince, having explained his measure last week, when TIM and the rest were "deliberating" in Committee Room No. 15, he presumed to think he needn't repeat exercise, and so moved Second Reading by dumb gesture. TIM on his feet as if propelled from catapult. What! the Chief Secretary not going to make a speech when the new Irish Party had mustered for the first time in the history of a reeling and revolving universe? Abominable. Atrocious!! Contumeliously contemptuous!!!

Not quite "O Kesy!"

TIM moved Adjournment of Debate; wanted to discuss merits of Bill on this motion. Deputy-Speaker interfered on point of order. TIM must speak or burst. If he withdrew his Motion for Adjournment, he might get someone else to move rejection of Bill. Then his opportunity would come. Eye fell on SEYMOUR KEAY, dressed in height of antique fashion, reclining on Bench below him. KEAY always wanting to make speech. Not invariably coherent, but that no consequence. He would be only too glad to move rejection of Bill; then TIM would dive in and get off his speech.

Change of tactics too rapid for KEAY to follow. TIM's motion withdrawn; question put was, "that Bill be read Second Time." Now was KEAY's cue to rise and move its rejection; but KEAY failed to grasp situation; sat smiling with inane adulation at tip of his passionately polished patent-leather shoe, over which lay the fawn-coloured "spat," like dun dawn rising over languid lustrous sea. Not a second to be lost. Deputy-Chairman on his feet; if no Amendment were submitted, he would declare Second Reading carried. TIM stooped down, and with clenched fist smote KEAY between the shoulder-blades. KEAY, startled out of pleased reverie, turned round with frightened glance, as he beheld TIM blazing with righteous fury, glowering over him; paralysed with fear; had heard alarming rumours of methods of Debate introduced in Committee Room No. 15. This sudden assault from the rear evidently one of them. Who could say what might not be its most natural sequences?

"I expected every moment would be my next," SEYMOUR KEAY said, later, when, with still chattering teeth, he was describing the episode.

"Tut!" said TIM. "I was only asking you to get up and move that the Land Department (Ireland) Bill be read a Second Time on that day six months."

While someone went for glass of water and smelling salts for SEYMOUR KEAY, MAURICE HEALY moved rejection of Bill; Debate arose; TIM storming round the topic with undiminished vigour. But no one would rise to his tempestuous heights; Debate flittered out; Bill read Second Time; House up by Seven o'Clock.

Business done.—A lot.

Tuesday.—Dreadful rumour when House met that TIM HEALY had ready for delivery speech two hours long, on Prince ARTHUR in general, and Irish Land Bill in particular. Turned out to be only TIM's fun. Once or twice in course of brief proceedings he jumped up suddenly, and shouted out, "Bah!" but only meant to frighten OLD MORALITY. Momentarily had desired effect; soon clear that nothing serious meant. Appointed Bills advanced through stipulated stages, and OLD MORALITY, modest in mien, even after the triumph of matchless management displayed in brief Session, moved Adjournment over Christmas holidays.

Conversation as to arrangement of business on reassembling; Truculent TIM, coming to the front at least urgent opportunity, demanded that Irish business should not be taken as first Order. OLD MORALITY promptly gave desired pledge. Then MARJORIBANKS, who, to travesty TREVELYAN's famous saying, Though a Whip, is a Scottish gentleman, broke the long pause of eloquent silence cultivated in the Lobby; protested against Scotch Members being placed in inconvenient position, by being obliged to put in appearance on first day after holidays. Welsh Members echoed plaint on their part. Why should Tithes Bill be put down for first day?

"Au Revoir!"

Pretty to see OLD MORALITY's firm attitude, in face of this demonstration. Had capitulated to Irish at first sound of TIM's low voice; quite a different thing with inconsiderable people like the Scotch or Welsh. Almost haughtily protested against possibility of alteration. "Members," he said, vaguely remembering copy-book heading, "are made for business, not business for Members." That settled it. Motion for Adjournment carried; Young GOSSET, with his beaver up, advanced to remove Mace, and House went off for Christmas holidays.

Business done.—Sittings adjourned till 22nd of January.

NOTE ON THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.—The notion of its being performed in "The Dormitory" is delightful. None of the performers could possibly be offended by the audience doing the right thing in the right place, and going to sleep.

PHILLALOO!

A Song of "United Ireland."

Air:—"*Killaloo.*"

Well, I'm glad that *I* was born
In the land the Sassenach scorn,
For its fondness for a first-class Phillaloo.
Faix! Home Rule's a purthy schame,
And on Thursday Parnell came
To insthruct us how to floor the "Pathriot" crew.
I'd one Leader, that I swear,
Now there's siveral "in the air,"
And it sthrikes me I've a doubt which one is thrue;
But whin things are out of jint,
To decide the tickle pint,
Faith! there's nothing like a first-class Phillaloo!

Chorus.

Ye may talk about McCarthy,
As a leader sane and hearthy,
For to lead the "Pathriot" parthy;
But ochone! and wirrasthrue!
It seems anything but aisy
(Ask Dick Power and Misther Deasy)
To lead for long
A parthy strong
Widout a Phillaloo!

Parnell wiped Bodkin's eye,
And of all his toype "made pie."
O'Brien telegraphed wid much surprise;
And brave Dillon "over there,"
Seemed disposed to tear his hair,
And Tay Pay inclined to pipe his pathriot eyes.

Said Bodkin, with alarm,
"This will do the paper harm,"
Said Leamy, "I'm appointed to your place."
Thin on a float or dray
They the papers sint away,
And scatthered all the Staff, and closed the case.

Chorus.—Ye may talk of J. M'Carthy, &c.

Ooh, bhoys, there was the fun!
But the game was far from done.
United Ireland did not *yet* appear;

For whilst Nagle had stepped out,
Bodkin came wid comrades stout,
And a hamper, which was packed with bottled beer.
Parnell swore an awful oath
He'd have law agin 'em both,
And he came from Kenny's house in Rutland Square;
And he raised a Phillaloo
With the aid of followers true,
And replaced the valiant Leamy in the chair.

Chorus.—Ye may talk of J. M'Carthy, &c.

To it feet and fists they wint,
As though foighting agin rint,
Says the Sassenach, "By golly, I'm perplext;
For when pathriots, don't ye see,
Foight like schoolboys on a spree,
Why, ye niver know what they'll be up to next.
There seems little to be said;
Let each break the other's head;
I'll mix no more in pathriot affairs.
Ere that paper shall appear,
Many an Oirish head and ear
Must be 'closed for alterations and repairs.'"

Chorus.—Ye may talk of J. McCarthy, &c.

"If to help poor Pat you'd try,
Or would raise the Home Rule cry,
And change the Constitution—just for fun;
There's one thing ye've got to do,—
Just prepare for Phillaloo,
For the Pats will raise it—every mother's son.
It may be very fine,
Pat's no enemy of mine,
But, as I think, ye'll aisily suppose,
Whatever line we take
Peace is mighty hard to make,
When 'United Ireland' punches its own nose!"

Chorus.

Ye may talk about McCarthy,
As a pathriot pure and hearthy,
For to lead the Home-Rule Parthy,
And to keep the Liberals thrue.
But it's anything but aisy
(Ask Dick Power and Misther Deasy)
To rule the Pats
(Those fighting cats)
Widout a Phillaloo!

A STUDY FROM THE LIFE.

(*Prophetically communicated by an Interviewer of the Future.*)

Having to describe the person and abode of the Poet Podgers, I cannot do better than jot down in my note-book what I know about those objects on my road to the abode of genius—otherwise, 126, Bolingbroke Square, South Belgravia. That useful work, *Men of the Time*, tells me that the Poet was educated at Westminster and Christ Church—facts that in themselves suggest a column of copy about Football at Vincent Square, the mysteries of Seniors, Juniors, and Second Election, and the glories and humours of Tom's Quad. Not much trouble about that. So far, plain sailing. Bolingbroke Square, too, helps one along. Historical reminiscences, Pimlico in time of Romans, ditto Normans, ditto when Elizabeth was Queen. All this can be worked up comfortably and conveniently in the Reading Room of the British Museum. Then the Podgers' family history should give a good third. Father made a fortune in blacking, so darcesay he recollects his grandfather. No doubt latter settled in London with the employment of junior office-sweeper, and the capital of an eleemosynary half-crown. Need not trouble about the Heraldic Visitations, or the coat and crest. Keep those items for an interview characterised more by "blood" than "brains." Suppose he has received presentation copies of works of poetical rivals. This will give an opportunity for introducing contemporary biographical sketches, varying from three lines to half a column. Know his house, too—once occupied by a foreign fiddler, next a Cabinet Minister, lastly, a successful artist, hints (if required) for scenes on the Continent, in Parliament, and the Royal Academy. Wife and children. Domestic scene—good for two-thirds. Wife playing piano as the children spin their tops, or gambol with Collie dog. There now, I think I have got enough material for the present. And here we are at Bolingbroke Square, South Kensington.

What's this! Podgers' servant says Podgers declines to see literary gents! He won't be interviewed!

Won't he! With my materials, soon arrange about *that!* After all, seeing him was only an empty form!

Tell Cabman to drive back to my house—Butterfly Gardens. He doesn't know it! On second thoughts, he says he supposes I mean "the place that used to be called Grub Street?" Yes, I do!

CHRISTMAS AND CLEOPATRA.

Mr. Clement Scott, in his most useful column of theatrical information in the *Daily Telegraph*, told us last Friday, that the Princess's Theatre is now "heated by a new process," which must mean the exceptionally warm reception given every evening to Mrs. Langtry as *Cleopatra*. In this favourable sense of the phrase, "She gets it hot all round," and the public assists in "making it warm" for *her*, in return for *her* making it warm for *them*. The more than Clement Scott writes of "extra rows of stalls," and of "money being turned away on account of the success of *Antony and Cleopatra*." "Bravo! "O rare for *Antony!*" and O most rare for Egypt's fairest daughter! Of course when the money is "turned away," more money is admitted. Great thing for a theatre when all the boxes are money-boxes, and the pit a gold-mine. Those who are allowed to enter will not complain of being "let in," unless they object to being "let in for a good thing."

With its ballets and splendid *mise-en-scène*, and its splendid "Missis-*en-scène*," too, "There would seem no reason," continues the generous Scott, "why *Antony and Cleopatra* should not be regarded as what is euphemistically (a deuce of a word this) known as a 'Christmas Piece.'" By all means. Be it so. Will the fair Manageress take the hint, and announce a grand Transformation Scene for Boxing Night, with the pantomimic cast thus distributed:—*Harlequin*, Colonel Antony Coghlan; *Columbine*, Mrs. Cleopatra Langtry; *Pantaloon*, Mr. Knobarbus Stirling; and *Clown*—a real "Shakspearian Clown," by Mr. Everill, who, in spite of his name, we hope will continue Ever-well, and be able to indulge the public with the good old classic song, "*Poma Calida.*" Mr. Clement Scott, at this inclement season, has hit on a first-rate notion, of which, no doubt, Queen Cleopatra will avail herself, if necessary.

A Christmas Par.—At this season we must mention Crackers, that's the truth—and we can't let 'em off. Sparagnapane's Jewelled Crackers are A 1, and that's truth and no cracker. While on the subject of Crackers, we are prepared for the question, What next? and are equally prepared with the echoing reply "Ward next,"—with his dainty confections in artistic cards and booklets.

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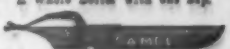

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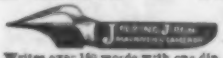

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OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE origin of the phrase, *Le Coup de Jarnac*, is interesting, and [illegible] story is well told by Mr. MACDOWALL in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Good, this, for "The Two Macs."

In *The Argosy*, edited by Mr. CHARLES WOOD, there are two good most seasonable Ghost Stories, by CHARLES W. WOOD, the "Rev. F. O. W." The first is not new, as there is a similar legend attached to several old Manor Houses, one of a Sussex Family House, the Baron had first-hand, from a witness on the premises. It lacked corroboration at the time, and is likely to do so.

The Letters passing between a fine young English Cantab, "all of the modern style," and his family at home, are uncommonly amusing. *Harry Fludyer at Cambridge* is the title of the book, published by CHATTO AND WINDUS. Well, to quote the ancient witticism in vogue *tempore* EDOUARDI RECTI *et* DON PAOLO BEDFORDI (the great Adelphoi, or rather the great "Fill-Adelphians," as they were once called), "Things is werry much as they used to was" at Cambridge, and University life of to-day differs very little from that of yesterday, or the day before, or the day before that. "*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*," when, half a century hence, the rollicking author of these letters—which, by the way, first appeared in *The Granta*—is telling his *Minimus* what "a dog," he, the writer, was, and what "a day he used to have," in the merry time that's past and gone. "His health and book!" quoth the Baron.

A more muddle-headed story than *The Missing Member* I have not read for some considerable time.

The Baron sends HACHETTE & CIE.'s "*Mon Premier Alphabet*," and the moral tale of "*Mlle. Marie Sans-souci*," up to the nursery where they will be much appreciated by the little Barons.

"LETT's get a Diary," quoth a Barren Jester, not *the* Baron DE B. W., who, had it not been Christmas time, would have expelled the witty youth. "No joke, if you please," quoth he, "about LETTS's Diaries. We may advertise these useful and hardy annuals in canine Latin and say, '*Libera nos!*' *i.e.*, Letts out!"

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

P.S. I have it on the best authority that Mrs. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, Author of *The Secret of the Princess: a Tale of Country, Camp, Court, Convict, and Cloister Life in Russia*, is about to produce a highly sensational work, entitled *The Bargain of the Barmaid: a Story of Claret, Cheese, Coffee, Cognac, and Cigar Life in London.*

CINDERELLA FIN DE SIÈCLE.

(A Fairy Tale for Christmas.)

THE Lady Help was busy at her domestic duties when her Godmother knocked at the kitchen-door, and entered.

"Alas, poor CINDERELLA!" said the Fairy, in a compassionate tone, "and so your stepmother and sisters have gone to the Prince's ball, and left you to cleanse the pots and pans?"

"Thank you," returned her God-daughter; "I am perfectly well satisfied to be left with my books. As a matter of fact, dances bore me."

And she carelessly glanced at some mathematical works that she had used when cramming for the Senior Wranglership.

"Nonsense, my dear," responded the well-intentioned Fairy, "Get me a pumpkin, some mice——"

"Quite out of date," interrupted CINDERELLA. "I presume you intend to turn the pumpkin into a great coach, and so forth. Eh?"

"Well," admitted the Fairy, taken aback, "ye—es."

"Quite so. Believe me, the idea is distinctly old-fashioned. Pray understand, I don't say you can't do it. Nowadays, with EDISON and KOCH, it would be dangerous to suggest that anything was impossible. No, I merely object to travel in a conveyance that will naturally be redolent of the odours of the kitchen garden, and to be driven by a coachman derived from a rodent."

"But this objection is contrary to precedent," urged the Fairy. "You ought to express unbounded delight, and then depart in your carriage with the greatest *éclat* possible."

"You are most kind, but, if I am to do anything of *that* sort, I would prefer leaving the matter in the hands of Mr. Sheriff AUGUSTUS HARRIS who thoroughly understands the entire business."

"It seems to me," said the Fairy, "you are very ungrateful. But surely you want a magnificent costume?"

"Thanks, no; I get everything from Paris."

"And you think of the feelings of your *modiste*, and ignore those of your poor old (but well-preserved) Godmother!" And the Fairy was nearly moved to tears.

"Oh, I did not mean to pain you!" exclaimed CINDERELLA. "Stay, my dear Lady, do you believe in hypnotism? No? Well, I do, and exercise it. Pardon me!"

And as she made a few passes, the Fairy sank into a mesmeric trance. Then CINDERELLA desired that her Godmother should imagine that she had been the heroine of a Fairy Story.

"Dear me," cried the now-satisfied dame, as she regained consciousness; "and so you went to the ball, lost your slipper, and married the Prince?"

"That was the impression I wished to convey to you. And now, my dear, good Lady, I am afraid I must ask you to leave me."

And as the Fairy disappeared, CINDERELLA resumed her self-imposed tasks of making an omelette and squaring the circle.

RE-"MARKS."—New Legal Measure, "One Gill more than equal to Several Legal Pints." [Formula, 1 Gill = 1 + x pints.]

Sir Charles Russell troubled by a Pair of Gills.

MR. GILL objected to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's yawning in Court; but he forgot that a Queen's Counsel of Sir CHARLES's standing and reputation has a right to "open his mouth" pretty wide.

THE KNELL OF HOME RULE.—Par-nell.

A PARLIAMENTARY PANTOMIME OPENING.

(Seasonable Suggestion to Augustus Druriolanus.)

BETWEEN THE LEAVES;

OR, HOW TO LET IN THE ADVERTISERS NEATLY.

* * * * * *

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE fair girl stepped lightly into the room, and, having daintily removed the dust from her feet by wiping them on one of BIGLOW AND SONS' Patent Crocodile Matting Rugs (delivered carriage free within a radius of twelve miles of their establishment at Ludgate Circus) that was placed before the door, gave a hasty glance round the apartment. She saw at once from the octagonal ebonised table three feet six, by two feet five inches, the afternoon lounge couch (as advertised), the gent's easy shake-down chair, ladies ditto, and half dozen occasional chairs, all upholstered in rich material in Messrs. MULGRAVE & Co. of 170, Walbrook, City, E.C.'s best style, that a refined taste inspired by a wholesome economy had been exercised in the furnishing of the apartment, and she turned to the old Duke with a grateful nod of recognition.

"What," he asked, in a feeble voice, "is it my own ANGELICA? Surely it is! Come, my child, let me look at you!" He turned up the burner of a BOYCOTLE'S Patent Incandescent Gas Lamp (price 13*s.* 9*d.* with full paper of instructions complete), and as he stood erect in his rich calico-lined fox-fur dressing-gown (supplied in three qualities by BROHAM & Co, with a discount of 15 per cent. for cash), he looked, every foot of him, a worthy scion of that ancient family of which he was the last living representative. "Let me look at you," he again repeated, drawing his neatly-dressed granddaughter more fully into the light before him. As it fell upon the graceful curves of her lissom figure, it was easy to perceive that she was wearing one of Madame BEAUMONT'S celebrated Porcupine Quill Corsets, which lent a wonderful finish to a two-guinea tailor-made gingham cloth "Gem" costume, braided with best silk (horn buttons included), which showed off her young form to such advantage.

He would have added more, but a sudden pallor stole over his complexion, and he reeled towards a chair.

In an instant the bright girl was on her knees at his side. "Dear Grandfather, you are faint!" she cried, an expression of alarm suffusing her beautiful features.

The Duke pointed to a small table—"My Liquid Pork!" he gasped.

"Ah! of course!" was her quick response, as she bounded across the room, and returned with an eleven-and-sixpenny bottle of "BOLKIN'S Liquid Pork, or, the Emaciated Invalid's Hog-wash"—a stimulating, flesh-creating, life-sustaining food; sold in bottles at 1*s.* 1½*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 5*s.* 7*d.*, and 11*s.* 6*d.*,—of which she quickly poured out half a tumbler, and raised it to the quivering lips of the staggering old nobleman by her side. "How foolish of me not to have thought of this before!" she continued, replenishing the glass, which he emptied in feverish haste.

"I save threepence-halfpenny in a sovereign," he went on, a wicked twinkle kindling in his eye as he spoke, "by taking the eleven-and-sixpenny size—and that *is* a consideration, my dear. If you don't think so now, with all your young life before you, you will when you come to be my age!"

He sank back in his arm-chair as he spoke, apparently about to deliver himself to the calm delights of a retrospective *récherie*. But he was not destined to enjoy it. At that moment a whiff of stifling smoke, quite choking in its intensity, forced itself under the door. In another moment the matter was soon explained. With a wild rush the butler burst into the room.

"Fly, your Grace, for your life!" he cried; "the place is on fire!"

A blaze of flame that followed the terrified menial into the room, only too truly corroborated his statement. In a another moment the fire had seized hold of the new furniture, and in greedy fury, as if it were some demon spirit, licked the walls with great tongues of flame.

"In the cupboard, my dear," said the Duke, the proud blood of his race coming to his aid in a perfect and commanding coolness in the face of the terrible danger that faced him, "you will find three cans of JONSON'S Patent Fire Annihilating Essence. It is advertised as infallible. Give one to the butler, take one yourself, and give the third to me. This appears to be a good opportunity for testing its efficacy."

The quick bright girl instantly obeyed his injunction. The cans were distributed, and opened. A colourless gas was liberated. In a few seconds the flames were entirely quenched.

"Ah!" said the old Duke, flinging himself back into his arm-chair with a sigh of relief. "And now, ANGELICA, my dear, you can tell me why you came to see me!"

* * * * * *

A FAIR WARNING.

"DADDY, I WANT YOU TO GIVE ME FIVE SHILLINGS A WEEK POCKET-MONEY!"

"I COULDN'T DO IT, MY LITTLE CHAP. IT'S TOO MUCH!"

"WELL, I MUST HAVE IT. IF YOU WON'T, I SHALL GO AND BET!"

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

(*To be Represented during the Performance of the Christmas Pantomime.*)

SCENE—*Interior of Private Box.* Grandfather *and* Grandchildren *discovered listening to the Overture.* Father *and* Mother *in attendance.*

Grandfather. Yes, my dears, I am glad to say that the afterpart is *not* to be discontinued. You are to see the Clown, and the Pantaloon, and the Columbine, and the Harlequin.

Chorus of Grandchildren. Oh! Oh, won't that be delicious!

Grandfather. Yes, my dears, you will see the regular old-fashioned comic business that used to delight *me* when *I* was a boy. I remember when I was about your age, my dears, seeing TOM MATHEWS, and it was *so* amusing. He used to sing a song—

Peg-Top after seeing a Pantomime.

Chorus (*interrupting as the Curtain rises*). Hush, Grandpa! it's going to begin! (*The party subside, and direct their attention to twenty sets or so of the most magnificent scenery, illustrated by gorgeous Processions. The hands of the clock revolve, leaving Eight and reaching Eleven, when Grand Transformation takes place, amidst various coloured fires. Then enter* Old Christmas Clown.

Old Christmas Clown. Here we are again! How are you to-morrow?

Chorus of Children. Oh, we are *so* tired! And we have heard that before!

Mother. And I am afraid we shall miss our train.

Father. And the roads are *so* bad!

Grandfather. Well, well, perhaps we had better go; but in my time we all used to enjoy it *so* much. (*Aside.*) And perhaps, after all, the red-hot poker business *is* rather stale at the end of the Nineteenth Century!

[*Exeunt the Party, plus five-sixths of the Audience.*

VOCES POPULI.

A CHRISTMAS ROMP.

SCENE—MRS. CHIPPERFIELD'S *Drawing-room. It is after the Christmas dinner, and the Gentlemen have not yet appeared.* MRS. C. *is laboriously attempting to be gracious to her Brother's Fiancée, whose acquaintance she has made for the first time, and with whom she is disappointed. Married Sisters and Maiden Aunts confer in corners with a sleepy acidity.*

First Married Sister (*to Second*). I felt quite sorry for FRED, to see him sitting there, looking—and no wonder—so ashamed of himself—but I always will say, and I always *must* say, CAROLINE, that if you and ROBERT had been *firmer* with him when he was younger, he would never have turned out so badly! Now, there's my GEORGE——&c., &c.

Mrs. C. (*to the Fiancée*). Well, my dear, I don't approve of young men getting engaged until they have some prospects of being able to marry, and dear ALGY was always my favourite brother, and I've seen so much misery from long engagements. However, we must hope for the best, that's all!

A Maiden Aunt (*to Second Ditto*). Exactly what struck *me*, MARTHA. *One* waiter would have been quite sufficient, and if JAMES *must* be grand and give champagne, he might have given us a little *more* of it; I'm sure I'd little more than foam in *my* glass! And every plate as cold as a stone, and you and I the only people who were not considered worthy of silver forks, and the children encouraged to behave as they please, and JOSEPH PODMORE made such a fuss with, because he's well off—and not enough sweetbread to go the round. Ah, well, thank goodness, we needn't dine here for another year!

Mr. Chipperfield (*at the door*). Sorry to cut you short in your cigar, Uncle, and you LIMPETT; but fact is, being Christmas night, I thought we'd come up a little sooner and all have a bit of a romp ... Well, EMILY, my dear, here we are, all of us—ready for anything in the way of a frolic—what's it to be? Forfeits, games, Puss in the Corner, something to cheer us all up, eh? Won't anyone make a suggestion? [*General expression of gloomy blankness.*

Algernon (*to his Fiancée—whom he wants to see shine*). ZEFFIE, you know no end of games—what's that one you played at home, with potatoes and a salt-spoon, *you* know?

Zeffie (*blushing*). No, *please*, ALGY! I don't know *any* games, indeed, I couldn't, *really!*

Mr. C. Uncle JOSEPH will set us going, I'm sure—what do *you* say, Uncle?

Uncle Joseph. Well, I won't say "no" to a quiet rubber.

Mrs. C. But, you see, we can't *all* play in that, and there *is* a pack of cards in the house somewhere; but I know two of the aces are gone, and I don't think all the court cards were there the last time we played. Still, if you can manage with what is left, we might get up a game for you.

Uncle J. (*grimly*). Thank you, my dear, but, on the whole, I think I would almost rather romp——

Mr. C. Uncle JOSEPH votes for romping! What do you say to Dumb Crambo? Great fun—half of us go out, and come in on all-fours, to rhyme to "cat," or "bat," or something—*you* can play that, LIMPETT?

Mr. Limpett. If I *must* find a rhyme to cat, I prefer, so soon after dinner, not to go on all-fours for it, I confess.

Mr. C. Well, let's have something quieter, then—only *do* settle. Musical Chairs, eh?

Algy. ZEFFIE will play the piano for you—she plays beautifully.

Zeffie. Not without notes, ALGY, and I forgot to bring my music with me. Shall we play "Consequences"? It's a very quiet game—you play it sitting down, with paper and pencil, you know!

Mr. Limpett (*sardonically, and sotto voce*). Ah, this is something *like* a rollick now. "Consequences," eh?

Algy (*who has overheard—in a savage undertone*). If that isn't good enough for you, suggest something better—or shut up!

[Mr. L. *prefers the latter alternative.*

Mr. C. Now, then, have you given everybody a piece of paper, EMILY? CAROLINE, you're going to play—we can't leave *you* out of it.

Aunt Caroline. No, JAMES, I'd rather look on, and see you all enjoying yourselves—I've *no* animal spirits now!

Mr. C. Oh, nonsense! Christmas-time, you know. Let's be jolly while we can—give her a pencil, EMILY!

Aunt C. No, I can't, really. You must excuse me. I know I'm a wet blanket; but, when I think that I mayn't be with you another Christmas, we may *most* of us be dead by then, why——(*sobs*).

Fred (*the Family Failure*). That's right, Mater—trust you to see a humorous side to everything!

Another Aunt. For shame, FRED! If you don't know who is responsible for your poor mother's low spirits, others do!

[*The* Family Failure *collapses.*

Mr. Limpett. Well, as we've all got pencils, is there any reason why the revelry should not commence?

Mr. C. No—don't let's waste any more time. Miss ZEFFIE says she will write down on the top of her paper "Who met whom" (must be a Lady and Gentleman in the party, you know), then she folds it down, and passes it on to the next, who writes, "What he said to her"—the next, "What she said to him"—next, "What the consequences were," and the last, "What the world said." Capital game—first-rate. Now, then!

[*The whole party pass papers in silence from one to another, and scribble industriously with knitted brows.*

Mr. C. Time's up, all of you. I'll read the first paper aloud. (*Glances at it, and explodes.*) He-he!—this is really very funny. (*Reads.*) "Uncle JOSEPH met Aunt CAROLINE at the—ho—ho!—the Empire! He said to her, '*What are the wild waves saying?*' and she said to him, 'It's time you were taken away!' The consequences were that they both went and had their hair cut, and the world said they had always suspected there was something between them!"

Uncle J. I consider that a piece of confounded impertinence!

[*Puffs.*

Aunt C. It's not true. I *never* met JOSEPH at the Empire. I don't go to such places. I *didn't* think I should be insulted like this—(*Weeps.*)—on Christmas too!

Aunts' Chorus. FRED *again!*

[*They regard Family Failure indignantly.*

Mr. C. There, then, it was all fun—no harm meant. I'll read the next. "Mr. LIMPETT met Miss ZEFFIE in the Burlington Arcade. He said to her, 'O, you little duck!' She said to him, 'Fowls are cheap to-day!' The consequences were that they never smiled again, and the world said, 'What price hot potatoes?'" (*Everybody looks depressed.*) H'm—not bad—but I think we'll play something else now. [ZEFFIE *perceives that* ALGY *is not pleased with her.*

Tommy. (*To Uncle* JOSEPH). Uncle, why didn't *you* carve at dinner?

Uncle J. Well, TOMMY, because the carving was done at a side table—and uncommon badly done, too. Why do you want to know?

Tommy. Parpar thought you *would* carve, I know. He told Mummy she must ask you, because——

Mrs. C. (*With a prophetic instinct.*) Now, TOMMY, you mustn't tease your Uncle. Come away, and tell your new Aunt ZEFFIE what you're going to do with your Christmas boxes.

Tommy. But mayn't I tell him what Parpar said, first?

Mrs. C. No, no; by and by—not now! [*She averts the danger.*

[*Later; the Company are playing* "*Hide the Thimble;*" i.e., *someone has planted that article in a place so conspicuous that few would expect to find it there. As each person catches sight of it, he or she sits down.* Uncle JOSEPH *is still, to the general merriment, wandering about and getting angrier every moment.*

Mr. C. That's it, Uncle, you're *warm*—you're *getting* warm!

Uncle J. (*Boiling over.*) *Warm*, Sir? *I am* warm—and something more, I can tell you! [*Sits down with a bump.*

Mr. C. You haven't *seen* it! I'm sure you haven't seen it. Come now, Uncle!

Uncle J. Never mind whether I have or have not. Perhaps I don't *want* to see it, Sir!

The Children. Then do you give it up? Do you want to be told? Why, it's staring you in the face all the time!

Uncle J. I don't care whether it's staring or not—I don't want to be told anything more about it.

The Children. Then you're *cheating*, Uncle—you must go on walking till you *do* see it!

Uncle J. Oh, that's it, eh? Very well, then—I'll walk!

[*Walks out, leaving the company paralysed.*

Mrs. C. Run after him, TOMMY, and tell him—quick! [*Exit* TOMMY.

Mr. C. (*feebly*). I think when Uncle JOSEPH does come back, we'd better try to think of some game he *can't* lose his temper at. Ah, here's TOMMY!

Tommy. I *told* him—but he went all the same, and slammed the door. He said I was to go back and tell you that you would find he *was* cut up—and cut up rough, too!

Mrs. C. But what did you tell *him?*

Tommy. Why, only that Parpar asked him to come to-night because he was sure to cut up well. You said I might!

[*Sensation; Prompt departure of* TOMMY *for bed; moralising by Aunts; a spirit of perfect candour prevails; names are called—also cabs; further hostilities postponed till next Christmas.*

NOTE-PAPER CURRENCY AT CHRISTMAS.—We see that a "Riparian" note-paper has been brought out by Messrs. GOODALL AND SON. This "Riparian Paper"—rather suggestive of "Rupee Paper"—ought to be as safe as the Bank. "G. AND SON" (this suggests G. O. M. and Master HERBERT) should bring out The Lovers' Note-paper, and call it "Papier Mashy."

BLACK AND WHITE; OR, THE PHANTOM STEED!

(A Typical Ghost Story for Christmas, by a Witness of the Truth.)

I WAS walking in one of the slums in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street, some years ago, and always fond of horse-flesh (I had driven—as a boy—a bathing-machine for my pleasure along the wild coast line of the great Congo Continent) was greatly attracted by a hack standing within the shafts of a cart belonging to a funeral furnisher. Like many of its class, the horse was jet black, with a long flowing tail and a mane to match. As I gazed upon the creature the driver came out of the shop (to which doleful establishment the equipage belonged) and drove slowly away. I felt forced to follow, and soon found myself outside a knacker's yard. Guessing the intention of the driver to treat his steed as only fit for canine food, I offered to purchase the seemingly doomed animal. To my surprise, the man expressed his willingness to treat with me, and suggested that I might have the carcase at the rate of 4*s* 11½*d*. a pound. Considering the price not excessive, I agreed, and, having weighed the horse at an automatic weighing machine, I handed over £100—in notes. Then the first strange thing happened. Before I could replace my pocket-book in its receptable in my coat, the driver had absolutely vanished! I could not see him anywhere. I was the more annoyed at this, as I found that (by mistake) I had given him notes on the Bank of Elegance, which everyone knows are of less value than notes on the Bank of England. However, it was too late to search for the vendor, and I walked away as I could, leading by the bridle the steed I had so recently acquired.

It was now necessary to get quarters for the night, but I found, at that advanced hour, that many of the leading hotels were either full or unwilling to supply me with a bedroom-and-stable-combined until the morning. I was refused firmly but civilly at the Grand, the Métropole, the Grosvenor, and the Pig and Whistle Tavern, South East Hackney. At the latter caravanserai, the night-porter (who was busying himself cleaning the pewter pots) suggested that I should go to Bath. Adopting this idea, I mounted my steed (which answered, after a little practice, to the name of *Cats'-meat*), and took the Old Kent Road until I reached St. Albans.

Everything comes to him who *waits*.

It was now morning, and the old abbey stood out in grand outline against the glorious scarlet of the setting sun. Entering an inn, I called for refreshment for man and beast, and, having authority for considering myself qualified to act as representative of both, consumed the double portion. Thinking about the whiskey I had just discussed, as I rode along, I came to a milestone, standing on its head, and a sign-post in the last stage of hopeless intoxication. It was here that a police constable turned his lantern upon me with a pertinacity that apparently was calculated to challenge observation. Annoyed, but not altogether surprised, I declared my opinion that it was "all right," and fell asleep. When I awoke, I found that I had travelled some hundreds of miles, and, strange to say, my horse was as good as when it had started. From what I could gather from the signs on the road (I have been accustomed to Forestry from my earliest childhood), it seemed to me that, while I was slumbering, I must have passed Macclesfield, Ramsgate, Richmond (both in Surrey and in Yorkshire), and was now close to the weirdest spot in all phantom-populated Wiltshire—a place in its rugged desolation suggestive of the Boundless Prairies and BUFFALO BILL—Wild-Westbury! Greatly fatigued, I entered a second inn, and enjoyed a hearty meal, which was also a simple one. I am a liquidarian, and take no animal or vegetable food, and have not tasted fish for nearly a quarter of a century.

When I wished to continue my journey to Bath, I found *Cats'-meat* so disinclined to move, that I thought the best thing to do in the interest of progress, was to carry him myself. He was very light—so light that I imagined the automatic weighing-machine must have been out of order when I tested it. Almost in a trance I walked along, until, stumbling, I fell, and dropped *Cats'-meat* into a well. And then another strange thing happened. The horse with its jet-black tail and mane, emerged from the water as white as snow! Apparently annoyed at the treatment to which it had been accidentally subjected, it fled away, and I lost sight of it amongst the hills that overlook Wild-Westbury. And then the strangest thing of all happened, and has been happening ever since!

Interesting to the Medical Profession. "The Annual Indigest."

In clear weather, on the side of one of these hills, *Cats'-meat*, in the habit as he stood when he left the well on that fatal day, may be seen patiently waiting until the time shall arrive when he shall receive a coat of blacking, a companion steed to share with him his labours, and a hearse! I am not the only person who has seen him thus. The spectre (if it be a spectre) is known for miles around, and has been watched by thousands. Nay, more. On occasions of great rejoicing, when merry-making has been the order of the day or night, several *Cats'-meats* have appeared to the carousing watchers strangely blended together. Speaking for myself, if I have seen one I have seen half-a-dozen—nay, more—with hills to match! And those who do not believe me can continue the journey I once commenced, and (after I have wished them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year) proceed to—Bath!

CHRISTMAS "CRACKERS."

PLUM-PUDDING never disagrees with me, *however much I take of it*. No more do mince-pies, *no matter how many I eat*. Steaming hot-and-strong gin-punch is *the most wholesome beverage;* so, also, is brandy-punch. It can't harm anybody who, on the Pickwickian principle, "takes enough of it." Both beverages go admirably with cigars and pipes. If you have anything like a headache on Boxing-day morning, depend upon it, it comes from abstemiousness in drinking, eating, and smoking.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PICTORIAL DIRECTORY.

"Hide Pa Corner."

Eatin' Plaice.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.—It is now generally known, and, if not, it is high time it should be, that *A Million of Money*, advertised as original, is only an instance of genuine "translation" from Old Drury Lane to Covent Garden, where it ought to continue its previous success.

SHAKSPEARE AT YULE-TIDE.—Excellent arrangements at the Lyceum for Christmas. Genial *Ravenswood* is to be performed only on a Friday. For the rest,—no not "the rest" where so much work is involved,—*for* "the remainder" of the week, the Master of the Shakspearian Revels gives us *Much Ado About Nothing*, with our ELLEN and HENRY as *Beatrice* and *Benedick*, and with all its memorable glory of costume and scenery,—a Shakspearian revival well worthy to be reckoned as among the foremost of all the attractions offered by the theatres this Christmas.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE MOATED GRANGE.

Emily (in the midst of Aunt Marianna's blood-curdling Ghost Story). "HUSH! LISTEN! THERE'S A DOOR BANGING SOMEWHERE DOWNSTAIRS!—AND YET THE SERVANTS HAVE GONE TO BED. GEORGE, DO JUST RUN DOWN AND SEE WHAT IT CAN BE!"

[George wishes himself back at Charterhouse.

"KEEP THE POT A-BOILING!"

(A Seasonable Suggestion.)

CHRISTMAS comes once more,
Well-beloved Old Father!
Though the season 's hoar,
Warm his welcome—rather!
Parties come and go,
True to *him* our heart is,
With his beard of snow,
Best of (Christmas) Parties!
Say the day is chill,
Say the weather 's windy,
He brings warm good-will,
Not heart-freezing shindy.
"Union!" is his cry,—
Hearts and hands and voices.
Confraternity
His kind soul rejoices.
When the youngsters slide
On the frozen river,
As they glow and glide,
Do they shrink or shiver?
Nay; nor dread nor doubt
Their brisk sport is spoiling,
Gleefully they shout,
"Keep the Pot a-boiling!"

Keep it? Ay, by Jove!
We are on our mettle.
'Tis a game we love
More than Pot and Kettle.
Poorish sport that same,
Angry mutual blackening.
Here 's a merrier game. [ing?
Pull up there! Who 's slacken-
Not the leader, *Punch!*
On he goes, amazing,
To the rest his hunch
Like a beacon blazing.
Not Old Father X!
How the Ancient goes it!
'Tis a sight to vex
Malice, and he knows it;
Not young Master BULL!
At the game *he* 's handy,
Nor has much the pull
Of his pal, young SANDY;
Not that dark-eyed girl
With her cloak a-flying,
She can swing and swirl
With the boys. She 's trying
Everything she knows.
As for Master PADDY,
Whoop there! Down he goes!
Bumped a bit, poor laddy!
What then? At this game
Who would be a stopper
Just because he came
Now and then a cropper?
Up and on once more,
Chance by courage foiling!
Hark the jovial roar!
"Keep the Pot a-boiling!"

Father Christmas, hail!
Sure 'tis flagrant folly
Now to rave and rail.
Truce—beneath your holly!
Darkest England waits
Care Co-operative;
Mood that most elates
Is to-day—the dative!
You we need not doubt,
You 're no "Grecian" giver.
Many "cold without,"
Foodless, hopeless, shiver;
Many a poor man's pot,
Even at your season,
With no pudding hot
Bubbles. Is 't not treason
Unto more than kings
To waste time in fighting
Whilst such crooked things
Stand in need of righting?
In the name of those
Starving, suffering, toiling,
Let our quarrels close—
"Keep the Pot a-boiling!"

FIGHTING THE FOG.

(A Seasonable Hint.)

SIR,—I have read several letters in the papers complaining of the fog, and asking not only how one is to protect the system from its injurious effects, but also soliciting information as to how one is to safeguard oneself against street accident, if obliged to quit the premises during its prevalence. The first is simple enough. Get a complete diver's suit, put it on, and let an attendant follow you with a pumping apparatus, for the purpose of supplying you with the fumes of hydro-bi-carbon (DAFFY's solution) in a state of suspension. This will considerably assist the breathing. To avoid street accident, wear an electric (SWANN) light, five hundred candle power, on the top of your hat, round the brim of which, in case of accident, you have arranged a dozen lighted night-lights. Strap a Duplex Reflector on to your back, and fasten a Hansom cab-lamp on to each knee. Let a couple of boys, bearing flaming links, and beating dinner-gongs, clear the way for you, while you yourself shout "*Here comes the Bogie Man!*" or any other appropriate ditty, through a fog-horn, which you carry in one hand, while you spring a policeman's ancient rattle vigorously with the other. You will, if thus provided, get along capitally. Be careful at crossings, for your sudden appearance might possibly frighten an omnibus horse or two, and cause trouble.

I haven't tried all this *yet* myself, but a friend of mine at Colney Hatch assures me he has, and found it a great success. As I think, therefore, it may prove a boon to your numerous readers, I place it at your disposal with much pleasure, and have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant, A CAUTIOUS CARD.

"KEEP THE POT A-BOILING!"

THE CHRISTMAS COLLEGE FAIRY.

CHAPTER I.—*The Strange Visitor.*

ON the evening of the 24th of December, 1874, the Senior Dean of St. Michael's, the Reverend HENRY BURROWES, was sitting in his comfortable rooms in the Great Court. He had, for reasons of his own, decided to spend the Christmas Vacation in Cambridge. His bed-maker, Mrs. JOGGINS, had entered a mild protest, but it had been unavailing. Mr. BURROWES was a man of forbidding aspect and of unbending character. During the five years that he had held his office, he had enforced discipline at the point of the bayonet, as it were, and he boasted with pardonable pride that he had broken the spirit of the haughtiest and least tractable of the Undergraduates. Everybody had been gated at eight o'clock. Many had been sent down. Tears and denunciations were alike unavailing. The ruthless Dean had pursued his course without flinching. A very mild reading-man had attempted his life by dropping a Liddell and Scott on to his head from a first-floor room. This abandoned youth had been screened by his comrades, and had ultimately escaped in spite of the efforts of the justly incensed Dean.

It was nine o'clock. The bells at St. Mary's were ringing the customary curfew. The Dean was seated before the fire in his arm-chair. An open book, a treatise on some abstruse question of pure mathematics, lay on the table by his side. He was meditating on his past exploits, and planning new punishments. But somehow there was a strange sinking at his heart. What could be the reason of it? The dinner in hall had been of the usual moderate excellence, he had only drunk a bottle and a half of claret. "Pshaw," he said, "this is folly. I have not been severe enough. Conscience reproaches me. I am unmanned." He rose and paced about the room. At this moment his door opened, and the familiar figure of Mrs. JOGGINS appeared.

"Beg your pardon, Sir," she said, hesitatingly, "I thought you called."

"No, Mrs. JOGGINS," said the Dean. "I did not call. Are you not rather late in College? Is it usual for you to stay——" Here the Dean stopped abruptly. He rubbed his eyes, and clung to his book-shelf for support. His hair stood on end, and his knees shook. In fact he expressed terror in a thoroughly orthodox manner, for he had suddenly become aware that there was in the face of Mrs. JOGGINS a strange radiance, and that two gossamer wings had suddenly appeared on her back in place of the substantial shawl she was wont to wear. Mr. BURROWES gazed * * * then consciousness forsook him.

CHAPTER II.—*A Strange Story.*

How long he lay he knew not. When he came to himself it was broad daylight, and he was walking through the Great Court hand in hand with Mrs. JOGGINS.

"See," she said, "there is Dr. GORGIAS," and sure enough there stood the redoubtable Master in the centre of one of the grass-plots in a bright red dressing-gown and slippers, with an embroidered smoking-cap upon his head. He was engaged in distributing crumbs to a congregation of sparrows and thrushes and redbreasts.

"Good morning, BURROWES," said the Master; "how's your poor feet? Can you catch. One, two, three, heads!" and with that he flung the crust he held in his hand at the astounded Dean, and landed him fairly on the right cheek. Dr. GORGIAS then executed a pirouette, kissed his hand to Mrs. JOGGINS, and disappeared into the Master's lodge. "From this good man," said Mrs. JOGGINS to the Dean, "you may learn a lesson of unassuming kindness; but time presses; we must hurry on. By virtue of the power vested in me by the Queen of the Fairies, whose ambassadress I am in Grantaford, I have summoned back to St. Michael's all the Undergraduates. You shall see them." In vain the miserable Dean protested that he had seen too much of them. The Fairy JOGGINS was inexorable. She waved her wand, a yard of butter congealed to the hardness of oak by the frosty morning, and in a moment the Court was filled with Undergraduates. They were all smoking, and suddenly the Dean became aware that he too had a lighted cigar in his mouth, and was puffing at it. At the same moment he discovered that he was wearing a disgracefully battered college-cap, and a brilliant "blazer," lately invented by a rowdy set as the badge of their dining Club. He shuddered, but it was useless. He put his hand in his coat-pocket. It contained a bottle of champagne.

The Undergraduates now formed a procession and began to defile past him. "Smoking in the Court, half-a-crown," said one, in a dreadful voice. "Mr. BURROWES irregular in his attendance at Chapel, gated at eight," roared a second. "Mr. BURROWES persistently disorderly, sent down for the term," shouted a third; and then they all began to caper round the hapless man whom the Fairy Queen had betrayed into their power. They taunted him and reviled him. "You have ruined our homes, poisoned our fathers' happiness, undermined the trusting confidence of our mothers. You have been a bad man. You must perish!" and thus the dreadful chorus went on while the Dean stood stupidly in the centre of the throng puffing violently at one of the largest cigars ever seen in St. Michael's. At last the Fairy waved her wand again, and in a moment the shouts ceased and the crowd disappeared. "See," she said, "the result of intemperate disciplinarian zeal!" But Mr. BURROWES neither heard nor heeded. He had collapsed.

CHAPTER III.—*Wide Awake!*

IT was Christmas Morning. Mr. BURROWES was still sitting in his chair before the fire-place, but the fire was out. He woke and looked round. Mrs. JOGGINS had just come in, and was staring at him in surprise.

"LOR, Sir," she said, "what a turn you give me, sitting here in your keepin'-room. I never knew you to do seeh a thing before as sit up all night." But the Dean had fallen on his knees before her, and was babbling out prayers for pardon and vows of reform.

CHAPTER IV.—*A Christmas Morn.*

IN the following term the whole system of College management was changed. Mr. BURROWES from a tyrant turned into the most amiable of men. The Undergraduates became idyllic. Even Dr. GORGIAS submitted to the benign influence of the Fairy JOGGINS. But it is noticeable that Mr. BURROWES who still resides at St. Michael's, objects to any mention of the Christmas of 1874. This is the only exception to his universal amiability.

THE END.

"A TOY TOUJOURS."—Old French motto for *Truth* distribution of Toys at Christmas time.

THE CRY OF THE CITY CLERK.

(Disappointed of a Saturday Afternoon's Skating.)

I KNEW, I knew it would not last—
'Twas hard, 'twas hopeful, but 'tis past.
Ah! over thus, from boyhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay.
I never trusted Jack Frost's power,
But Jack Frost did my trust betray.
I never bought a pair of skates
On Friday—I am in the law—
But, ere I started with my mates
On Saturday, 'twas sure to thaw!
Now, too—the prospect seemed divine—
They skated yesterday, I knew,
And now, just as I'm going to dine,
The sun comes out, the skies grow blue.
Ere we at Wimbledon can meet,
Those horrid gaps!—that treacherous sludge!
I shall not get one skimmer fleet,
After my long and sloppy trudge.
No go! One more lost Saturday!
To skating's joys I'm still a stranger.
I sit and curse the melting ray,
In which my hopes all melt away—
It means soft ice, chill slop, and——
"Danger!!!"

An Ice Amusement.

ESSENCE OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

EXTRACTED FROM THE TRANSLATION OF TOBY, M.P.

(THE THOUSAND-AND-TWOTH NIGHT.)

ON frère," said DINARZADE JACQUES MORLEY to SCHEHERAZADE HARCOURT, "*si vous ne dormiez pas, je vous supplie, en attendant le jour, qui paraîtra bientôt, de me raconter un de ces beaux contes que vous savez.*"

"Certainly, my dear JACK," said SCHEHERAZADE.

Now DINARZADE did not like this flippant tone of address. He was, as has been recorded by SHAHSTEAD (a gentleman of whose patronage he is proud) not a man you may take liberties with. For SCHEHERAZADE, taking mean advantage of a French agglomeration of letters which did not represent his name, to hail him as "JACK" was characteristic, and therefore undesirable. But, as everybody knows, DINARZADE, at the approach of each successive morning, was obliged to make this appeal to his brother, in order to circumvent the bloodthirsty designs of the Sultan (for particulars of which, see original). So he dissembled his anger, and SCHEHERAZADE proceeded to tell the History of the Second Old Man, and the Black Dog.

"Sire," he said, "whilst the Merchant and the First Old Man, who conducted the hind, went their way, there arrived another Old Man, who led a black dog, and who forthwith proceeded to relate his history. 'We were, you know,' he remarked, leaning wearily on his staff, 'two brothers, this dog that you see, and myself. In early life we were not tied by those bonds of affection that should exist in family circles. In fact, on one occasion, I had to put my brother in prison. He had not at that period assumed the four-footed condition in which you now behold him. He walked about on two legs, like the rest of us, ate and drank, made love, and made merry. After he had been in prison some time, successful interposition was made on his behalf by a friend named Le Sieur O'SHAY. But that (as RUDYARD KIPPLING observes) is another story.

"'Some time after my brother came to me and proposed to make a long journey involving close business relations with him. I at first declined his proposition. "You have been in business some time," I said to him, "and what have you gained? Who is to assure me that I shall be more fortunate than you?"

"'In vain he encouraged me to stake my fortune with him, but he returned so often to the charge that, having through six years constantly resisted his solicitations, I at last yielded. I realised all my property, took my brother into partnership, stocked our vessel exclusively with Home Rule goods, and set out on our voyage.

"'We arrived safely, did a great stroke of business with our wares, bought those of the country, and set forth on our return voyage. Just as we were ready to re-embark I met on the seashore a lady, not at all bad looking, but very meanly dressed. She approached me, kissed my hand, begged me to take her for my wife, and conduct her to my home across the sea. This may seem to our friend JACK MORLEY a somewhat hasty proceeding. JACK is a philosopher, but I am the Second Old Man, a mere child of nature. I took her into Bond Street, and bought her a new dress, and, having duly married her, we set sail. Perhaps I should add that her maiden name was IRELAND.

"'My brother and she got on very well at first, and he loudly professed to share the esteem and (considering she was my wife I may say) affection with which I regarded her. But suddenly a change came over him. One night whilst we slept he threw us overboard into the sea. My wife turned out to be a fairy, and, as you may imagine, she was not born to be drowned. As for me I was, so to speak, on my way to be as dead as a herring, when she seized me and transported me to an isle. When it was day the fairy said to me, "You see, my husband, that in saving your life I have not badly recompensed you. I am, as you doubtless begin to suspect, a fairy. Finding myself on the seashore when you were about to embark, I felt strongly drawn towards you. Desiring to prove the goodness of your heart, I presented myself in the disguise with which you are familiar. It was, I admit, a trifle shabby. You have used me generously. I am delighted to have found occasion to repay you; but as for that brother of yours, I am death on him. I shall never rest till I have taken his life."

"'"I beg you to do no such thing," I said.

"'"I will sink his vessel and send him to the bottom of the sea," she insisted.

"'After much endeavour I managed to appease her wrath, and in the twinkling of an eye, before you could say "Ali Baba!" she had transported me back to my own house. On entering I found this black dog who stared strangely at me.

"'"My husband," said the fairy "do not be surprised to see this dog here; he is your brother. He has behaved in a most shocking way towards you. He has maligned you, misrepresented you, threatened you, even called you a Grand Old Spider. I have condemned him to remain in this state till you have concluded your little transactions in Home Rule."

"'"But my dear!——" I said.'"

At these words SCHEHERAZADE, remarking that it was daybreak, ceased to pursue his narrative.

To a Modern Minstrel.

(*After Kingsley.*)

BE puff'd, dear boy, and let who will be clever;
Write catchy things, not good ones, all day long,
And make a name to-day, and not for ever,
By one weak song.

FERVOUR IN THE FOG.

Unpromising Individual (suddenly—his voice vibrating with passion). "SHE'S MOY UNNEY;
OIM 'ER JOY!"

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ACCORDING to a Recent Precedent, 16
Advice Gratis, 265
Advice to Girl-Graduates, 1
Alice in Blunderland, 241
All the Year Round, 123
All Very Vine ! 165
American Girl (The), 196
Anglo-German Concertina (The), 28
Another Terc-ish Atrocity, 168
Another Victim, 114
Answers to Correspondents, 84, 96, 171, 189
Argumentum ad Pocketum (An), 99
'Arry on 'Arrison and the Glorious Twelfth, 97
'Arry on the 'Oliday Season, 74
'Arry on the Sincerest Form of Flattery, 144
Art's Friends and Foe, 57
At the Theatre ! 173
Australia at St. Paul's, 43
Automatic Progress, 76
Avenue Hunchback, 249
BABES in the Wood (The), 294
Bachelor's Idyl (A), 150
Ballad of Barrow (A), 18
Before Bisley, 2
Before and Behind, 237
" Better late than Never ! " 89
Better the Day, the Better the Talk (The), 130
Between the Leaves, 208
Between the Quick and the Dead, 246
Black Business (A), 105
Black and White ; or, the Phantom Steed, 205
Boothiful Idea (A), 218
Boy the Father of the Man (The), 87
Breaking a Record on a Wheel, 165
British Lion and the German Fox (The), 150
Bubble from the Suds (A), 186
Bull and Bullion, 209
Bully for the Colonel, 45
Burden of Bacillus (The), 249
" Business ! " 278
CACHET of Cash at Drury Lane (The), 133
" Can Worms See ? " 5
Cardinal Manning's Precedence, 192
Catching, 26
Caution to Snakes (A), 266
Centenarian (A), 148
" C'est Magnifique ! mais——," 156
Chance for Buyers, 89
" Charge, Chester, Charge ! " 186
Christmas and Cleopatra, 300
Christmas College Fairy (The), 300
Christmas Crackers, 305
Cinderella Fin de Siècle, 201
City Vestries and Benefactions, 168
Clergy in Parliament, 197
Close of the Innings (The), 76
" Coming in their Thousands," 24
Coming Sea-Scrapes at Chelsea, 81
Cornwall in Baker Street, 216
Correspondence Special, 227
Cry from the Cinder-Path (A), 208
Cry of the City Clerk (The), 209
Cupid and Minerva, 124
" Cup that cheers but Inebriates ! " (The), 26
DAMBELS of Dieppe (The), 110
Dangerous Corner (A), 90
" Daniel ! " (A), 257
" Dark Continent " Hint (A), 284
" Death and his Brother Sleep," 162
Death-Penalty ; or, Who 's to Blame ? (The), 261
Death-Ball ; or, A New Name for it, 228
Development, 135
Dialogue Up to Date (A), 22
Diamonds are Trumps, 291
Discipline ! 36
Doing it Cheaply, 63
Dream of Unfairly-treated Woman (A), 50
Dress Drama (A), 275
Dying Swan (The), 62
EFFECTIVE Military Manœuvre (An), 149
Electrophonoscopic Chat, 23
Emperor's Will (An), 160
Empire is Piece, or rather Ballet (The), 77
Epithalamium, 23
Employment of Capital, 215
Erin Avenged, 50
Erratum, 6
Essence of Parliament, 10, 23, 35, 47, 59, 71, 83, 275, 287, 299
Essence of the Arabian Nights, 210
Ether-Drinking in Ireland, 197
Excellent Example, 230
Excellent Rule (An), 62
Exchange no Robbery, 6
FAMILY Question (A), 136
Fashions in Physic, 161
Fate of Salvation Army Generals (The), 273
Fee Very Simple, 95
Fighting the Fog, 206
Final Test (The), 254
Finis, 205
Fire King and his Friends (The), 194
First Aid to Tommy Atkins, 61
From a Theatrical Correspondent, 276
From Nile to Neva, 66
From Our Music Hall, 242
From Our Yotting Yorick, P.A., 62
From the French—and the English, 130
GENTLE Art (of Sniggling) (The), 231
German Hinterland (The), 75
" Give it to the Bard ! " 215
Golf Victor ! 237
Good for Sport, 137
Good-natured Tempest (A), 241
Good Young " Zummerset ! " 121
Grand Old Stumper (The), 218
" Grasshoppers " at the Lyceum (The), 192
Green Pastures or Piccadilly ? 137
Groan of the " Growler " (The), 87
Groan of the Gushless (The), 180
Grumble for the Grenadiers (A), 38
HAD he Succeeded ! 159
Hamlet at the Vegetarian Congress, 144
" Hats Off ! " 160
Henley Regatta, 18
" Hercules (County) Concilians," 174
Hibernian Brer Fox (The), 297
Highways and Low Ways, 189
History as she is Wrote ! 118
Holiday Appeal (A), 77
Home-ing, 63
Homo Sapiens, 120
" Hope Deferred," 18
How it 's Done, 172, 181, 196, 225, 232, 257, 281
Hunting of the Snark (The), 117
" Ir. Ira Loin," 168
" I 'm Afloat ! " 148
" In a Hole," 252
In Our Garden, 204, 216, 228, 231, 250, 264
International Hero (An), 41
Interviewing à la Mode, 144
" In the Air ! " 124
In the Club Smoking-Room, 250
In the Know, 41, 54, 65, 81, 89, 101, 119
" In Trouble," 6
Invocation (An), 147
" Is this the Head ? " 180
" It is the Bogie Man ! " 277
JACKDAW (The), 96
" Jack Sheppard Reversed," 102
James's Hair Apparent, 22
John Henry Newman, 95
Johnny, make room for Daloncle ! 50
Jots and Titles, 120
Journalist-at Arms (The), 153
Journal of a Rolling Stone, 99, 111, 177
" KEEP the Pot a-boiling ! " 306
Kept in Town, 100
Killing no Murder ! 111
Kreutzer Sonata (The), 3
" LAIDLY Worm " of London (The), 234
Lambilike Gambol (A), 171
Large Cigar (The), 285
L'Art de Causer, 208
Last of " Mary's Lamb " (The), 207
Latest from the Lyceum, 147
" Law of Arms is such " (The), 3
Lay of London (A), 292
Lay of the Loud Salvationist (The), 14
Learned by Art, 225
" Lebe Wohl ! Heigoland ! " 81
Lesson of the Season (The), 93
Licence for Lords (A), 189
Literature and Lottery, 107
Literary Advertisement, 197
Literary and Dramatic, 205
Litteræ Humaniores, 90
Looking Forward, 167
London Meteorillogical Arrangements, 293
Lost Hairs-at-Law, 167
Lost Opportunities, 37
Lying Spirit (The), 30
Lyric for Lowestoft (A), 49
MAGIC Horse (The), 255
Man of Science (The), 232
McGladstone (The), 198
Might be Better ! 99
Mine and Thine, 51
" Mine Ease at my Club," 233
Misled by a Manual, 112
Moan of the Maiden (The), 207
Modern Hero (The), 268
Modern Milkmaid's Song (The), 180
Modern Nelson Motto (The), 180
Modern Types, 16, 37, 73, 109, 145, 169, 205, 265
More from Our Yotting Yorick, 134
Mr. Punch's Dictionary of Phrases, 2, 21, 26, 60, 64, 72, 97, 110, 121, 147, 155, 240
Mr. Punch's Moral Music-Hall Dramas, 69
Mr. Punch's Prize Novels, 157, 173, 191, 193, 217, 229, 244, 259, 277
Mr. Punch's Swim Round the World, 105
Musical Note (A), 292
Musical Pole Star (A), 265
My Mother bids me Dye my Hair, 183
My Pithy Jane, 71
My Pretty Jane, 147
NATIONAL Appeal (A), 93
Native Growth, 105
New Plague (A), 81
New Stocking (The), 113
" Noblesse oblige ! " 63
" Nomine Mutato," 147
No More Law Officers, 167
Nonogenarian Nonsense, 235
Note for the New Unionism, 177
Note from Brighton, 64
Note-Paper Currency at Christmas, 304
" Not there, not there, my Child ! " 245
Novelty up to Date, 85
Nursery Rhyme, 109
ODD, 174
Ode to Money, 39
Ode to Ozone, 155
Old Joe Encore, 197
Old Railway and a New Line (An), 78
On, Guards ! 52
On the Cards, 196
On with the New Love, 38
Opera-Goer's Diary (The), 5, 17, 29, 45, 53
Opera Notes, 246
Operatic Notes, 220, 227
Our Advertisers, 24, 297
Our Booking-Office, 1, 17, 25, 41, 57, 65, 75, 113, 131, 137, 148, 161, 180, 185, 209, 221, 233, 245, 256, 269, 279, 293, 301
Our Failures, 114
Our New Advertisement Column, 25
" Our Turn Now ! " 54
Our Yotting Yorick, 76, 98
Out for a Holiday, 121
Out for Another Holiday, 135
PAGE from a Possible Diary (A), 207
" Pair of Spectacles " (A), 286
Parliamentary " Ancient Mariner " (The), 258

Pars about Pictures, 237, 261, 253, 264, 273, 277, 298
Perilous Tug of War (A), 215
Phagocyte (The), 103
Phillaloo! 260
Picturesque London; or, Sky-Signs of the Times, 119
Pig in a Poke (A), 146
Portia à la Russe (A), 291
Price of It (The), 66
Prize Epitaph, 110
Product of the Silly Season (A), 112
Professional Guest (The), 38, 61, 105
Progress—Fin de Siècle, 209
Prophet and Loss, 179
Pros and Cons of Foreign Travel, 85
Puff at Whitehall (A), 101
Punch to Primrose, 38
Punch to the Second Battalion, 49
Purely a Matter of Bisleyness, 29
Puzzle (A), 75
QUESTION of Taste (A), 282
Quicksand! (The), 126
Quis Nominabit? 237
"Quite a little (Roman) Holiday," 233
Quite the Newest Songs, 50
RACK of the Ratepayer, 2
Railway Time-table, 129
Rats in Council, 158
Ravenstein (The), 138
Real Grievance Office (The), 57, 80, 111, 156, 222
Really Entertaining, 23
Really Valuable Suggestion (A), 120
Réclame (Gratis), 150
Red versus Black, 269
"Rewards for Gallantry," 66
Right-doing on the Rialto, 256
Robert as Humpire, 208
Robert at Burn'em Beeches, 240
Robert at the Hopera, 278
Robert on Matrimony, 29
Robert's American Acquaintance, 49
Robert's Little Hollerday, 107
Robert's Return to the City, 181
Robert Up the River, 141
Rum from Jamaica,—Very! 198
Rumours for the Recess, 83
"Running his Eye over them," 71
SAD News from Eton, 1
Sarah Jeanne at His Mayerjesty's, 5
Science and Heart, 218
Scott and a Lot (A), 197
Scott-free; or, Ravenswood Notes Wild, 189
"Sea! the Sea!" (The), 10
Seeing the Stars, 207
"Separatists," 270
Served à la Russe, 263
"Shadowed!" 102
Shadow of a Case (The), 57
Shakspeare at Yuletide, 305
Shakspeare once again Adapted to the Situation, 27
Shield and the Shadow (The), 168
"Sic Itur ad Astra!" 255
Smells (The), 206
Something in a Name, 215, 275
Something like a Revolution! 64
Something Very Big, 293
Song Sentimentiana, 27
Sporting Style (A), 48, 72, 143
Stalking the Sagacious Stag, 149
Stars in the Strand, 77
Straight Tip (The), 123
Stranger than Fiction, 172
Strange Transformation, 267
Striking Nursery Rhyme (A), 106
"Struggle for Life" at the Avenue (A), 165
Study from Life (A), 300
Sunday at Home, 31
"Sur le Tapis," 65
Sweet Home for Nancy (A), 42
Sweets to the Acid, 39
Sweets to the Sweet, 230
TALE of a Telephone (A), 179
That Foot-ball, 297
Theatrical Probabilities, 103
Theory and Practice, 308
Three Tastes, 255
Time, the Avenger! 30
Tipperary Junction, 210
Tips from the Tape, 186
Tit for Tat, 75
Titled Months, 167
Tit-Willow, 291
To a Correspondent, 258
To a Feather-headed Poet, 87
To a Modern Minstrel, 310
To a Trumpeting Democrat, 141
To Canada, 93
To Engelberg and Back, 184, 197, 213, 221
Tomato-Cure for Dyspepsia (The), 80
To Mrs. H. M. Stanley, 27
To Mr. Stanley, 192
To my Umbrella, 156
Too Clever by Half, 21
"Too many Cooks!" 43
Tootherics (The), 207
To Pyrrha on the Thames, 65
To the Big Bacillicide, 267
To the Champion (Cricket) County, 108
To the Right Wheel, Barrow! 9
Tourney (The), 170
Touting for Tourists, 9
Tricks upon Travellers, 111
"Twinkle, twinkle, little Star!" 161
VALID Excuse (A), 17
Verses for a Violinist, 169
Very Much at Sea, 46
"Very Short Holiday" (A), 88, 117
Voces Populi, 4, 13, 26, 52, 86, 100, 133, 195, 219, 230, 242, 249, 304
WALK Up! 249
"Wanted," 135, 158
Wanted—a Society for the Protection of "Celebrities," 201
Ware Snake! 123
"Wax to receive, and Marble to retain," 40
"Wedded to the Moor," 120
Week by Week, 1, 15, 28, 51, 83
What it will Come to, 3
What the Tame Rabbit said to the Grand Old Gardener, 107
"Where Ignorance is Bliss," 280
"Why not Live out of London?" 97
Wigs and Radicals, 245
Winter Opera, 289
Winter Season at Covent Garden, 193
Woman's Happiest Hour, 130
Wonderful Shillingsworth (A), 292
Word to John Burns (A), 129
Write and Wrong, 282
"YE Gods, what a terrible Twist!" 174
Young Spark and the Old Flame (The), 290

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

ANOTHER Victim, 115
Babes in the Wood (The), 295
Between the Quick and the Dead, 247
British Lion and the German Fox (The), 151
Close of the Innings (The), 79
"Death and his Brother Sleep," 163
Family Question (A), 187
From the Nile to the Neva, 67
"Hercules (County) Concilians," 175
"Hope Deferred," 19
In Difficulties! 283
"In the Air!" 126, 127
"In Trouble," 7
"Keep the Pot a-boiling!" 205
"Laidly Worm" of London—and Young County Council (The), 235
Lying Spirit (The), 31
McGladstone (The), 190
Might be Better! 91
"Our Turn Now!" 55
Parliamentary "Ancient Mariner" (The), 259
Quicksand! (The), 139
"Same Old Game!" 223
"Separatists," 271
"Shadowed!" 103
Tipperary Junction, 211
"Too Many Cooks——!" 43

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ADMIRALTY Lords on a Diving Inspection, 95
Amateur Photographic Post (The), 166
American Ladies' Visit to Rome, 6
American Pig in a Poke (An), 146
Amusements for the Gallery—and the Mob, 190
'Arry in St. Petersburgh, 227
'Arry on the Boulevards, 74
Artist and Critic in a Wood, 246
Artist's Wife carrying his Sketching Materials, 18
Augustus Harris's Day-Dream, 4
Bancroft as General Booth, 241
Barristers' Manners in Court, 267
Bellona and the Magazine Rifle, 224
Britannia and the Hindoo Woman, 182
British Cavalry, 158
Captain's Dream of Drowned Fishers (A), 188
Carriages Waiting at Two A.M., 54
Child of the Period and the Vicar, 222
Christmas Eve at the Grange, 306
Cleopatra in Paris, 206
Clergyman inviting Friend to Dinner, 157
Clergyman's High Grouse, 105
Collapse of "Corner Men," 131
Columbia and the Indian Snake, 266
Cottage "Scene" in the Highlands, 49
Demon Alps (The), 155
Doctor "Kills Two Birds with One Stone," 130
Dressed Crab, 301
Early Rising to go "Cubbing," 153
Effie Stung by a Wasp, 75
English and French Journalists, 150
English Lady and Scotch Tourist at a Table d'hôte, 186
Epigrammatist and the Waiter (The), 51
Excavators at Old Gent's Door, 15
Fancy Portrait of the Phylloxera, 110
Flattering Milliner and Customer, 279
Footman and North Country Beer, 239
Frivolous Lady and a R.A., 22
Funny Man and Waiter at Dinner, 282
Gamekeeper and a Random Shot, 191
General Booth as Don Quixote, 255
German Music-Master's Polite Request (A), 167
Gladstone and Madame Patti's Voice Lozenges, 208
Going to Church by Boat, 59
Golf and Lawn-Tennis Tourney, 170
Golfing on the Sea-shore, 118
Grandolph Viewing the Horses, 70
Guest Watering the Champagne, 71
Hansom Cabby and a Lady's Letter, 66
Homeless and Clubless Man (The), 86
House Meeting in November Fog, 161
Hunting Lady Drops her Whip (A), 237
Huntsman and Scaring-Boy, 261
Hurdle-Jumping in the Park, 9
Imitation in the House, 94
Improved Magazine Rifle, 261
Irish Actors in America, 274
John Bull Admonishes Portugal, 194
"Kiss in-the-Ring," 78
Ladies' Latest Information about Heligoland, 30
Lady and Puzzled Architect, 268
Lady de Vere and the Carpenter, 198
Lady Guest "last but not least," 27
Lady Nigger Troupe (A), 150
L.C.C. Chairman's Roller-Skates, 18
Leaping over Horseman in Lane, 265
Little Boy and Bibulous Professor, 207
Little Geoffrey and his Dog, 219
Little Girl's Birthday Present (A), 275
Lord Mayor's Show of the Future, 226
Magistrate and the Cracker, 225
Making Love in the Green-Room, 243
Match-Makers' Sweater and Mr. Punch (A), 278
M.C.C. defending Lord's Ground, 287
Meeting of B.A. in Leeds Townhall, 142
Minister of Agriculture and Insects, 58
Missing the Income-Tax, 87
Miss Parliamenta puts Puppets away, 83
Mourning worn at a Murder Trial, 291
Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett and Turnips, 273
Mr. Gladstone and the Rabbits, 107
Mr. Gladstone in Scotland, 202
Mr. Gladstone on Fashion, 218
Mr. Joskins tries Horsebreaking, 63
Mr. Punch and the Frenchman in Egypt 177
Mr. Punch and Higher Education, 251
Mr. Punch and Judge Romer, 242
Mr. Punch and "Nobody's Boys," 10
Mr. Punch and the Smells, 206
Mr. Punch at Sea, 26
Mr. Punch Driving in Norway, 62
Mr. Punch Yachting, 1
Mrs. Bouncer's beautiful Arms, 147
Mr. Tate and Mr. Red Tape, 3
Mr. Tyms with the Staghounds, 179
New Costume for General Officers, 149
New Uniform for Horse Guards, 135
Other Imitators in the Commons, 106
Our Artist and Old Lady on Rocks, 114
Our Artist takes an Authoress's Instructions, 30
Our M.P.'s Tour in Ireland, 178
Our Parliamentary Artist's Models, 118
Parliamentary Pantomime Opening, 302
Parnell's Parliamentary Puppets, 286
"Parsons on Strike," 270
Partridges and the Rain, 112
Perilous Tug of War (A), 215
Pirate of Elswick (The), 148
Podgers on Golf and Tennis, 180
Poet and Critic, 171
Popular Game of Arthur Golfour (The), 154
Professor Marsh's Primeval Troupe, 124
Publican and the Sunday League, 102
Regular Soldier and Yeomanry, 117
Result of Cabman "Crawling," 63
Runaway Horse and Dog-Cart, 105
Russian Wolf and the Hebrew Lamb, 290
Sale of Yearlings (A), 214
Salisbury Plays the Concertina, 28
Salvationist Justice and Sick Girl, 14
Scene from the Bohemian Girl, 111
Scotch Photographer and Client, 252
Sea Captain and his Horse (A), 129
Sea-side Regatta (A), 122
Serious Ball-Room Flirtations, 42
Shadowing at Henley Regatta, 34
"Shadowless Man" (The), 35
Shadows of the Session, 298
Shooting Fellow-Sportsman through Hedge, 240
Shooting his First Bird, 294
Signor and his 'Cello (The), 21
Singing in a Fog," 310
Sir Charles Russell's Pair of Gills, 301
Sir W. Harcourt in Four Situations, 46
Sir W. Harcourt Shooting Dodos, 11
Sky-Signs in the Country, 286
Sky-Signs of London (The), 119
Small Boy threatens to Bet, 308
Some Results from raising Piccadilly, 203
Speaking French before the Housemaid, 210
Sportsman and Keeper on the Moors, 234
St. Bernard and a Fillet of Veal, 162
Suggestions for Pictorial Directory, 305
Tailor Measuring Customer, 90
Taming a Vicious Horse, 143
Three in a Boat—a River Scene, 123
Tommy's First Stomach-ache, 2
Tommy's School Report, 141
Unfairly-treated Women, 50
Unionists and a Starving Non-Unionist 165
Volunteer Major and Street-Boys, 90
Waiting for the Express, 174
Wanting Cartridges in his Gun, 256
W. H. Smith as "the Rover," 84
Yankee Heiress at the Seaside, 136
Yotting Jottings, 98
Young Electricity and Old Steam, 230
Young Matron and 'Arry Cyclists, 298

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